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LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE

EDITED BY DAVID GARNETT

“‘SINCERITY is the only written thing which time improves,” wrote Lawrence in a letter of May 1, 1928. I have kept this dictum always in mind while selecting the following letters. Yet sincerity is often impossible to the letter writer, particularly if he be addressing, not his most intimate friend, but a number of persons who have been attracted by his achievements, or his fame. This was Lawrence’s fate. Hundreds of people wrote to him and he replied to scores. From the mass of material put at my disposal, my object has been to make a book in which Lawrence’s career, his intellectual development, and the details of his life should be recorded, traced, and documented almost entirely in his own words. To that end I have included not only private letters but anything from his official reports, letters or articles in the press, diaries, unpublished notes and memoranda, which would serve my purpose.’

So begins David Garnett’s preface to the Lawrence Letters — 582 in all — which are shortly to be published in book form. The *Atlantic* has been privileged to make its own selection from this memorable volume.

Lawrence’s father was of the Anglo-Irish landed gentry, his mother partly Highland Scottish. They had five sons, of whom the second, Thomas Edward (always called Ned by his family), was born at Tremadoc in Wales on August 16, 1888. Castles were an early and lifelong interest and were to take him on his first visit to the East, there to compare the castles built by the Crusaders in Syria and Palestine with those of Western Europe. — THE EDITOR

To C. F. C. Beeson

HÔTEL DU NORD, CORDES, TARN
Dimanche, le 9 Août [1908]

Dear Scroggs, Oh Murder I’ve got in this letter to get from Avignon to Cordes, across about half France: expect a ‘digest’ only. Avignon–Tarascon (Beaucaire across the river glowing in the sunset, looked worthy of Nicolette). The Tarasconnaises are hideous, exactly like grey horses whereas the women of Arles are glorious: the matrons look superb with their Greek profiles, and tiny Phrygian caps of black cloth. Tarascon–Arles where *the* thing to see is not the Amphitheatre (most magnificently hideous: —,

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very Roman) but the cloister of St. Trophimus: indescribably grand. [14 lines omitted]

Carcassonne. I'm not going to describe that: 't is impossible, impious to attempt such a thing: go and see it, expecting to find the greatest thing of your life, and you'll find one many times finer. How on earth has it remained unknown with its memories and its remains, when people flock to a St. Michel or the Tower of London? It is ten thousand times finer than these, or a hundred like them, rolled into one. I have 40 odd photos. which do it sad injustice, but nothing could do it anything else: and there are no guides, no fees, no tips, no beggars, hardly any trippers: 't is a paradise of a place, unhappily there's no hotel. Carcassonne-Toulouse (a dirty industrial dung-heap of factories and plate glass)—Albi: the cathedral looks like a blanc-mange mould: hideous but enormous and most imposing. —Cordes, which is another of the indescribable, never to be paralleled places. Imagine such a town to exist in our 20th cent. Europe. Perhaps however as you've never heard of it, and my précis has been so very much so I may enlarge a bit upon it, and try and construct a Cordes.

First of all, it is in Tarn, in dialect, geographically, ethnographically and climatically distinct from the rest of France. (I cannot understand a word of the patois: no more can the French.) One's hotel dinners in Tarn (I'm degenerating into a commis-voyageur, and ça criticisera a 'plat' with the best) are weird: I don't in the least know what I ate last night: — I fancy a plough-ox or two (is it nightmare?) some potatoes were they? stewed infant or monkey: things like paving stones but not quite so hard, have n't the faintest idea what; and to finish something indescribable, described apparently in patois as clargh-bult: they were quite possible, but anything from snail to ortolan. The bread — can you 'degust' in fancy (blessing

your stars 't is only so), leather, steeped in brine and bitter aloes, boiled till soft, with a crust like iron, and an aroma like a brandy snap? Milk they say is to be imported from Europe next year: butter was brought in the year before last, and is now turned into cream-cheese. I should be dead by now only for the Roquefort: 't is as common as possible, and with enough of it anything is disguised, even the bread tastes not unlike charcoal. If you're bored or overworn, come to a Tarnais hotel for a week. For 3 francs a night (being the only guest one must maintain the place) one can have as many galvanic shocks following on gasping nerve strained expectation as one can support. I'm coming back on a walking tour: (oh yes you've heard that before!)

Cordes is a paradise for a painter. [1 line omitted] Take a hill, too steep for a horse to pull a cart up: add houses, all of xiv century, except a few quite modern comparatively, say renaissance: streets — mostly stairs, irregular and broken, running under archways and tunnels, round corners and into courtyards, expanding sometimes into a 'place,' sometimes into a cesspool. Cover these ruelles with grass, heap them with refuse, with vines and with flowers: fill them with a picturesque tho' squalid population, throw about plenty of ruins, a church or two, town walls, 8 or ten xv cent. fortified gates, exquisitely carved doors luxuriating in iron — wrought Renaissance locks and hinges that would be worth a fortune in England: make your houses of stone, or brick, of tiles, of plaster and wood, but not of one only: patch a stone house with brick or wood and vice-versa — make the plaster fall off where most artistically effective, let the dirtiest and most winding streets have the most flowers and creepers, the finest flamboyant windows and the best arcades: in fact put in whatever is quaint or lovely and tumble-down just where it is most needed pictorially, and most unlikely in reality: deluge it with a blaze of

colour, and of dirt, and you are in a fair way to construct a Cordes, though you can never get the real thing with its hand looms and its threshing floors, its pottery and its fruit. An artist might (barring fevers) paint here for a year without a repeat, and all his pictures would be lovely: it is a dream-city, with a little nightmare added as well: and here endeth the paper.

E. L.

I hope you have n't to pay excess on these effusions. My people never said anything about it.

Castillon I hope on Friday: Saintes 8 days later; after that goodness only knows. 38 punctures: 1400 miles and finding it very hard, but very interesting.

DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE } *Mottoes*
TIME FLIES } *for August*

[Having visited, planned, and photographed the most important early castles in England and France, Lawrence determined to study the castles built by the Crusaders in Syria and Palestine. He announced his intention of traveling on foot, though C. M. Doughty, to whom he had written at the suggestion of D. G. Hogarth, whom he had recently got to know at the Ashmolean Museum, advised him strongly against such an attempt in the following letter.]

3. 2. [09]

Dear Sir, I have not been further North in Syria than lat. 34. In July and August the heat is very severe and day and night, even at the altitude of Damascus (over 2000 feet), it is a land of squalor where a European can find evil refreshment. Long daily marches on foot a prudent man who knows the country would I think consider out of the question. The populations only know their own wretched life and look upon any European wandering in their country with at best a veiled ill will.

The distances to be traversed are very great. You would have nothing to draw upon but the slight margin of strength

which you bring with you from Europe. Insufficient food, rest and sleep, would soon begin to tell.

A distinguished general told me at the time of the English expedition against Arabia that no young soldier under 23 years old, who went through the campaign, had not been in hospital.

I should dissuade a friend from such a voyage, which is too likely to be most wearisome, hazardous to health and even disappointing.

A mule or a horse, with its owner, should, at least in my opinion, be hired to accompany you.

Some Arabic is of course necessary. If you should wish to ask any further questions I shall be happy to reply so far as I can do so. Yours sincerely,

CHARLES DOUGHTY

[Lawrence, however, pursued his own plans, undeterred.]

To His Mother

LATAKIA, 29, 8, 09

Dear Mother, Another chance for a note, this time hurried. I wrote last from Tripoli. I went thence to Aarka, and then to Kala'at el Hosn, passing one night on a house roof, and the second in the house of an Arab noble, reputed, as I was told next day, of the highest blood; a young man very lively, and rather wild, living in a house like a fortress on the top of a mountain: only approachable on one side, and there a difficult staircase. If you keep this note I can tell you all sorts of amusing things about him later: name Abdul Kerim. He had just bought a Mauser, and blazed at everything with it. His bullets must have caused terror to every villager within a mile around. I think he was a little cracked.

Then I got to Hōsn which is I think the finest castle in the world: certainly the most picturesque I have seen — quite marvellous: I stayed 3 days there with the Kaïmmakam, the governor: a most-civilised-French-speaking-disci-

ple-of Herbert-Spencer-Free-Masonic-Mahomedan-Young Turk: very comfortable. — He sent an escort with me next day to Safita, a *Norman keep*, with *original battlements*: The like is not in Europe: *such a find*. Again I slept with Kaimakam & Co. (Co. here means fleas) and next day I went on again with a huge march, to two more castles, & a bed for the night in a threshing floor, on a pile of tibn, chopped straw, listening to the Arabs beating out their Dhurra in the moonlight: they kept it up all night in relays, till about 2 a.m. when they woke me up, & said they were all exhausted, would I keep watch because there were thieves, & I was an Inglezi and had a pistol: I obliged, thinking it was humbug of the usual sort, (every village distrusts its neighbour) but they told me in Tartus next day that there really were not thieves, but *landlords* about! Is n't that charming? These dear people wanted to hide the extent of their harvest.

Next day as above I went to Tartus, by another good castle: then struck far inland, (through a country of flint and steel and handmills, to Masyad, the chief city of the Assassins country: and then to Kadmus another of that gentry's strongholds, where the 'Old Man of the mountains' himself lived: (I slept in his château¹) and so to Aleika, to Margat, a castle about as big as Jersey I fancy: one wanted a bicycle to ride round it: to another Banias, to Jebeleh, and here to Latakia, all well.

Monday I want to get off to Sahyun, and then in 4 or 5 days to Antioch, and then to Aleppo in 5. I hope there to hear from you. [5 lines omitted] I will have such difficulty in becoming English again: here I am Arab in habits, and slip in talking from English to French and Arabic unnoticing, yesterday I was 3 hours with an Orleanais, talking French, and he thought at the end I was a compatriot. You may be happy, now all my rough work is finished success-

¹ Demolished by Ibrahim Pasha in 1838!

fully, and my thesis is *I think assured*. *Iradé² invaluable*.

NED

To Sir John Rhys³

HOTEL BARON ALEPPO
Sept. 24 [1909]

Dear Sir John Rhys, I had asked my father to call on the College and explain to whoever was in residence that circumstances prevented my return in time for the beginning of term, but afterwards I thought that your kindness in the matter of obtaining those letters through Lord Curzon demanded a letter from me to yourself.

I have had a most delightful tour (the details naturally won't interest you) on foot and alone all the time, so that I have perhaps, living as an Arab with the Arabs, got a better insight into the daily life of the people than those who travel with caravan and dragomen. Some 37 out of the 50 odd castles were on my proposed route and I have seen all but one of them: many are quite unpublished, so of course I have had to make many plans, drawings and photographs. As a sideline I have bought about 30 Hittite seals. Mr. Hogarth asked me before I started to bring him back any I came across. Worthy ones will go into the collection in the Ashmolean.

My excuse for outstaying my leave must be that I have had the delay of four attacks of malaria when I had only reckoned on two: even now I am exceedingly sorry to leave the two Castles in the Moabite deserts unvisited.⁴ I would go to them certainly, only that last week I was robbed & rather smashed up. Before I could be fit for walking again (and it is very hard physically in this country) the season of rains would have begun. It is most unfortunate, for the getting here is expensive: the actual travelling,

² Lawrence carried *Iradés* or letters of protection from the Sultan obtained for him by Lord Curzon, then Chancellor of Oxford University.

³ Sir John Rhys, archaeologist and first Professor of Celtic at Oxford, was Principal of Jesus College.

⁴ Kerak and Shabek.

my beggar-fashion, costs practically nothing of course.

I expect therefore to return to college on the 15th. The loss of a week will not I hope be considered an unpardonable offence. Believe me, yrs. sincerely

EDWARD LAWRENCE

P.S. If my father should be happy enough to meet you personally please don't mention the matter of the robbery: I want to be returned reasonably whole before it comes out. Lord Curzon's *Iradés* were invaluable in the matter: they stirred up the local authorities to a semblance of energy, so that the man was caught in 48 hours. Before this I had employed them innumerable times: in fact without them there would have been several times unpleasantnesses.

E. L.

To His Mother

LE PETIT ANDELYS
August 1910

[31 lines omitted] The book I had was *Petit Jehan de Saintré*, a xv Cent. novel of knightly manners — very good: — I have wanted to read it for a long time, but the Union copy was so badly printed that I had not the heart for it. Now I have found (for 1 f. 25) a series quite nicely typed on fairly good paper. So far I have only got 4 volumes, because they are rather much to carry: it is altogether glorious to have found good French books at last. I can read Molière and Racine and Corneille and Voltaire now: — a whole new world. You know, I think, the joy of getting into a strange country in a book: at home when I have shut my door and the town is in bed — and I know that nothing, not even the dawn — can disturb me in my curtains: only the slow crumbling of the coals in the fire: they get so red and throw such splendid glimmerings on the Hypnos and the brasswork. And it is lovely too, after you have been wandering for hours in the forest with Percivale or Sagrarmors le desirous, to open the door, and from

over the Cherwell to look at the sun glowering through the valley-mists.

Why does one not like things if there are other people about? Why cannot one make one's books live except in the night, after hours of straining? and you know they have to be your own books too, and you have to read them more than once. I think they take in something of your personality, and your environment also — you know a second hand book sometimes is so much more flesh and blood than a new one — and it is almost terrible to think that your ideas, yourself in your books, may be giving life to generations of readers after you are forgotten. It is that specially which makes one need good books: books that will be worthy of what you are going to put into them. What would you think of a great sculptor who flung away his gifts on modelling clay or sand? Imagination should be put into the most precious caskets, and that is why one can only live in the future or the past, in Utopia or the Wood beyond the World.

Father won't know all this — but if you can get the right book at the right time you taste joys — not only bodily, physical, but spiritual also, which pass one out above and beyond one's miserable self, as it were through a huge air, following the light of another man's thought. And you can never be quite the old self again. You have forgotten a little bit: or rather pushed it out with a little of the inspiration of what is immortal in someone who has gone before you. [5-line postscript omitted]

NED

[Lawrence took first-class honors in history, partly on the strength of his thesis, 'The Military Architecture of the Crusades' (since published as *Crusader Castles*). D. G. Hogarth recommended him for a demyship at Magdalen College, and Lawrence set off for the Carchemish dig, then being begun under Hogarth's leadership, for the British Museum. He was to look back on these three years at Carchemish as the best in his life.]

To D. G. Hogarth

[About June 24, 1911]

[40 lines about technique of photography omitted] The sour Zap¹ went from us, and a horrible fool has come in his place. He is continually interfering, & malin-gering, with demands for brandy. We got rather tired of this, and so when he produced a preposterous fever, we promised him medicine, and invited him into the kitchen. Thompson put on a pulpit face, and recited the Hebrew Alphabet and 'the House that Jack built' in a solemn voice, waving a cabalistic scroll in one hand, the other on the man's pulse: the whole village crowded round the door to see.

We had given the Zap a glass of one half a Seidlitz powder to hold in the hand, and as Thompson said Amen I poured in the other half. The Zap. dropped the glass & leapt back with a yell, and in a twinkling there was not a man but ourselves in the room: some of the onlookers did not feel themselves safe till they had put the corner of the house between themselves and the devil visibly striving to void himself from the glass in white smoke. 'Am I not your friend, your raffik?'² said the Zap: 'Why did you give me that from which I might have died? What have I done to you which was not good?' (Many things, but he did not know). We forced Ahmed Hassan & Dahum, the two water-boys, to drink each half a glass, under pain of beating and being laughed at. And since they have gone about delicately, feeling their limbs, & shaking themselves, lest they be 'transfigured.' 'I drank some of their sorcery,' declared Dahum on the works next day, importantly, 'it is very dangerous, for by it men are changed suddenly into the form of mares and great apes.' All the village, and above all the Maggot are rejoiced that the bully

¹ *Zaptieh*, or Turkish gendarme, attached to the dig.

² An Arab bound to give the protection afforded by his tribal membership.

Zap is quelled. He can hardly show his face in the place: never on the mound. There are rumours of his return to Biredjik.

This is the third miracle that we have wrought, and our fame as nigromancers is gone abroad to Aintab & Membidj. The powder now foams a tall man's height from the glass with the noise of a dust-filled wind. [11 lines omitted]

I may live in this district through the winter: it strikes me that the strongly-dialectical Arabic of the villagers would be as good as a disguise to me.

[5 lines omitted]

L.

To Mrs. Rieder

[CARCHEMISH], May 20 [1912]

Dear Mrs. Rieder [24 lines omitted], For some reason Mr. Hogarth is very anxious to make me learn Arabic; and so I am going to stay here July & August alone. I hope to go home at Xmas, and to carry Miss Fareedah away with me for six-weeks in England. There will be more digs in Feb. but all through Jan. Miss Holmes will be bereft (inshallah!).

I hope the Parfit³ proposal got better, or died: remember I have n't heard a word of Jebail for months: Of Carchemish — no bilingual, but very striking historical discoveries. We have nearly a complete post-Hittite history of the site worked out from Greek pottery and inscriptions; the first Hittite clay cylinder, hieroglyphically inscribed, historic-inscribed gate lions, and a new staircase, 400 other fragments of inscriptions, and complete tomb-groups of late Hittite bronze and pottery and cylinders, the first of their kind discovered. About 400 pots are on their way to London, for they were all bought by me in villages and so are our private property — 'we' is the B.M.

Mr. Hogarth, who has just visited us, has carried off four packing cases of my stuff for the Ashmolean. We have one

³ Canon Parfitt of Jerusalem, who was setting up as a lecturer in England.

piece of Hittite sculpture more realistic and artistic than anything Egyptian: it suggests a flood of light on the development of early Greek art: the Hittite is really finer than most 6th cent. Greek: — and 3 or 4 centuries earlier.

[3-line postscript omitted]

L.

[Almost from the beginning, it seems, Lawrence had felt that the plan he had made with V. W. Richards to build a retreat and print books on a hand press would not fill his life, or satisfy his ambitions. He liked to look forward to retiring from the world, but the ivory tower — whether Pole Hill, or a barrack-room, or the cottage at Clouds Hill — did not satisfy him when he actually was about to enter it. The following letter is important as showing that he had realized this and quite early had made the position clear to his partner.]

To V. W. Richards

CARCHEMISH, Dec. 10, 1913

Dear Richards, It's quaint, isn't it, to begin again a correspondence which has lapsed for about a twelve-month? but, you know, I'm about as sick of myself and my affairs as one can well be, and it would be a consolation, if not exactly a comfort, to hear something of the sort from you. The fault was in ever coming out to this place, I think, because really ever since knowing it I have felt that (at least for the near future) to talk of settling down to live in a small way anywhere else was beating the air: and so gradually I slipped down, until a few months ago when I found myself an ordinary archæologist. I fought very hard, at Oxford and after going down, to avoid being labelled: but the insurance people have nailed me down, now.

All this preface is leading up to the main issue — that I cannot print with you when you want me. I have felt it coming for a long time, and have funk'd it. You know I was in England for a

fortnight this summer, and actually found myself one afternoon in Liverpool St. coming up to you . . . and then went back again. I have got to like this place very much: and the people here — five or six of them — and the whole manner of living pleases me. We have 200 men to play with, anyhow we like so long as the excavations go on, and they are splendid fellows many of them (I had two of them: — head-men — in England with me this summer) and it is great fun with them. Then there are the digs, with dozens of wonderful things to find — it is like a great sport with tangible results at the end of things — Do you know I am keen now on an inscription or a new type of pottery? and hosts of beautiful things in the villages and towns to fill one's house with. Not to mention seal-hunting in the country round about, and the Euphrates to rest in when one is over-hot. It is a place where one eats lotos nearly every day, and you know that feeling is bad for one's desires to do something worth looking at, oneself.

Which is the end, I think, of the apologia . . . do write and tell me if there is any hope of your pulling it off on your own? Carchemish will not be finished for another four or five years: and I'm afraid that after that I'll probably go after another and another nice thing: it is rather a miserable come down. I have n't any money; can I offer you a carpet? They are about the only things remaining out here that are any good: Arabs have no handicrafts.

Remember me to Berry, if you see him: do you know I have n't read a book for months.

L.

[Lawrence was in England when the war broke out, and he was soon employed in the War Office drawing maps of Sinai. The job in the map department was exchanged in December for that of map officer in the new Department of Intelligence in Egypt, which contained a group of extraordinarily

brilliant men. Lawrence, the youngest of them, was the most daring and original, and profoundly influenced them all. A subaltern on the staff, without a Sam Browne belt and always wearing slacks, scorching about between Cairo and Bulaq on a Triumph motorcycle, he was an offense to the eyes of his senior officers.

To a letter written on March 31, 1929, to Liddell Hart on the latter's *Decisive Wars of History*, Lawrence appended the following note.]

I am unrepentant about the Alexandretta scheme which was, from beginning to end, my invention, put forward necessarily through my chiefs (I was a 2nd Lieut. of 3 months seniority!). Actually Kitchener accepted it, and ordered it, for the Australian and N. Z. forces: and then was met by a French ultimatum. A landing at Alexandretta in Feb. 1915 would have handed over Syria and Mesopot. to their native (Arab) troops, then all in their home stations, and complete, and automatically established local governments there: and then attracted to Ayas (it was Ayas, not Alexandretta) the whole bulk of the *real* Turkish armies:* and that would have been the moment for the Dardanelles naval effort.

* to fritter itself against the Arabs, not against us.

[The following letter is probably the most remarkable document Lawrence ever wrote. It shows that he had already planned the campaign which he was to carry to a victorious conclusion three years later.]

To D. G. Hogarth

PORT SAID
March 22 [1915]

Another uncensored letter: at half an hour's notice last week I sent you a flood of stuff about Alex: please try & push it through for I think it is our only chance in face of a French Syria. I hope my letter was clear — because I dashed

it off in such a sweat that I had no time to think of it at all.

This week is something else. You know India¹ used to be in control of Arabia — and used to do it pretty badly, for they had n't a man who knew Syria or Turkey, & they used to consider only the Gulf, & the preservation of peace in the Aden Hinterland. So they got tied into horrid knots with the Imam, who is a poisonous blighter at the best. Egypt (which is one Clayton, a very good man) got hold of the Idrisi family, who are the Senussi and Assyr together, as you know: and for some years we had a little agreement together. Then this war started, & India went on the old game of balancing the little powers there. I want to pull them all together, & to roll up Syria by way of the Hedjaz in the name of the Sherif. You know how big his repute is in Syria. This could be done by Idrisi only, so we drew out a beautiful alliance, giving him all he wanted: & India refused to sign. So we cursed them, & I think that Newcombe & myself are going down to Kunfida as his advisers. If Idrisi is anything like as good as we hope we can rush right up to Damascus, & biff the French out of all hope of Syria. It's a big game, and at last one worth playing. Of course India has no idea what we are playing at: if we can only get to Assyr we can do the rest — or have a try at it. So if I write & tell you that it's all right, & I'm off, you will know where for. Would n't you like to be on it? Though I don't give much for my insurance chances again. If only India will let us go. Won't the French be mad if we win through? Don't talk of it yet.

TEL.

To D. G. Hogarth

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
WAR OFFICE, CAIRO, 20. 4. 15

There are n't going to be any nice schemes anytime, I believe, at least every-

¹ I.e. the Government of India.

thing boils up gloriously, & one is told to be ready to start by the Thursday in next week — and then it never becomes the Thursday of this week. Finally the Med-Ex.¹ came out, beastly ill-prepared, with no knowledge of where it was going, or what it would meet, or what it was going to do. So we took pity on it, & said that we would be its Intelligence Base, and its map base and so we'll be here till the end of it. Lloyd and Herbert went off with it, to help it, & Newcombe & I are left. Woolley is in Port Said, controlling the French Navy, & taking prize ships. It's very dull: but of course I have n't any training as a field officer, and I don't know that I want to go fighting up to Constantinople. It would be bad form, I think. The only place worth visiting is A.² and they are all afraid of going there, for fear of hurting the feelings of our allies:

The Canal is still holding out, and we are forgetting all about it. Turkey, if she is wise, will raid it from time to time, & annoy the garrison there, which is huge, & lumberesome, & creaks so loudly in the joints that you hear them eight hours before they move. So it's quite easy to run down & chuck a bomb at it, & run away again without being caught.

Everything is going to sleep, & today is 90° in the room, and one feels rather limp and bored.

I bought you a seal the other day. It's probably the only one you'll get from us this year, which is almost its only virtue. One would n't have bought it anywhere else, but in Cairo it was refreshing.

For Leeds I am sending a mediæval dagger pommel — or piece of horse-trapping — bought in Jerusalem lately.

Poor old Turkey is only hanging together. People always talk of the splendid show she has made lately, but it really is too pitiful for words. Everything about her is very very sick, & al-

¹ The Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, destined for Gallipoli and Salonika.

² Alexandretta.

most I think it will be good to make an end of her, though it will be very inconvenient to ourselves. I only hope that Aleppo and Damascus will escape a little the fate that has come upon Cairo. Anything fouler than the town buildings, or its beastly people, can't be: — and I should n't have believed in them six months back. Carchemish is a village inhabited by the cleanest & most intelligent angels. [7 lines omitted] TEL

To a Friend

AKABA, Sept 24. '17

Dear [name omitted], I'm sorry, but I felt the usual abrupt beginning would be too much for your nerves, and that you would fall exhausted on to the floor [3 words omitted], without even a Turkish carpet to break the shock of my writing at last. What can have happened? I was pondering last night how for a year I had written no private letter (except to my people, and those don't count, for my mails are sunk or censored!) and today I go and break the habit. Perhaps it's because it was a habit, and I'm getting old and stiff (not to say tired, for every year out in Arabia counts ten) and habits must be nipped in their shells.

I'm in Akaba for two days — that for me spells civilisation, though it does n't mean other than Arab togs and food, but it means you lunch where you dined, and not further on — and therefore happy. The last stunt has been a few days on the Hejaz Railway, in which I potted a train with two engines (oh, the Gods were kind) and we killed superior numbers, and I got a good Baluch prayer-rug and lost all my kit, and nearly my little self.

I'm not going to last out this game much longer: nerves going and temper wearing thin, and one wants an unlimited account of both. However while it lasts it's a show between Gilbert and Carroll, and one can retire on it, with that feeling of repletion that comes after a hearty meal. By the way hearty meals

are like the chopped snow that one scatters over one's bowl of grapes in Damascus at midsummer. Ripping, to write about —

This letter is n't going to do you much good, for the amount of information it contains would go on a pin's head and roll about. However it's not a correspondence, but a discourse held with the only person to whom I have ever written regularly, and one whom I have shamefully ill-used by not writing to more frequently. On a show so narrow and voracious as this one loses one's past and one's balance, and becomes hopelessly self-centred. I don't think I ever think except about shop, and I'm quite certain I never do anything else. That must be my excuse for dropping everyone, and I hope when the nightmare ends that I will wake up and become alive again. This killing and killing of Turks is horrible. When you charge in at the finish and find them all over the place in bits, and still alive many of them, and know that you have done hundreds in the same way before and must do hundreds more if you can. [2 lines omitted]

To V. W. Richards

15.7.18.

Well, it was wonderful to see your writing again, and very difficult to read it: also pleasant to have a letter which does n't begin 'Reference your GS 102487b of the 45th.' Army prose is bad, and one has so much of it that one fears contamination in one's own. I cannot write to anyone just now. Your letter came to me in Aba Lissan, a little hill-fort on the plateau of Arabia S.E. of the Dead Sea, and I carried it with me down to Akaba, to Jidda, and then here to answer. Yet with all that I have had it only a month, and you wrote it three months ago. This letter will be submarined, and then it is all over for another three years.

It always seemed to me that your eyes would prevent all service for you, and

that in consequence you might preserve your continuity. For myself, I have been so violently uprooted and plunged so deeply into a job too big for me, that everything feels unreal. I have dropped everything I ever did, and live only as a thief of opportunity, snatching chances of the moment when and where I see them. My people have probably told you that the job is to foment an Arab rebellion against Turkey, and for that I have to try and hide my frankish exterior, and be as little out of the Arab picture as I can. So it's a kind of foreign stage, on which one plays day and night, in fancy dress, in a strange language, with the price of failure on one's head if the part is not well filled.

You guessed rightly that the Arab appealed to my imagination. It is the old, old civilisation, which has refined itself clear of household gods, and half the trappings which ours hastens to assume. The gospel of bareness in materials is a good one, and it involves apparently a sort of moral bareness too. They think for the moment, and endeavour to slip through life without turning corners or climbing hills. In part it is a mental and moral fatigue, a race trained out, and to avoid difficulties they have to jettison so much that we think honourable and grave: and yet without in any way sharing their point of view, I think I can understand it enough to look at myself and other foreigners from their direction, and without condemning it. I know I'm a stranger to them, and always will be: but I cannot believe them worse, any more than I could change to their ways.

This is a very long porch to explain why I'm always trying to blow up railway trains and bridges instead of looking for the Well at the World's End. Anyway these years of detachment have cured me of any desire ever to do anything for myself. When they untie my bonds I will not find in me any spur to action. However actually one never thinks of afterwards: the time from the beginning is like one of those dreams

which seems to last for æons, and then you wake up with a start, and find that it has left nothing in your mind. Only the different thing about this dream is that so many people do not wake up in this life again.

I cannot imagine what my people can have told you. Until now we have only been preparing the groundwork and basis of our revolt, and do not yet stand on the brink of action. Whether we are going to win or lose, when we do strike, I cannot ever persuade myself. The whole thing is such a play, and one cannot put conviction into one's day dreams. If we succeed I will have done well with the materials given me, and that disposes of your 'lime light.' If we fail, and they have patience, then I suppose we will go on digging foundations. Achievement, if it comes, will be a great disillusionment, but not great enough to wake one up.

Your mind has evidently moved far since 1914. That is a privilege you have won by being kept out of the mist for so long. You'll find the rest of us aged undergraduates, possibly still unconscious of our unfitting grey hair. For that reason I cannot follow or return your steps. A house with no action entailed upon one, quiet, and liberty to think and abstain as one wills — yes, I think abstention, the leaving everything alone and watching the others still going past, is what I would choose today, if they ceased driving one. This may be only the reaction from four years opportunism, and is not worth trying to resolve into terms of geography and employment.

Of course the ideal is that of the lords who are still certainly expected, but the certainty is not for us, I'm afraid. Also for very few would the joy be so perfect as to be silent. Those words, peace, silence, rest, and the others take on a vividness in the midst of noise and worry

and weariness like a lighted window in the dark. Yet what on earth is the good of a lighted window? and perhaps it is only because one is overborne and tired. You know when one marches across an interminable plain a hill (which is still the worst hill on earth) is a banquet, and after searing heat cold water takes on a quality (what would they have said about this word before?) impossible in the eyes of a fen-farmer. Probably I'm only a sensitised film, turned black or white by the objects projected on me: and if so what hope is there that next week or year, or tomorrow, can be prepared for today?

This is an idiot letter, and amounts to nothing except cry for a further change which is idiocy, for I change my abode every day, and my job every two days, and my language every three days, and still remain always unsatisfied. I hate being in front, and I hate being back and I don't like responsibility, and I don't obey orders. Altogether no good just now. A long quiet like a purge and then a contemplation and decision of future roads, that is what [there] is to look forward to.

You want apparently some vivid colouring of an Arab costume, or of a flying Turk, and we have it all, for that is part of the *mise en scène* of the successful raider, and hitherto I am that. My bodyguard of fifty Arab tribesmen, picked riders from the young men of the deserts, are more splendid than a tulip garden, and we ride like lunatics and with our Beduins pounce on unsuspecting Turks and destroy them in heaps: and it is all very gory and nasty after we close grips. I love the preparation, and the journey, and loathe the physical fighting. Disguises, and prices on one's head, and fancy exploits are all part of the pose: how to reconcile it with the Oxford pose I know not. Were we flamboyant there? [6 lines omitted] L.

(To be concluded)

MEN, WOMEN, AND HATE

BY KARL A. MENNINGER

I

Two of my friends were engaged in a warm discussion.

'Freud will always be honored as one of the greatest men in medical science,' said the first, 'because he reduced to a scientific basis what had previously been the semi-organized intuition or wisdom of a few perspicacious individuals. His theory and his techniques are among the greatest forward steps in medicine. My only objection is that he reduced all of the psychological troubles of man to sex. That I cannot accept.'

'Show me,' said the other, 'something that is more painful, more perplexing, more repressed, than matters of sex in the life of human beings, from their childhood up, and I will agree with your objection. If there *were* anything more repressed than sex, *it* would be the cause of trouble in human adjustments. But there is n't! Freud, being intellectually honest, had to report what he found.'

At this point they appealed to me, and I had to say, 'You are both correct, both mistaken. Freud did discover that sexual repression led to unhappy consequences. But he also discovered later that there is something even more repressed, more tabooed than sex, — namely, hate, — and that it, rather than sexuality, is really responsible for the psychological ills of mankind. When he felt sure of this he courageously retracted and recast his original concept in favor of the view that the erotic instinct constantly defends us against self-destructive tendencies arising from hate.'

Many of the disasters of life which are blamed on Fate, heredity, misfortune, or the machinations of foes can be traced to this unconscious destructive force within ourselves. Varieties of such self-destruction are familiar to everyone. Men drink themselves to death, antagonize their friends, throw away their best opportunities for success, stumble into accidents or sickness under such circumstances as would make it appear that they had unconsciously wished to suffer or to fail or to fall ill. In all too many instances they actually kill themselves outright. Whether one kills himself suddenly or slowly and by inches, the suicidal impulses are psychologically the same. They spring in part from an inability to express one's hostilities in an expedient manner upon an appropriate object. Repressed (not merely suppressed) for want of such expression, these destructive energies turn back upon their author. Then from the conscience there comes additional force to swell the power of the now self-directed aggressiveness.

This in oversimplified outline is the theory of self-destructiveness, using that expression in its broadest sense rather than in the narrow meaning of suicide. But fortunately there is a powerful force operating toward the mitigating or counteracting of this self-destructiveness. There is that tremendous power which draws men and women together and which draws men and men together and which draws us all together in vary-

ing degrees of intensity and effectiveness. It may seem a little trite to come around finally to the conclusion, as Freud has done, that to combat our self-destructiveness we must love one another. But the greatest truths are often the simplest, and this is a conclusion at which Jesus and Plato and many others arrived. The practical question is, what can be said as to the expedition of this programme of loving? It is n't enough to be told that we should love one another. We know that already. But *how* to do so — that is a question which no one answers.

We think of the love of a man for a woman and her love for him as the most intense expression of this life instinct, the force which opposes the self-destructive instinct. To love and to be loved should exclude the possibility of hating, destroying, and permitting oneself to be destroyed. If our theory can be true, where there is a full expression of love between two people there should be no weeping, no sorrow, no recriminations, no resentments; I would go further and say, no accidents and no sickness.

If this seems a little Utopian, let us word it another way: people are permitted to love one another, encouraged in it by society, sanctioned by the law, inspired by the examples of their parents and friends or even by the nesting doves and similar phenomena. Yet, with all this impetus in the direction of mutual affection, men and women are frequently unhappy together. Why? Why is divorce so frequent, and contented marriage so rare? What, in short, is behind the war between the sexes which permeates our society? Instead of aiding toward a better integration, greater constructiveness, it would seem as if the association of the sexes often stimulated a mutual aggressiveness, and that men and women aid and abet one another in self-destructiveness instead of greater creativeness.

I base such conclusions upon clinical experience with unhappy women and

ineffective men, and with increasing alcoholism among both, and upon the general unfairness toward women on the part of business and industry, the diminishing interest in children, the increasing preparations for war. Occasionally some woman and less frequently some man becomes articulate about this conflict. James Thurber drew some sadly humorous cartoons about it in the *New Yorker*. Anything which can be made funny must have at its heart some tragic implications.

Long ago Freud made the comment that with a normal love life there could be no neurosis. If neuroticism is on the increase, as is generally agreed, we might infer that an effective utilization of the function of love is diminishing. The so-called abnormalities of sex, those individual peculiarities which characterize every individual and which at first appeared to claim so much attention from psychiatrists, have long since ceased to be regarded by them as other than fragments of an erotic striving broken by surges of uncontrollable hate. Sex and sexuality never made anyone ill and never made anyone feel guilty. It is the hate and destructiveness concealed in them which produce strange aberrations and bitter regret.

Until we have recognized this fact, it seems to me futile to attempt or expect improved social and marital relationships in the world. In the past, efforts to improve matters have been directed chiefly to the strengthening of love — by the blessing of the church, the exhortations of the ministers, the tacit rules of society, the enforced regulations of the law. 'You *must* love one another,' say these authorities. 'You must love and promise to love and keep on loving. You must also love your children, you must love your neighbor, you must even love your neighbor's dog (but not his wife). If you fail in any of these we shall punish you.' Meanwhile the ebb and flow of the hatred against which this love must incessantly battle pass unrecognized, un-

admitted. Some of the very things intended to enforce the love actually stimulate the hatred.

II

Now that we have some idea of the instinctual nature of man, it is possible to consider the social relationships of human beings in a somewhat more comprehensive and, I believe, fruitful way. We may examine those special forms of hate that develop between men and women, especially in the relationships that should theoretically be dominated entirely by love, and we can attempt to trace their origins. All along the reader must bear in mind that hate and love may coexist, and that whether hate is conscious or unconscious makes little real difference in the net result.

First of all, let me be sure that we agree that women do hate men, and men women. Some would prefer to put it that men *fear* women and vice versa, but we know that fear and hate are almost inseparable. At any rate there is no doubt that men do neglect women, avoid them, restrict them, and discriminate against them in many situations. This has had many eloquent, if bitter, expositions, Virginia Woolf's *Three Guineas* being one of the most recent. Indeed, I should say without reservation that men fear and hate women more than women fear and hate men. I think it is this rather than the male's superior physical strength that makes it possible for our civilization to be called 'a man's world.' It is not a contest of strength; it is a contest of hate. This hatred of men for women is one of the causes of the retaliatory reactions of women, one of the elements in their hate for men. But it is not the only cause for women hating men. The little girl resents the fact that she is not as strong or as active or as privileged or as influential or as egotistical or as untrammelled by physiological processes as is her brother. Many women appear to have an obsessive

drive to take revenge on men for real or fancied injuries, for the feeling that they have been forced into what they regard as an inferior status.

The aggressions of women are not always so obvious as those of men, but unfortunately they are probably just as prevalent. The woman who curbs her husband's initiative, exhausts him with her emotional or material demands, dampens his enthusiasms, wastes his money, humiliates him, nags him, remains sexually unresponsive to him, or, worst of all, pillories him by an attitude of martyrdom — such a woman leaves no doubt by her actions as to her deep resentment of men, however much she may verbally deny it or successfully exclude it from her consciousness.

In the eagerness of winning a wife or the joy of obtaining a husband, both men and women for a time forget these resentments. They cannot believe that any ever existed or ever could exist. Marriage comes, then, representing a *fait accompli*. Both parties have won a victory; both have, at the same time, entered into a contract of obligation to one another which draws upon the emotional reserves — I should say the erotic reserves. These may become heavily depleted, even exhausted, and as time goes on the old aggressive feelings of hostility for the opposite sex which the heightened emotion has held in check are reawakened or renewed within the marital union. For the giving of love to another, necessary as it is for the life of the individual, is nevertheless possible only by withdrawing love from the reservoir of self-directed, self-absorbed love. It is this that we perceive when we say that so-and-so is too selfish to marry, or, if married, too selfish to have children. The process of transforming self-love into object love is extremely difficult for those whose childhood experiences were such as to make them fear the result of attempting to do so.

But it is very difficult for the average person to realize that friction with his

spouse is based not so much upon minor contemporary provocations as upon the earlier frustrations and resentments of his childhood. He is more impressed, often, with what seem to be very real and present obstacles to happiness. Some of these may be in the very nature of the social order under which we live, the cultural requirements. And to these we should first give thoughtful consideration. Exactly what are the factors in our civilization which internally or externally lead to unhappy relationships between the sexes? Having come to some conclusion about this inquiry, we can approach the second question: what is the nature of the psychological reactions to these factors in men and women respectively?

I am not a sociologist, but a psychiatrist, and therefore it is difficult for me to think in terms of the social structure except as representing mass crystallizations of the attitudes, wishes, and fears of individuals. On the other hand, the behavior of each individual is to some extent determined by these preëxistent and coexistent mass opinions. Hence there is a constant interaction between the established expression of human instinct and emotion, on the one hand, and the individual's attempts to conform to this expression. From one standpoint it is absurd to speak of the war between the sexes in general terms; the war between men and women is certainly very differently determined and expressed in Persia, for example, than in Alaska. There must be similar differences in regard to the intersexual conflict as manifested in England and in the United States, and even in Maryland and Texas, let us say; or, to narrow it down still more, as between urban and rural couples. The customs and social attitudes in these various localities differ so considerably that the particular external irritant in one place may be entirely lacking in the other.

If one continued this line of reasoning far enough, however, one would say that the exact nature of the hostilities be-

tween male and female could be accurately determined only in a particular instance, in a particular locality at a particular moment, and then only by subjecting both parties to thorough psychological and sociological study. This is not exactly a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it ignores the possibility of indicating certain trends which apply more generally, from a consideration of which it might be possible to draw some helpful inferences for those who are not sufficiently involved in such conflict as to make it necessary for them to be psychiatrically studied. Hence I shall have the temerity to indicate some general principles which seem to me to have validity because they are conclusions drawn from a number of such individually studied couples.

III

One's first thought in considering the war between the sexes concerns the familiar questions whether — or, rather, in what way — this is a man's world, as one often hears that it is; whether or not America is matriarchal in its family government; whether or not men or women are more cruel, or more patient, or more effective. What all of these come back to is really the question of who possesses or who exerts the most power. The assumption is that such power is used aggressively against one sex and in the self-interest of the other. Of course there is n't any doubt that the average man has more physical strength than the average woman. However, the combative strength in the sexual war is no longer a matter of muscles. To a considerable extent economics has replaced mechanics in the regulation of all human affairs. Aside from war and some types of common labor, the superior strength of men has long since ceased to be of great practical importance, and in its place has come the power of the purse strings.

This may seem pretty obvious, but,

simple as it is, it is generally overlooked in discussions of the subject, because in our primitive thinking the influence of muscular strength remains disproportionately great as a carry-over from our childhood feelings of helplessness. Men still believe it necessary to impress upon women that they, the men, are more powerful, and that this power is not only for the purpose of protecting women, but for the purpose of conquering them and holding them in abeyance. But the women constantly erect some barrier to the direct infliction of this 'power'; it is customary to be deferential to women, to give them various minor physical advantages and prerogatives, to refrain from striking them under penalty of the law. But no such advantage is given them in the business world; on the contrary, they are hedged about by many restrictions and handicaps, and they are fair prey to the exploitation of men skillful enough to accomplish it. Women, for their part, have their own special devices and techniques of exerting power against men. Sometimes Samson, sometimes Delilah, wins out. A husband may oppress his wife, but a divorcee may put her husband in prison for alimony delinquency.

In many of the contemporary discussions, this is the sort of material that is elaborated. Virginia Woolf is at some pains to show how gaudy and pretentious men are in their ceremonial costumes — this in a book which, to be sure, contains far more recondite material. Pearl Buck, in a recent article on 'America's Medieval Women,' is impressed with the false promises men make women, particularly in the educational system. Others point out how the church abets women in maintaining an unnatural control over the sexual propensities of men. But it is to none of these familiar topics that I would call attention, because I believe all of them are secondary in importance to the question of reproduction. In the light of modern psychoanalytic theory, living and loving are almost synony-

mous; one may say that eating one's food and kissing one's bride are merely differently directed expressions of the same drive.

Hence the significant sociological factors contributing to intersexual warfare must be those which restrict the opportunity to live and to love — that is, to subsist and to reproduce. Now I am not sufficiently versed in economics to know definitely (if, indeed, anyone knows) whether it is actually or relatively growing more difficult to subsist. My impression, and I suppose the impression of most people, is that such is the case. We don't work as hard, and perhaps the average man has more money than in the days of an earlier existence — let us say, one hundred years ago; but, on the other hand, unemployment, depression, and actual starvation seem to be more extensive now than ever. Certainly the discrepancy between what a man *may* have and what he almost *must* have in order to keep up with his neighbors is now greater than ever, and keeping up with the neighbors means maintaining a rapidly expanding conception of the proper standard of living. The point of all this is that economics has undoubtedly been one factor in the reduction of the birth rate.

As we shall see, this well-known and prosaic fact has immense psychological significance. For it has become too expensive to have children, or rather to have as many as are wanted. Children are no longer the assets they once were when they worked for their parents and had distinct property value. The state of the world seems increasingly uncertain. Frontiers and virgin resources have disappeared. The threat of world war grows daily greater. Economic theory is only a little less confused than the actual state of economic affairs. And after all, since the prime objective of the erotic drive is the preservation of the species, and since this includes the production of children, these increasing interferences with its expression act as

smothering blankets upon the fires of life.

For a long time it has been recognized, as Freud beautifully points out in his *Civilization and Its Discontents* and other papers, that the progress of civilization has been made at the cost of the erotic life of mankind. This might be taken to apply primarily to the increasing frigidity among women and impotence among men. (That these conditions *are* increasing cannot be doubted by anyone familiar with the intimate personal life of any considerable number of individuals. The startling increase in alcoholism goes hand in hand with this phenomenon, since, as all competent observers have remarked, the alcohol addict is nearly always sexually inadequate, even though he may appear to be sexually overactive.) But the point I am making now is that not only is the *immediate* sexual life of human beings impaired by our efforts to be civilized, but the ultimate *purposes* of the erotic instinct, the bearing and rearing of children, are also interfered with, and life itself thus threatened.

The most important consequence of this in relation to our main theme is the effect it has had upon the women. For, whereas childbearing was once the mark of a woman's success and the most important thing she could do, now it is likely to be an indication of her resignation, her carelessness, or her lack of ambition. It is no secret that many women, perhaps most women, now dread to have children. By far the majority of illegal abortions are performed upon married women, women who have a legal right to bear children but who do not want to do so or feel they cannot.

Thus far I have put the blame for this chiefly upon the economic system, but I remain true to my central thesis, that in the last analysis this must be checked up in part to something in the psychology of the individual. One would expect instincts to rise above economics. When they do, as in the case of the poor families on relief who go on having more

children whom they cannot support, we charge it up to slovenliness — criminal improvidence. The very fact that these people do not have enough food or shelter or anything else which gives them a sense of security increases the need for the psychological support which reproduction gives them. It is much easier, of course, to describe this in terms of moralistic condemnation, as is often done, but it is not very philosophical and it allows us to sidestep the psychological necessity of reproduction. Thus we fall again into the fallacy of minimizing the importance of the erotic life, including childbearing.

The point is that the more intelligent people *think* they can substitute other gratifications; that they are mistaken in this appears in the neurotic consequences. Hence such thinking is in effect a cloak for self-destructiveness. There are many women who could well afford to have children but who, following the tradition of the times, think themselves more comfortable without these responsibilities. Still other women consciously desire children — so they think — but find themselves sterile. Both types, to my notion, represent unconscious self-destructive inhibitions. Certainly nothing in our civilization is more disgraceful and tragic than the millions of women who are childless in part because they are unmarried, and unmarried in part because of their inability to adapt themselves to the precarious rôle of a married woman.

Since the bearing and rearing of children is woman's greatest achievement and the climax of her erotic development, one would expect it to be not only her greatest joy but the source of her greatest power. By means of it she comes into a genuine sense of security and is thus in a position to counteract not only her own aggressive impulses but the occasional eruptions of aggression and self-destructiveness on the part of her husband. Hence to be thwarted in this objective, whether by the restric-

tions of economic reality or by lack of socially approved opportunity or by conflicting wishes engendered within her by her early childhood experiences, makes for a deep inner resentment. To put it another way, it deprives her of her primary safeguard against her own aggressive impulses.

I have dilated upon this great frustration of women because it seems to me to be the most fundamental one. I am not unaware of the charge that civilized men, and particularly American men, are distressingly inattentive to women. They are so engrossed in their business affairs and the struggle of making a living that they have little time or energy to devote to the constructive purposes of love. Foreign psychiatrists and psychoanalysts have repeatedly commented upon the apparent sexlessness of Americans, the extent to which men get along without women or else treat them either as mothers or as prostitutes. They speak of the neurotic, sexually inhibited American business man who is a success in practical affairs and a failure as a lover, husband, and father. But the same observers also comment upon the aggressive, grasping, managng American women. 'Super-normal,' I have heard them called. Such women are reacting, they say, to the neglect that they receive from men by a retaliatory assumption of masculine techniques. It is as if they set out to control and punish the men for being too busy to make love to them. All this they ascribe in large measure to the puritanical tradition of sexual suppression in this country.

Although I am not convinced of the greater happiness of European wives and husbands, I do not differ with this interpretation in the main, but I think the point I discussed above is more basic. For if women were not frustrated in regard to their most important objective, and their position as women were not depreciated by the popular attitude toward childbearing, their resentful aggressiveness which my European col-

leagues observe and blame upon sexual frustration would certainly diminish; and if this aggressiveness were less and the soft feminine qualities more in evidence, the erotic reaction of men to them would be greater, and these secondary frustrations would thus disappear.

IV

My belief is, then, that most American women are deeply and critically frustrated in their childbearing function, and that this results in compensatory reactions of masculine strivings on the one hand and aggressive retaliation on the other. The success of many women in taking the place of men and leading men's lives in all important respects — in politics, in sports, in business, and even in foreign affairs — may be said to represent the most favorable and least harmful reaction. These things do not really hurt men, however much bellowing they may stimulate. What really hurts the male is the impact of feminine resentment against him, especially while he is still a little boy. Far more serious than the aggressions of the wife against her husband are the effects of the unconscious attitudes of resentment on the part of the mother toward the child. It may seem paradoxical to say that a woman frustrated in regard to having children expresses her resentment over this frustration toward the few children she does have; nevertheless this is evidently the case, for, with the prevalent social attitudes, those few that she does have (if she has any) are apt to fail her as a gratification and to serve rather as a source of hated responsibility and even as a kind of degradation.

Mothers betray in a hundred ways their genuine resentment of the child and of the obligations he imposes upon them. They turn him over to hirelings during the most important period of his development. They send him to camps and boarding schools; they farm him out with relatives; they separate their inter-

ests entirely from his. I am constantly amazed at the way even well-to-do parents, parents who think nothing of spending thousands of dollars upon their own pleasures, will demur to relatively trivial expenses connected with their children — for example, the attempts of physicians and teachers to relieve the children of neurotic complications which the attitude of the parents has helped to produce.

The secret cruelties that parents visit upon their children are past belief. It is said that the American Indians looked with horror upon the white settler's practice of whipping his children. To scalp an enemy, a contender in war — this they could understand, but to strike a helpless child seemed to them incredible. I share this prejudice with the Indians, and in my capacity as a psychiatrist I shudder at the tales of brutality I am obliged to hear. Many people imagine that, in the intimacy of the psychiatric consultation room, shocking secrets are revealed pertaining to abnormal sex practices, perverse yearnings, and the like. But it is not these that shock the psychiatrists. It is the daily recitations of almost unbelievable cruelties systematically practised by parents upon children. I despair of conveying to the average reader either the extent or the extremity of these, because the natural protective devices of the mind are such that the reader is bound to regard them all as exceptions. There are a few letters and case histories in my private files that even after a good many years of clinical experience I cannot bear to re-read, and I hasten to add that these people are not, like many of the characters of such novels as those of William Faulkner, poor and ignorant, but often wealthy and socially prominent.

But far more significant in the war between the sexes than these dramatic episodes are the subtle cruelties inflicted by unconsciously resentful mothers upon their defenseless children. Smothering a child by anxious concern

over every detail of his life, robbing him of all opportunities to express himself naturally and to discover the world for himself, rebuking his early efforts to explore and direct his dawning sexuality, may be more crippling than beatings and curses. One mother made her son practise pushing his ears to the side of his head and squeezing his nostrils together so that he would not look so 'burly and masculine and Negroid.' Another mother put a diaper upon her seven-year-old son and exposed him to her friends in ridicule to cure him of bed wetting (the latter being, of course, one of his protests against her rule). I could fill many pages with similar illustrations.

Such tactics and such an attitude serve to rob the child of that sense of masculinity which he must have in order to love confidently and live constructively. And for this robbing and suppressing of his masculinity (as for all other manifestations of hatred by the mother) the growing boy bears a deep resentment. The state of being curbed and controlled and wounded by a woman is one which breeds in him an eternal distrust of that woman and of all other women.

To be sure, this protest against interference with his natural pleasures is probably felt by every child, male or female, and the interference comes chiefly from the mother. It is she who enforces the weaning, who forbids the satisfaction of indiscriminate evacuation in favor of the methods approved by adult society, who must say 'No' many times, and many times 'You must.' All this the child resents, and focuses his resentment upon the agent of his thwarting, the mother. But my point is that the necessities of reality, *plus* the restrictive puritanical mores of the times, are enforced upon the child with an aggressive technique that bespeaks unconscious, if not conscious, hostility, which is still further augmented in the case of sons by the special envious resentment toward males that is present in so many mothers. It is this envy which

leads a mother so often to want to rob her child of the masculinity which she begrudges him. Because she is usually not aware of this, and, even if she were, would fear to show it in any overt way, she is more apt to use such petty but none the less effective methods as over-protecting him, keeping him in curls, snatching him from the company of other boys whom she regards as rough or dangerous, insisting upon manners, and the like.

That these devices actually do have the effect of crippling the masculinity of the boy every psychiatrist knows from clinical experience. It is the sort of thing that has happened in childhood to men who consult us many years later because of impairments of masculinity which may show themselves in an unsatisfactory sexual life, or more commonly in various attempts to compensate for an unsatisfactory sexual life, such as alcoholism, hypochondriasis, neurotic illnesses, all kinds of marital conflict, and even actual psychoses. Call them the extreme cases if you like, but they are extremes that indicate what I believe to be an increasing trend of a most malignant sort. I think one can see in the hysterical suppression of women by the Hitler régime a violent reaction to this fear on the part of men that their masculinity has been or is about to be taken from them. That the women should be blamed for this instead of the Allies, or civilization, or corrupt politicians, is explicable in the light of the fact that, in times of panic, childhood fears and prejudices dominate individuals.

The ultimate result in the son of the specially aggressive mother is that he grows up to fear women and hate them to such an extent that even his erotic instincts, which normally overcome these negative emotional feelings, cannot triumph. This reduces his capacity to love, which in turn thwarts the woman whom he tries to love, and this thwarting increases her resentments. As a result he turns for his love to such sublimated

forms as can be obtained in male organizations of various kinds — business activities, clubs, athletic associations, scientific societies, pool halls, bars, poker parties, and so forth. The brotherly camaraderie of men is therefore not so much an indication that love now prevails to a greater extent than in the bellicose days of old as evidence that its expression is being forced out of its most natural channels. Much as such men may fear and hate one another, they feel safer with one another than with women. Whether one explains this as due to the fact that less is expected of them in such company, or that they are anxious to be free from the dominance and surveillance of their wives, or that they are positively attracted to one another, it all comes to the same thing.

The danger of such a solution is that men's destructive impulses are not sufficiently neutralized by this dependence upon one another. Sooner or later they must foment a war with someone, and wars are always self-destructive. That is what is happening now in the Fascistic countries, where masculine association is so greatly favored.

V

We are left at a rather hopeless *impasse*. The social and economic structure deprives women of children and antagonizes them toward children. The children reflect this in their subsequent associations with other adults and with the next generation. Men turn from women to the company of other men and thus thwart women further, and they in turn inflict more aggressions upon men and upon children.

We cannot change civilization or the social structure, so at first blush the outlook would seem very pessimistic. This was Freud's conclusion in an essay published in 1912: —

So perhaps we must make up our minds to the idea that altogether it is not possible for the claims of the sexual instinct to be recon-

ciled with the demands of culture; that, in consequence of his cultural development, renunciation and suffering, as well as the danger of his extinction at some far future time, are not to be eluded by the race of man. This gloomy prognosis rests, it is true, on the single conjecture that the lack of satisfaction accompanying culture is the necessary consequence of certain peculiarities developed by the sexual instinct under the pressure of culture. This very incapacity in the sexual instinct to yield full satisfaction as soon as it submits to the first demands of culture becomes the source, however, of the grandest cultural achievements, which are brought to birth by ever greater sublimation of the components of the sexual instinct. For what motive would induce man to put his sexual energy to other uses if by any direct disposal of it he could obtain fully satisfying pleasure? He would never let go of this pleasure and would make no further progress.

I do not entirely agree with Freud here, and I believe that in the quarter of a century that has passed since he wrote those words he too has come to be willing to revise them somewhat. It is the aggressive impulses, not the erotic ones, that need to be sublimated; indeed, it is the erotic impulses that enable us to sublimate our aggressions. Van Gogh did not hurl paint at the canvas because he was sexually starved; such love as he was capable of infused itself into his violent resentments to the extent that their plastic expression was acceptable to us as art instead of repulsive to us as criminality or beastliness.

Nevertheless, for the general outlook it is difficult not to share Freud's pessimism. It would seem as if only a complete social and economic revision would enable us to break up the vicious circle which certain features of our civilization encourage, but in individual instances I think the application of intelligence may be considerably effective.

For one thing, in spite of the difficulties and hazards, in spite of the hostile social attitudes, I think that the bearing of children and the recognition and relinquishing of our hostilities toward them

could be encouraged as a definite step in self-preservation — not for the purpose of race preservation or of army replacement or of religious compliance or of the justification of improvident irresponsibility, but for *self-preservation*. I have already dilated on this point.

Then also it seems to me that the development of sports and athletics and the participation of women in them offer an exceedingly healthy form of diversion of the aggressive impulses. I have seen many couples who were able to live in comparative harmony because one or both of them succeeded in unloading hostilities in the form of athletic contests. I happen to think of one husband and wife who did not quarrel verbally but who fought violent tennis battles with each other. They did not always enjoy the games, but they enjoyed relative happiness between games, so to speak. I have elsewhere suggested some other devices along the same lines for diminishing the aggressions.

The participation of wives in the support of the family and their activity in the business world may serve the same purpose. For women to divide their interests between homemaking and business life may not seem an ideal arrangement from the point of view of either traditional standards or psychological theories, but it may be an advantageous compromise in the case of the woman who would otherwise build up too much unrelieved resentment at what she regards as a humiliating or at least uninspiring assignment.

Finally, for those whose resentments have already reached uncontrollable heights, there is now the merciful relief of psychoanalytic exploration. We should regard it as barbaric to allow a friend to suffer indefinitely from a condition easily relieved by modern surgery, and yet many people endure agonies of depression and bitterness and guilt who could be relieved by psychological surgery if they but knew it.

The theory of psychoanalytic therapy

rests upon the assumption — an assumption borne out by clinical experience — that intelligence has some influence in directing the investment of instinct. This it cannot do, however, so long as it remains blind to its own defections. As I have said elsewhere, if it is our nature to be self-destructive, our best defense lies in becoming aware of such tendencies. The principle of recognizing the ways in which one destroys his own happiness, and applying one's intelligence to forestalling or repairing the damage instead of devising more ingenious forms of retaliatory destructiveness, offers hope to everyone who utilizes it, apart from its special application in therapy. While it is true that we cannot change society suddenly, some of us are bound to put faith in the ultimate effects of education. It is conceivable that in spite of economic pressure, in spite of prejudice and superstition, we may gradually achieve a somewhat less artificial, more psychologically and bi-

ologically sound, sexual morality. If we do, it must come, I believe, not through legislation, but through an awareness of internal aggressions and mutual hatred — self-perpetuating hatred that is reflected in the evils of society, rising anew like the phoenix from the ashes of every social revolution.

The furtherance of peace in the multiple miniature conflicts in the lives of the individuals that make up communities, states, and nations is, it seems to me, our first concern; for behind the problems of class wars and international war is the problem of interpersonal wars, the wars between man and man and between men and women. Hence in the future, as at present, wars will continue to seem honorable and inevitable, to be fought 'in the service of humanity' in spite of their cost in human life and happiness, until we declare a lasting truce in that most ancient and deadly feud, wherein new wounds are opened every day — the war between men and women.

THE BALLAD OF THE DUKE'S MERCY

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*The horse, the forest, the greybeard sea,
The brandy come from the apple tree,
These are the treasure of Normandy.*

It is so to-day. It was even so
Nine centuries and a half ago
When Robert the Devil, son of war,
With squire and huntsman and servitor,
Rode at eve on the hard, packed sand
That lay like a piece of no man's land
Between the forest and the white foam,
Bringing the spoils of his hunting home:
Four great herons of silver plume,
Slain by his falcon, My Joyous Doom,
Snipe and mallard and one wild swan
And a poacher with ears already gone.
The raw stumps dripped as he ran along,
Bound to a horse with a leather thong,
Three parts naked and smelling foul,
With the wild, dazed stare of a netted owl,
But he did not trip and he did not fall
Though the Duke had judged him, once for all.
His breath came easy as he ran
And he seemed more otter or stag than man
As the sea mist wrapped them closer round.

Yet he was the first to hear the sound
That was neither hoofs nor the grumbling sea
As they rounded a headland suddenly,
The jetting scream, if woman or hare,
That wailed from a clump of bushes there,
Snarling and fighting and vague to mark
By the broken planks of a viking bark,
But now closed in, like wolves on the doe.
'By God!' said Robert, 't was ever so;
The best sport comes at the end of the day.

Advance Our honor and clear Our way!
'Ware steel, 'ware falcon, soho, soho!'

He had not stricken one merry blow
To mark his bounty from ear to lip,
And his hand still played with his riding whip,
When he heard from the twilight the ancient cry
That summons the justice of Normandy
By river and meadow and sea and shore,
'*Harol! Harol! On me fait tort!*'
And a woman snatched at his bridle rein.
The whip swung high, but it came again,
Wailing and harsh at his saddlebow,
'*On me fait tort! Harol! Harol!*
Son of Rollo, by earth and sea,
I cry on the justice of Normandy,
Having no man to cry for me,
For he lies man-slain in your lands to-night!'

'Speak,' said Robert. 'We give you right.'
He looked at her now. She was tall and bold
And her colors once had been rose and gold,
But the eyes in her head were judgment old
As she told her tale with the hurried breath
Of one just come from the claws of death,
While the falcon screamed and the chase went by
And Robert the Devil, cold of eye,
Beheld the doing of his commands
And the poacher bit at his fettered hands.

'Asker for justice, your name and sire?'

'Ghislaine, sole daughter of Odo the Fire,
Good with the hammer, a cunning smith,
And the surly temper that goes therewith.
The hunting knife that your father had
Will show if his work was good or bad.'

'Daughter of Odo, how know you me?'

'By the look of the Dukes of Normandy,
The black dog carried on every back
Since the bargain made by Rollo the Black,
The hard hand and the sea-cold eye
And the justice the coward cannot buy.'

'Norman woman, how falls it now
You come to our land in a viking prow?'

'I walked one eve by the edge of the sand
And my heart was heavy in my white hand,
For my father was grim and my mother dead
And I had small joy of my maidenhead,
Knowing it destined for Jean the Lame.
— It was that eve that the raiders came.'

'Were you thieved in stealth, were you won by strife?'

'I fought as I might with tooth and knife,
Fought as the cornered vixen can,
But at last the strength went out of me,
For his arms were the arms of a goodly man,
And his lips had the taste of the naked sea.'

'Was he lord or churl that took you to bed?'

'Men called him the son of Svend the Red.
He gave me honor and the white bread.
He gave me mercy and the raw gold,
But we might not go to his father's hold,
For he had been outlaw since his youth.
It is my sorrow, it is my ruth,
That at last I sickened of ship and wave
And the sea that was our children's grave
And wept on his breast till he promised me
To kneel to the Duke of Normandy,
Suing to be his faithful man
While the winds blew and the waters ran.
But, as we came hither, the storm wind blew
And the hungry coast ate ship and crew,
And the few strong swimmers the fishers slew.
They would not have slain him sword in hand,
Had they come against him with half the land!
But naked and swimming he fought with them
And his blood is stiff on my kirtle hem,
And now it is time that I should be slain,
But they shall not lie where he has lain
If there is justice in Normandy.
Haro, my lord! I have cried my cry.'

'Nay,' said Duke Robert. 'One word more:
Are you wife or leman or outlawed whore?'

'I am woman, my lord, and I go with child.'

Robert the Devil barely smiled
And the flame began to leap in his eye.
'Now here is a riddle for Normandy!
Stolen daughter of Odo the Smith,
You have broken the bonds of kin and kith;
It is not well that our cousin the Dane
Should thieve our women and not be slain,
And worse that our women condone the theft
While they have honor or dagger left.
Therefore I give my fishers right
For this manslaying in your despite.
They shall not pay for the foeman dead.
They shall not lose either hand or head.
But, since they were fishers and slew a knight
Who came to serve us in this our need,
They shall be whipped till their bodies bleed.
Is it just?'

'It is just,' said tall Ghislaine.
'Show me the place where I may be slain.'

'Now, softly, softly,' came Robert's word,
'You have cried *Haro* to your liege lord,
But she who mates with the outlaw sea
Is neither Denmark nor Normandy,
And who shall pay the price of your head
Now Odo the Smith is a long time dead?
Neither leman nor wife nor maid,
Naked of husband and law and lord,
Outcast trull, are you not afraid?'

'Nay,' said the woman. 'Show me the sword.'

Robert slapped his hand on his thigh.
'By God, it is pity that you should die!
For I think you would bear no craven sons
And the bold were ever the fruitful ones.
Now is there any of my meinie
Who will claim this woman for Normandy?
If there be such, let him stand forth!'

There was bitter silence, south and north.

'And yet,' said Robert, 'I deem you men
And you have the name.'

Now I say again
If any man here have heart and pith
To claim this daughter of Odo the Smith
He shall have honor and she her life,
For I deem she will make no common wife.

The poacher lifted his wounded head.
'I claim the woman, dread lord,' he said,
And his voice was the sea and the marsh at eve
And the track in the reeds that the herons leave
And the rustle of the fallen leaf.
'I claim this woman for joy or grief.'

'So,' quoth Robert, smiling awry,
'There is one man left in Normandy.
Woman, how like you this son of clay?'

They stared at each other like deer at bay,
Silent and breathing and watchful-eyed
Where the sunlight dapples the dappled side
And the wild herb feeds the wilder heart.
They stared, and their glances did not part.

He snapped the leash of the bitten thong.
'I am foul,' he said, 'but my hands are strong.
They cut my ears for snaring the geese,
But the hair will grow and the wound have peace.
They call me Fulke of the Secret Oar.
I thought all women were hares, before.
The child shall not find me over-rough.'

She said, 'This man is punished enough.
I can twist his heart if he thinks I can.
I find no other fault in this man.'

'Now,' said Robert, 'let none deny
The mercy and justice of Normandy.
Man and woman I set you free.
Fulke of the Snares, you are thief no more,
But Fulke of the Herons, by sea and shore,
For I make you my warden of all that flies
Where the reeds grow thick and the marshland lies,
Swan and sandpiper, great and small,
And the kingly heron, the duke of all.
You shall kill for meat, whenever you will.
But you shall see to it no others kill,

Excepting the Master of Normandy
When he flies his hawks by the narrow sea.
And, without money and without price,
He shall grant you a badge with his device
With three broad pence and a fishing spear
And a cask of cider, every year.
And, every year, he may ask of you
Five king herons of silver hue
And such other game as may offer sport
To three good hawks of the choicer sort,
— And the first-born son that your wife shall breed
To fight for his banner, if he have need.
Is it well?' he said.

'It is well,' they said.

He summoned a priest with a shaven head,
The hunting priest that rode at his side,
'See that this couple are groom and bride.'
'Nay, first,' said the woman, 'I bury my dead.
Is it well?' she said.

'It is well,' they said.

It is long ago since these were wed,
It is long ago since these were dead.
Their dust is little, their seeking done.

It is long since the sea rover's son
Ran in the marshes, a stripling youth,
And tested all matters with knife and tooth
While his mother sang an outland song.
When he came to his growth, he was tall and strong,
His heart was an unquiet fire,
He served hard masters for little hire
To follow the Bastard of Normandy
When he set thin prows on a narrow sea
For William's fortune and England's woe.
In the beginning, these things were so.

*But horse and forest and greybeard sea,
And the women who bear like the apple tree,
These are the bounty of Normandy.*

THE ARCHER-SHEE CASE

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

I

FROM time to time, since the turn of the century, there has issued from the press of a publishing house in London and Edinburgh a series of volumes called the *Notable British Trials*, each volume dedicated to some case in the criminal annals of England or Scotland. Each would contain not only the testimony of witnesses, the photographs of exhibits, the arguments of counsel, the dicta from the bench, and the verdict of the jury, but also an introductory essay nicely calculated to enthrall those readers who collect such instances of human violence, much as other madmen collect coins or autographs or stamps.

The cases thus made available range all the way from the trials of the mutineers aboard the *Bounty* to the libel action which, in the twilight of the Victorian era, grew out of a charge of cheating during a card game at a place called Tranby Croft, a gaudy lawsuit which agitated the entire Empire because it dragged into the witness box no less a personage, a bit ruffled and breathing heavily, than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who was later to rule and consolidate that empire as Edward VII. But for the most part, of course, the cases thus edited have had their origin in murder most foul, and they constitute not only an indispensable part of every law library but a tempting pastime to all of us whose telltale interest in poison and throat-cutting is revealed in no other aspect of our humdrum, blameless lives.

Now, as an avid subscriber to the

series, I have long been both exasperated and puzzled by the fact that it contained no transcript of that trial which, more and more in recent years, has taken definite shape in my own mind as one of the most notable and certainly the most British of them all. Nowhere in England or America is there available in any library a record of the Archer-Shee case. The student eager to master its details must depend on such scattered odds and ends as he can dredge up from contemporary memoirs and from the woefully incomplete reports in newspaper files which already moulder to dust at the touch.

But within recent months, by a series of curious chances too fantastic to have been foreseen, a complete private record of the entire case has come into my possession, and it is my present plan, before another year has passed, to put it into print for the use of anyone who needs it as a light or craves it as a tonic. For the Archer-Shee case is a short, sharp, illuminating chapter in the long history of human liberty, and a study of it might, it seems to me, stiffen the purpose of all those who in our own day are freshly resolved that that liberty shall not perish from the earth.

In the fall of 1908, Mr. Martin Archer-Shee, a bank manager in Liverpool, received word, through the commandant of the Royal Naval College at Osborne, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty had decided to dismiss his thirteen-year-old son George, who had

been proudly entered as a cadet only a few months before. It seems that a five-shilling postal order had been stolen from the locker of one of the boys — stolen, forged, and cashed — and, after a sifting of all the available evidence, the authorities felt unable to escape the conclusion that young Archer-Shee was the culprit. Out of such damaged and unpromising material the Admiralty could scarcely be expected to fashion an officer for His Majesty's Navy. 'My Lords deeply regret,' the letter went on to say, 'that they must therefore request you to withdraw your son from the College.' This devastating and puzzling news brought the family hurrying to Osborne. Was it true? No, Father. Then why did the authorities accuse him? What had made them think him guilty? The bewildered boy had no idea. 'Well,' said the father in effect, 'we'll have to see about this,' little guessing then, as he was to learn through many a bitter and discouraging month, that that would be easier said than done.

What had made them think the boy a thief? The offish captain could only refer him to the Admiralty, and the Lords of the Admiralty — by not answering letters, evading direct questions, and all the familiar technique of bureaucratic delay — retired behind the tradition that the Navy must be the sole judge of material suitable for the making of a British officer. If once they allowed their dismissal of a cadet to be reviewed by an inevitably outraged family, they would be establishing a costly and regrettable precedent.

What the elder Archer-Shee found blocking the path was no personal devil, no vindictive enemy of his son, no malignant spirit. But he was faced with an opponent as maddening, as cruel, and as destructive. He was entering the lists against the massive, complacent inertia of a government department which is not used to being questioned and does not like to be bothered. He was girding his loins for the kind of combat that

takes all the courage and patience and will power a man can summon to his aid. He was challenging a bureaucracy to battle.

At a dozen points in the ensuing struggle, in which he was backed up every day by his first-born, who was a Major and an M. P. and a D. S. O., a less resolute fighter might have been willing to give up, and one of smaller means would have had to. After all, the boy's former teachers and classmates at Stonyhurst, the Catholic college where he was prepared for Osborne, had welcomed him back with open arms, and, as allusions to the episode began to find their way into print, there were plenty of comfortable old men in clubs who opined loudly that this man Archer-Shee was making a bloody nuisance of himself. But you may also be sure that there were those among the neighbors who implied by their manner that the Navy must know what it was doing, that where there was so much smoke there must be some fire, that if the whole story could be told, and so forth and so forth. I think the father knew in his heart, as surely as anyone can know anything in this world, that his son was innocent. While there was a breath left in his body and a pound in his bank account, he could not let the youngster go out into the world with that stain on his name. He would not give up. Probably he was strengthened by his memory of how bitterly his little boy had wept on the day they took him away from Osborne. The father lived — by no more than a few months — to see the fight through.

II

The first great step was the retaining of Sir Edward Carson, then at the zenith of his incomparable reputation as an advocate. In his day, Carson was to hold high office, — Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, — to assume political leadership in the Ulster crisis, — leader of the Irish Unionists in the House, —

to be rewarded with a peerage. It was part of the manifold irony of that crowded and stormy life, which ended in his death at eighty-one in 1935, that probably he will be longest remembered because of that hour of merciless cross-examination, in a libel suit at the Old Bailey, which brought down in ruins the towering and shaky edifice known as Oscar Wilde. But some there are who, when all else is forgotten, will rather hold Carson in highest honor for the good turn he once did to a small boy in trouble. He put all his tremendous power and implacable persistence and passionate hatred of tyranny at the service of Master Archer-Shee.

It was only after he had heard the boy's own story (and raked him with such a bracketing fire of questions as he was famous for directing against a witness) that he agreed to take the case at all. From that interview he rose, saying in effect, 'This boy did not steal that postal order. Now, let's get at the facts.'

This took a bit of doing. It was the nub of the difficulty that the small embryo officer had, by becoming a cadet, lost the rights of an ordinary citizen without yet reaching that status which would have entitled him to a court-martial. To be sure, the Admiralty by this time had resentfully bestirred itself to make several supplementary inquiries, but these were all *ex parte* proceedings, with the boy unrepresented by counsel, the witnesses unsubjected to the often clarifying fire of cross-examination. Even when the badgered authorities went so far as to submit their findings to the Judge Advocate General for review, they still kept the Archer-Shees cooling their heels in the anteroom.

I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acknowledge receipt of your letter relative to the case of George Archer-Shee, and my Lords desire me to say that the further enquiry is not one at which a representative of your side in the sense in which you use the word would be appropriate.

Well, even at the horrid risk of following a procedure which might be described as 'inappropriate,' Carson was determined to get the case into court, to make those witnesses tell their story not to a biased and perhaps comatose representative of the Admiralty but to a jury of ordinary men — above all, to tell it with the public listening. Resisting him in this was Sir Rufus Isaacs, later to become, as Lord Reading, Chief Justice of England, but then — in 1909 and 1910, this was — Solicitor-General and, unbecoming as was the posture into which it threw him, mysteriously compelled by professional tradition to defend the Admiralty's action at every step.

How to get the case into court? Carson finally had recourse to an antique and long-neglected device known as the Petition of Right. First he had to establish the notion that there had been a violation of contract — a failure of the Crown to keep its part of the bargain implied when, at some considerable expense to his folks and with a binding agreement on his own part to serve as an officer in the Navy once he had been trained for the job, the boy matriculated. But, contract or no contract, a subject may sue the King only under certain circumstances. If he approach the throne with a Petition of Right and the King consent to write across it 'Let right be done,' His Majesty can, in that instance and on that issue, be sued like any commoner.

Instead of welcoming such a course as the quickest way of settling the original controversy and even of finding out what really had happened to that fateful postal order, the Admiralty, perhaps from sheer force of habit, resorted to legal technicalities as a means of delay. Indeed, it was only the human impatience of the justices, to whom a demurrer was carried on appeal, that finally cut through the red tape. They would eventually have to decide whether or not a Petition of Right was the suitable remedy, but in the meantime, they

asked, why not let them have the facts? Why not, indeed? It was all Carson was contending for. It was all the Archer-Shees had ever asked for. Later in the House of Commons, where he was to hear the intervention of the demurrer denounced as a tragic error, Sir Rufus took considerable credit to himself for having bowed to this call for the facts, but he was making a virtue of something that had been very like necessity.

Anyway, the trial was ordered. So at long last, on a hot day in July 1910, — nearly two years after the postal order was stolen and too late for any hope of finding out who really had stolen it, — the case came before a jury in the King's Bench Division, and the witnesses whose stories in the first place had convinced the Osborne authorities that young Archer-Shee was a thief must, with Sir Rufus vigilant to protect them, submit themselves to cross-examination by the most alarming advocate of the English bar.

By this time the case had ceased to be a local squabble, reported as a matter of professional interest in various service journals but showing up in the ordinary newspapers only in an occasional paragraph. Now it was being treated by the press, column after column, as a *cause célèbre*, and all the Empire was following it with bated breath. Carson was on his feet in open court speaking for the Suppliant: —

His son was branded as a thief and as a forger, a boy thirteen years old was labelled and ticketed, and has been since labelled and ticketed for all his future life, as a thief and a forger, and in such investigation as led to that disastrous result, neither his father nor any friend was ever there to hear what was said against a boy of thirteen, who by that one letter, and by that one determination was absolutely deprived of the possibility of any future career either in His Majesty's Service, or indeed in any other Service. Gentlemen, I protest against the injustice to a little boy, a child thirteen years of age, without

communication with his parents, without his case ever being put, or an opportunity of its ever being put forward by those on his behalf — I protest against that boy at that early stage, a boy of that character, being branded for the rest of his life by that one act, an irretrievable act that I venture to think could never be got over. That little boy from that day, and from the day that he was first charged, up to this moment, whether it was in the ordeal of being called in before his Commander and his Captain, or whether it was under the softer influences of the persuasion of his own loving parents, has never faltered in the statement that he is an innocent boy.

But these reverberant words had overtones which all Englishmen could hear. Now the case was being followed with painful attention by plain men and women slowly come to the realization that here was no minor rumpus over the discipline and punctilio of the service, indeed no mere matter of a five-shilling theft and a youngster's reputation, but a microcosm in which was summed up all the long history of British liberty. Here in the small visible compass of one boy's fate was the entire issue of the inviolable sovereignty of the individual.

III

The Archer-Shees had as their advantageous starting point the inherent improbability of the boy's guilt. There seemed no good reason why he *should* steal five shillings when he was in ample funds on which he could lay his hands at will by the simple process of writing a chit. But if, for good measure or out of sheer devilry, he *had* stolen his classmate's postal order, it seemed odd that instead of cashing it furtively he would not only openly get permission to go to the post office, which was out of bounds, but first loiter about for some time in an effort to get a schoolmate to go along with him for company. But this inherent improbability, so visible from this

distance, quite escaped the attention of the college authorities who, by the sheer momentum of prosecution, had hastily reached their own conclusion by another route.

When young Terence Back dolefully reported to the Cadet Gunner that the postal order which had arrived that very morning as a present from some doting relative was missing from his locker, the Chief Petty Officer at once telephoned the post office to find out if it had already been cashed. It had. Oh!

There followed a rush of officialdom to the post office and much questioning of the chief clerk, Miss Anna Clara Tucker, first there and later at the college by Commander Cotton, the officer in charge of the investigation. Now, Miss Tucker, had there been any cadets at the post office that day? Yes, two — one to buy a 15s. 6d. postal order, the other to buy two totaling 14s. 9d. And was it one of them who had cashed the stolen order? Yes, it was. Would the postmistress be able to pick him out? No. They all looked so alike, in their uniforms, that she would n't know one from the other. But this she could tell, this she *did* remember — the stolen order was cashed by the boy who had bought the postal order for fifteen and six. And which one was that? Well, her records could answer that question. It was Cadet Archer-Shee. (He had needed that order, by the way, to send for a model engine on which his heart was set, and to purchase the order he had that morning drawn sixteen shillings from his funds on deposit with the Chief Petty Officer, a sum which would not only buy the order but pay for the necessary postage and leave in his pocket some small change for emergencies.)

Thus to Commander Cotton — Richard Greville Arthur Wellington Stapleton Cotton, who, oddly enough, was later to command H. M. S. *Terrible* — thus to Commander Cotton, who reported accordingly to the Captain, and he, through Portsmouth, to the Admi-

ralty, it seemed satisfactorily evident that the postmistress was ineluctably identifying Archer-Shee as the thief, or at least as the villain who had converted the stolen goods into cash.

On her testimony the authorities acted — innocently, if you like, and not without later taking the precaution to support it by the dubious opinion of a handwriting expert. But so muddle-headed was this investigation, and such is the momentum of prosecution the world around, that the very first *précis* of that testimony filed with the Admiralty was careful to omit, as perhaps weakening the evidence against the boy, — so swiftly do departmental investigators change from men seeking the truth into men trying to prove a hasty conclusion, — was careful to omit the crucial fact that at the college next morning, when six or seven of the cadets were herded past her for inspection, the postmistress had been unable, either by the look of his face or by the sound of his voice, to pick out Archer-Shee. This failure became patently crucial when, two years later on that sweltering July day, Carson, with artfully deceptive gentleness, took over Miss Tucker for cross-examination.

The cashing of the stolen order and the issuing of the order for fifteen and six had taken place at the same time? Well, one transaction after the other. Her records showed that? No, but she remembered. The two took place within what space of time? Well, there might have been interruptions. After all, she was in sole charge of the office at the time? Yes. There was the telephone to answer, telegrams to take down as they came over the wire? Yes, and the mail to sort. These matters often took her away from the window? Yes. Even into the back room? Sometimes. So sometimes, if one cadet should go away from the window and another step into his place during any one of the interruptions, she might not notice the exchange? That was true. And, since they all looked alike to her, one cadet in this very instance

could have taken the place of another without her realizing, when she returned to the window, that she had not been dealing throughout with the same boy? Possibly. So that now she could n't say it was Archer-Shee who had cashed the stolen order? She had never said that exactly. Nor could she even be sure, now that she came to think of it, that the stolen order had, in fact, been cashed by the same cadet who bought the order for fifteen and six? Not absolutely sure. That, in effect, — here oversimplified in condensation, but in effect, — was her testimony.

IV

Well, there it was — a gap in her story wide enough to drive a coach through. As soon as he saw it — it would strike a mere onlooking layman that the Admiralty might well have asked these same questions two years before — Sir Rufus knew the jig was up. Wherefore, when court opened on the fourth day, he was soon on his feet announcing that he no longer wished to proceed with any question of fact. It takes no great feat of imagination to guess at the breathlessness in that courtroom as the Solicitor-General came to the point: —

As a result of the evidence that has been given during the trial that has been going on now for some days, and the investigation that has taken place, I say now, on behalf of the Admiralty, that I accept the statement of George Archer-Shee that he did not write the name on the postal order, and did not cash it, and consequently that he is innocent of the charge. I say further, in order that there may be no misapprehension about it, that I make that statement without any reserve of any description, intending that it shall be a complete justification of the statement of the boy and the evidence he has given before the Court.

In return — perhaps a fair exchange haggled for behind the scenes — Carson went on record as holding the belief that the responsible persons at Osborne and at the Admiralty had acted in good faith

and that not even the disastrous Miss Tucker had been wanting in honesty. He had merely sought to show that she was mistaken.

Then, while the jury swarmed out of the box to shake hands with Carson and with the boy's father, the exhausted advocate turned to congratulate the boy himself, only to find that he was n't even in court. Indeed, the case was over and court had adjourned before he got the news. When, blushing and grinning from ear to ear and falling all over himself, he went to Carson's room in the Law Courts to thank him, the great advocate ventured to ask how in his hour of triumph the boy had happened to be missing. Well, sir, he got up late. It seems he went to the theatre the night before and so had overslept. Overslept! For weeks Carson himself had hardly been able to get any sleep. Overslept! Good God! Had n't he even been anxious? Oh, no, sir. He had known all along that once the case got into court the truth would come out. Carson mopped his brow. Then he laughed. Perhaps that *was* the best way to take such things.

Thereafter, of course, the boy's was not the only attention that wandered. All England may have been watching, but, after all, other current topics were not without their elements of public interest. For one thing, a new King was on the throne. The Edward who had written 'Let right be done' across the Archer-Shee petition now lay in his tomb at Windsor, and his son George was only just beginning the reign which was to prove so unforeseeably eventful. Then, even as the case came to an end, another was ready to overshadow it. Indeed, on the very day when, on behalf of the Admiralty, Sir Rufus acknowledged the boy's innocence, Inspector Dew arrived in Quebec to wait for the incoming *Montrose* and arrest two of her passengers, a fugitive medico named Crippen and his dream-girl, Ethel Le Neve. Even so, thanks to the sounding board known

as the House of Commons, neither the public nor the Admiralty was allowed to forget the Archer-Shee case. Indeed, news of its conclusion had hardly reached the House when several members were on their feet giving notice — due notice that England would expect some specific assurance that the lesson had been learned, that never again would a boy be thus cavalierly dismissed from Osborne without notice to his folks or a chance for adequate defense.

In this instance, of course, it was too late for anything but apology and indemnification. 'This,' one speaker said with apparently unconscious humor, 'could be left to the generosity of the Admiralty.' Another speaker — the honorable member for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen — put it this way: 'I am quite sure the Admiralty will do all in their power to redress the very terrible and almost irreparable wrong done to the boy, on such a wrong being brought to their knowledge.' But this confidence proved to be naïve. Month followed month with no word of apology, no word even of regret, and, as for indemnification, no offer to pay more than a fraction of what the boy's father had already spent in his defense. Indeed, in the fitful discussion on this point, the Admiralty had even introduced the pretty suggestion that the nipping of young Archer-Shee's naval career in the bud had not been so very injurious, because he was not a promising student anyway. It looks, at this distance, like a bad case of bureaucratic sulks.

So in March and April of the following year the attack was renewed. By the quaint but familiar device of moving that the salary of the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Reginald McKenna) be reduced by one hundred pounds, the honorable member for Kingston (Mr. Cave) started the ball rolling. Although the honorable member for Leicester, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was so far out of key as to call the motion an attempt to blackmail the Treasury (cries of 'Shame!

Shame!'), the resulting debate went to the heart of the matter and put in memorable and satisfying words just what many decent and inarticulate men had been wanting to have said about the case all along.

The relative passages in *Hansard* make good reading to this day, because all those who moved to the attack spoke as if nothing in the world could matter more than the question of justice to one small unimportant boy. The wretched legalism of the Admiralty's evasions received its just meed of contempt, with the wits of Sir Rufus Isaacs matched (and a bit more) by that same F. E. Smith who was later to become Lord Birkenhead and who, by the way, was at the time fresh from the defense of Ethel Le Neve at the Old Bailey. These members, together with Lord Charles Beresford and others, firmly jockeyed the unhappy First Lord into the position where he not only gave assurance that thereafter no boy at Osborne would ever be so dealt with — this he had come prepared to do — but went on record, at long reluctant last, as expressing in this case his unqualified regrets. He even consented to pay to the boy's father whatever sum a committee of three (including Carson himself) should deem proper. This ended in a payment of £7120, and with that payment the case may be said to have come to an end.

V

The case — but not the story. That has an epilogue. The characters? Most of them are gone. I don't know what ever became of poor Miss Tucker, but the elder Archer-Shee is gone, and Isaacs and Carson. Even Osborne is gone — Osborne where Victoria walked with Albert and one day plucked the primroses for Disraeli. At least its Naval College has gone out of existence, swallowed up in Dartmouth.

And the boy himself? Well, when it came to him, the author of the epilogue

dipped his pen in irony. To say that much is tantamount to a synopsis. If you will remember that the boy was thirteen when they threw him out of Osborne and fifteen when his good name was reestablished, you will realize that when the Great War began he was old enough to die for King and Country. And did he? Of course. As a soldier, mind you. The lost two years had rather discouraged his ambitions with regard to the Navy. August 1914 found him in America, working in the Wall Street firm of Fisk & Robinson. Somehow he managed to get back to England, join up with the *Second Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment*, win a commission as Second Lieutenant, and get over to France in time to be killed — at Ypres — in the first October of the War.

So that is the story of Archer-Shee, whose years in the land, all told, were nineteen. To me his has always been a deeply moving story, and more and more, as the years have gone by, a significant one. Indeed, I should like to go

up and down our own land telling it to young people not yet born when Archer-Shee kept his rendezvous with death. You see, I know no easier way of saying something that is much on my mind. For this can be said about the Archer-Shee case: that it could not happen in any totalitarian state. It is so peculiarly English, this story of a whole people getting worked up about a little matter of principle; above all, the story of the foremost men of the land taking up the cudgels — taking up the cudgels against the state, mind you — because a youngster had been unfairly treated. It would have been difficult to imagine it in the Germany of Bismarck and the Wilhelms. It is impossible to imagine it in the Germany of Adolf Hitler. That, over and above all the other reasons of any given moment, is why my heart sinks at the prospect of America having to get along in an era when Europe will be dominated not by England but by Germany. Sinks not for England's sake only. Or chiefly. But for our own.

POPULATION GOING DOWN

BY STUART CHASE

I

THERE are more than a million empty desks in the elementary schools of America this year. In 1930 the total enrollment was 21,300,000; in 1938 it had fallen to about 20,000,000. Consider what these empty desks signify in terms of jobs for teachers, school building programmes, textbook sales, school budgets, taxes, public finance. This is only the beginning. If present trends in population continue, by 1960 there will be 10,000,000 empty desks in schools and colleges. But by 1960 the army of people over sixty-five will be 8,000,000 greater than it was in 1930. Consider what this means in terms of armchairs, ear trumpets, spectacles, house lots in St. Petersburg, doctors' services, and old-age pensions.

The curve of American population, after three hundred years of unprecedented growth, is now rapidly leveling off. As it levels, its composition changes, cutting down the proportion of children and expanding the proportion of old people. Footballs give way to foot warmers. As it levels, the era of boomer, booster, bigger and better, onward and upward world without end, draws to a close. Chambers of Commerce and realtors will issue their optimistic statistics and beat their breasts in vain. They are confronted with a massive and irreversible trend in human fertility which affects not only the United States, but all the western world.

The empty desks are but one indication of the drift. Why has the Townsend

Plan received such mammoth popular support? Why do millions of American farmers suddenly demand crop controls? Why have there been so few opportunities for new capital investments in recent years? The population curve by no means answers these questions in full, but it offers some clues. As population becomes relatively older, demands for old-age security are bound to increase. As total population slows to a halt, an agriculture geared to expansion is bound to have trouble with surplus crops — owing to the sad but indisputable fact that no man has more than one stomach. As the growth rate of consumers declines, investors are bound to have difficulty in finding profitable outlets for their savings in new factories and capital goods.

In short, when an economic system built on three centuries of steady expansion encounters a population curve that is rapidly ceasing to expand, it is bound to buckle and crack — until adjusted to the new conditions.

The handwriting has been on the wall for some time, but few have stopped to read it. It was not good reading for those who were counting on bigger markets, higher skyscrapers, fancier prices for subdivisions. Up to 1860, every decade in American history since early colonial times showed an increase of population of better than 30 per cent. Then the growth rate began slowly to drop: 21 per cent in the decade ending in 1900, 15 per cent in 1930, and for the decade of 1940

faster. If the birth rate falls and the death rate increases, population can still grow if the net migration rate inward offsets them both.

Taking the United States as one community, its population has grown from about 2,500,000 in 1776 to 122,775,000 in 1930, the last census. This is an increase of almost fiftyfold. The birth rate has been relatively high most of the time. The death rate has been low, relative to other countries. The number of immigrants moving in has been huge. The number of emigrants moving out has been negligible. Thus all four rates have been favorable to tremendous growth.

As the level of a great river is governed by the level of its tributaries, so the curve of population depends on four other curves. They are: (1) the number of babies born, (2) the number of people who die, (3) the number of people moving in, (4) the number of people moving out. The first two things, in turn, are heavily influenced by the age distribution of the community. Thus, if the community happens to be an Old Folks Home, few babies may be expected, and many deaths.

Twenty years ago, students of population looked forward to further huge increases. Some estimates ran as high as three hundred million Americans by 2000 A.D. In a mathematical frenzy, a certain Professor Knibbs calculated that at the 1900–1910 rate of growth the population of the world would reach 221,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 by 12,000 A.D. This was held perhaps excessive, but reflects

the spirit of the times. Plans of business men, bankers, telephone companies, real-estate operators, were based confidently on the expectation that population would expand in the twentieth century as it had done in the nineteenth. The New York Regional Plan Association prophesied 21,000,000 people in the metropolitan area by 1960.

Early in the 1920's, Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and a few other careful statisticians, began to distrust this picture more and more. The facts they were collecting on the four fundamental rates did not bear out the upward sweep. Furthermore, they began to take into consideration the factor of age distribution and calculate potential mothers in future years, with even more startling results. Their figures were met with disregard, if not hostility. Promoters were then racing to see who could put the most stories on a skyscraper or a holding company pyramid. Slowly the facts began to penetrate; it is a pesky habit facts have. To-day the picture stands revolutionized, and all experts agree on its broad outlines. Instead of predicting a population that shoots steadily upwards for hundreds of years, they draw a curve shaped like a bow, whose rounded crest is only a few years off.

What has happened to produce the dramatic revision in estimates? This question brings us back to the four basic rates. Each rate has received a special blow since 1920. The birth rate has fallen more rapidly than was expected, especially since 1925. The death rate has dropped to its minimum and must now increase a little. The immigration rate has all but ceased; the emigration rate has grown, leaving a small net migration rate *out* of the country at the present time. Finally, improved statistical methods — developed by Kuczynski, Dublin, Lotka, Osborn, and others — give a much clearer and more dependable picture of future trends. Let us briefly review each factor.

III

The birth rate in America has been falling for a century. In 1875 it was 37 babies per thousand people per year. One thousand people means, roughly, two hundred families, and a new baby in every fifth family each year. In 1912, the rate was 26 babies, one a year in every eight families. In 1935 it was down to 17, and still falling. A similar trend is noticeable all over the world, especially in western countries. The Swedish rate is now down to 14, the English and French to 15. The German rate was 17 in 1930. It has increased slightly, under Hitler's régime of forced parenthood, but experts think the gain will be temporary. Mussolini's attempt to stimulate babies has had no appreciable effect. The Italian birth rate fell from 27 in 1930 to 23 in 1935. According to Lotka, while birth rates have been falling in civilized countries for a long time, there was a marked down pitch after 1920. All authorities expect them to fall for years to come. Why do they decline so universally and persistently? Here are some of the reasons.

It is now biologically possible to control conception. Birth-control methods are reaching every economic class in all civilized nations.

There seems to be an obscure biological factor which makes fertility lower in cities than in the country. Most of us are now living in cities or towns.

Young people marry later than they used to.

Many young people wish small families, or no families. Why do they not wish large families? For many reasons which are deep and complex. The World War had something to do with it. Widespread insecurity and unemployment frighten many prospective parents. Children in the handicraft age were an economic asset, helping around the farm; in the machine age, particularly in cities, children are an economic liability. Higher living standards have encouraged

smaller families. A standard having been established, people are loath to slide down the scale.

I should guess that following the bombing of women and children in Spain and China, following the Czechoslovakian war crisis in Europe, — with the hourly fear of 5000 bombers in the air over Prague, Berlin, Rome, Paris, London, with gas masks issued by the millions to noncombatants, — the birth rate is now due for an additional pitch downward. The thought of bringing up children to be gassed and mutilated in the streets is not very encouraging to young parents.

Like the birth rate, the American death rate has been falling for many years. In 1900 it was 18 per thousand; in 1920, 13; in 1934, 11. For a long time it masked the effect of the falling birth rate. Fewer were born per thousand, but fewer died. The masking process is now over. As an example, take Bridgeport, Connecticut, the nearest big city in my neighborhood. It is far from a Yankee city, for it has large numbers of foreign-born. I have collected its vital statistics for the last ten years. In 1927, the excess of births over deaths was 1370 persons; in 1930, 1140; in 1932, 622; in 1937, 504. Yet the total population of Bridgeport was larger in 1937 than in 1927.

Furthermore, Dublin and Lotka have conclusively demonstrated that the American death rate cannot go much below 10 per thousand. Why not? Because older people persist in dying faster than young people, and our population is steadily getting older, as we have seen. To bring the death rate below 10 and keep it there, the average life span would have to be one hundred years! The present life expectancy at birth is about sixty years. Assume that public health measures can boost it to seventy years. At this life span, the death rate would stabilize around 14 per thousand. 'Toward this figure,' says Lotka, 'one must be prepared to see our death rates tending in decades to come.' So the death rate is bound to rise, no matter how

healthy we keep ourselves. Death rates in European countries have also reached this critical level: 12 in England, 11 in Germany, 11 in Sweden.

Finally we come to migration rates, which have had a large influence on population in the United States. From 1900 to 1913, net migration into America averaged close to 1,000,000 persons a year, mostly young persons. During the war, immigration dried up, to be resumed after 1920 at an annual rate of about 300,000. But since 1930 the figure has gone into the red, and we now show a net movement out of the country of 50,000 persons a year. A strict quota law was passed by Congress in 1924. Baker and Folsom, of the Department of Agriculture, sum up the situation: 'Immigration is now an almost negligible factor in population increase, and restrictions on immigration seem likely to remain so long as unemployment persists.' How long will unemployment persist? Large-scale immigration is politically impossible until unemployment is virtually eliminated. It will not be next year. Even then, other factors may prevent the wide-open gates of the nineteenth century. We no longer have a West to conquer, or any more free land. Curiously enough, the population curve, by slowing up opportunities for new investment, encourages unemployment. Unemployment encourages a further decline in the birth rate. For a time, at least, a vicious circle is created.

Thus the birth rate, the death rate, the migration rates, all point to a failing population curve for the United States as a whole. Of course, communities *within* the country vary widely — some growing briskly, some declining, some stationary. To make matters more conclusive, the experts have taken age distribution into account, and worked out what is called a 'reproductive index' applicable to any sizable community. The method concentrates on potential mothers rather than on total population, and is thus more exact. If a community is getting steadily older, owing to a fall-

ing birth rate, a time must come when the present groups of fertile mothers become older women, and the present crop of girl babies takes their place. But the present crop of girl babies is smaller and less fertile than a generation ago. In turn, this crop will produce a smaller crop of girl babies. The effect compounds.

A reproductive index of 1.0, or unity, indicates a stable population, where 1000 mothers produce enough girl babies to become 1000 mothers in their turn. If the index is above unity, there is a surplus of potential mothers and the population will expand. If the index is below unity, there is a shortage of girl babies and the population must fall. The Old Folks Home would have a reproductive index of zero.

Around 1930, the American index dropped below unity for the first time in history. It is now about .98. England is down to .74, Germany to .75, Sweden to .86, France to .93. Says Lotka, reviewing the evidence: 'The current effective fertility of American women is not adequate to guarantee even a stationary population, when accounts are ultimately squared.' The reproductive index is like a telescope into the next generation. It prevents us from being fooled by large gross numbers now.

IV

There is almost complete agreement as to the facts, and the shape of the American population curve in the years before us. The crest of the bow varies, however, according to the assumptions on which it is plotted. If low fertility is as-

sumed, the crest is hard upon us; if medium fertility is assumed, it retreats a little; if substantial immigration is assumed, it retreats again. In the summer of 1938, the National Resources Committee at Washington released a report entitled *The Problems of a Changing Population*. Curves were plotted for a variety of assumptions. The report is undoubtedly the most authoritative and complete yet compiled. The authors favor two curves as most probable. The figures are shown in Table I.

In the first estimate, the crest is reached in 1960; in the second, soon after 1980. If high mortality, low fertility, and no immigration are assumed, the crest comes in 1955 at 137,172,000, and by 1980 population has dropped to 127,571,000, less than it is to-day. If high fertility, medium mortality, and annual net immigration of 100,000 persons a year are assumed, population will reach 173,000,000 by 1980 and still grow slowly for a while after that. This is the maximum estimate, but nobody takes any stock in it. The consensus of expert opinion, as I have checked it in this report and elsewhere, expects a peak by 1960 of 140 to 150 million. We are close to 130 million to-day. This gives us another 10 to 20 million, and twenty years to go before a decline in total numbers sets in. Crests in most countries of Western Europe are expected sooner — in England during the 1940's.

Taking the first assumption of low fertility, medium mortality, and no immigration, let us see in Table II how the numbers of young folks and old folks will change in the coming years.

TABLE I. AMERICAN POPULATION ESTIMATES

	Low fertility Medium mortality No immigration	Medium fertility Medium mortality No immigration
1930 (per census)	122,775,000	122,775,000
1940	131,308,000	131,993,000
1950	137,084,000	140,561,000
1960	139,457,000	146,987,000
1970	138,455,000	151,170,000
1980	133,993,000	153,022,000

TABLE II

	<i>Under 19</i>	<i>19 to 64</i>	<i>65 and over</i>
1930 (actual)	48,335,000	68,490,000	6,639,000
1940	45,355,000	78,126,000	8,419,000
1950	40,144,000	86,288,000	11,205,000
1960	36,298,000	88,831,000	14,818,000
1970	31,957,000	88,937,000	17,995,000
1980	28,091,000	84,239,000	22,051,000

Youngsters under 19 drop steadily, falling from 48 million in 1930 to 28 million in 1980. People over 65 climb steadily, from 6.6 million in 1930 to 22 million in 1980. The middle group gains to 1970 and then begins to decline. Observe that the total number of youngsters *loses more* than the old folks gain.

How reliable are these estimates? The statistical method behind them is superb. They can be reduced by further startling declines in the birth rate, by a great epidemic raising the death rate. They can be expanded by a flood of immigrants in the next two decades. They cannot be seriously upset by an increase in the birth rate, for the effect of the increase will not be registered for another generation.

Technical students of population have established other detailed conclusions of high significance, among them the following:—

1. Most American cities are not reproducing themselves. They must grow, if at all, by migration from the farms.

2. This migration all but dried up during the depression. Indeed, there was a large movement outward. City folks went back to live with parents and uncles who raised food crops. Migration inward will not be resumed on the old scale so long as unemployment is high in metropolitan areas. Cities are losing population in their centres and gaining at the peripheries. Urban growth appears to be stagnant for the indefinite future. Some large cities, owing to special circumstances, will gain; some will actually lose population in the next few years—an almost unheard-of thing in America.

3. Most rural areas are reproducing themselves, with a reproductive index above unity. This is especially true of hillbilly belts in the South, but not so true of New England farms. But birth rates in rural sections are falling *faster* than in the cities—because, being higher to start with, they have further to fall.

4. The proportion of Negroes in the total population appears to be decreasing.

5. The reproductive index of people with small incomes is higher than that of people with large incomes, but it is falling faster. Birth control appears to be gaining steadily in the low-income groups.

6. Lorimer and Osborn show that all classes of women—native-born, foreign-born, Negro—in all age groups are declining in fertility.

V

What is the bow-shaped curve going to do to us here in America? It has begun to do strange things already, and promises stranger. Fortunately, it moves slowly and nothing need happen very suddenly. If, however, we pretend it is not there and one day suddenly wake up, some unpleasant things might happen very dramatically—say in city real estate, or on the stock market. If we face the situation with our eyes open, we can probably handle it. As I see it, the curve is going to affect particularly (1) young people, (2) old people, (3) investments, real estate, and business activity, (4) government planning and control—all interacting one on the other. Let us take a look at each department, mingling

known facts with prophecy. I will try not to get too far out on the springboard.

A curious population wave is passing upward through the schools, with a heavy undertow of empty desks behind it. The wave was caused by the large number of children born immediately after the war. It is now roaring through the high schools. The undertow is caused by the sharply declining birth rates which set in around 1925. The undertow is just reaching the first years of high school. The United States Bureau of Education estimates a high-school peak enrollment of 6,135,000 in 1938-1939; then a recession as the wave rolls on to the colleges, and the undertow moves in. High schools are now stationary in New York, Ohio, Washington. Total public-school enrollment in New York City dropped from 804,000 in 1930 to 753,000 in 1936 — 50,000 empty desks in one city. But effects of 'the heavy losses in births between 1930 and 1937 are still to come.'

Overcrowding is ceasing to be a problem in many elementary schools. Classes are being consolidated rather than expanded. Cleveland reports its teaching staff reduced by more than 600. Orders for textbooks and supplies are declining. School building programmes in the elementary grades are not so urgent as they were. School budgets can halt their upward march. Teachers' colleges and regular colleges, where large numbers of students prepare to become teachers, must revise their plans, and young women will not say with such confidence as in the past, 'I can always teach for a few years.' Contractors, builders, supply houses, publishers, will be deeply affected.

The smallest effect will be felt in those mountain districts of the South where the birth rate is still high, and where schools are most bitterly needed. 'Our future population is stemming from states least able to provide adequate education.' Hence we are already hearing a demand for federal subsidy to

equalize school facilities. This demand is bound to grow louder, and it seems reasonable. States which will now begin to save on school budgets might pass some of the savings on, via the Federal Government, to those whose birth rate does not yet permit them to save. Remember, even Southern birth rates are falling fast, and the subsidy will not be needed indefinitely.

Elementary-school enrollment must decline. The case is not so clear as to high schools and colleges; it depends on job opportunities, child-labor laws, levels of prosperity. If children leaving grade school at fourteen are not permitted to work, relatively more of them will enter high school than in the past, and thus offset the undertow. If we have a series of relatively prosperous years in the near future, relatively more students will go to college at eighteen than to work, as in the past, and colleges may surmount the undertow — which will hit them about 1941. By 1945, it is safe to say, many of them are going to have a stiff problem on their hands. We must also remember that many teachers' jobs may be saved if the movement for adult education expands in the future.

Children consume 50 per cent more milk than adults. The milk industry is in for some painful readjustments. Manufacturers of infants' clothing, — and presently youths' and misses' clothing, — of toys, bicycles, perambulators, bottles, baby carriages, kindergarten equipment, must prepare for a slackening demand. As children become scarcer, they may be valued more highly, and spoiled more thoroughly. Fees to pediatric specialists may hit the stratosphere. But there will be less call for obstetricians, wet nurses, and lying-in hospitals.

As obstetricians decline, morticians will thrive. All industries catering to the aged will be stimulated. When government budgets are relieved by a decline in school outlays, they will be simultaneously burdened by an increase in old-age pensions. Will the one offset the other?

It is too early to know. What we can be sure of is a sharp crescendo in demands for social security, of which the Townsend Plan and the California 'Ham and Eggs' referendum are only the first faint chords. Publishers who lose in the textbook department stand to gain in the general trade department. Older folks like to read. Golf will expand, as more violent games contract. Real estate in Southern California and Florida, contrary to real estate generally, is likely to be in brisk demand. Manufacturers of clothing should prepare for warmth, economy, durability, and conservative styling, while dealers in armchairs, footstools, earphones, canes, and poodle dogs will do a land-office business. (This is not just good clean fun. I am following, in part, a sober warning to business men recently issued by the Kiplinger Service at Washington.)

As population ages, firing at forty will tend to be modified, and special provision be made to retain, and if necessary retrain, older industrial workers. Group insurance may disappear. The mobility of labor may decline, also labor turnover, as personnel is drawn from stable persons with settled habits. Political opinion may drift more to the conservative side — except in the matter of government pensions. Church memberships may grow, and esoteric cults become increasingly popular. '*Homo sapiens*, as he edges toward eternity, is still prone to consult a shaman.' We catch a hint of the trend already in the metaphysicians of Southern California. Three times as many of us will be edging toward eternity by 1970.

The housing industry presents a curious future. When the wave of post-war babies gets through high school and college, it ought to send the marriage rate up for a short time, and create a brisk demand for homes. This demand may help the building trades and the real-estate market, say along about 1942. It will not last. The undertow is right behind it.

Population pressure is the chief determinant of land values. To-day, despite the depression, real-estate prices in both city and country are often based on what dealers think the future demand will be. Few real-estate operators have studied the reports of the National Resources Committee. They have often discounted the future on a curve which no one will ever see. What is going to happen to these capitalizations of future expectations when they are found invalid? What is going to happen to mortgages, bonds, savings banks, life-insurance companies? Some, of course, will be all right; some may be very, very wrong.

But, as an offset, houses may not follow the population curve. The *number of families* may increase long after the curve passes the crest. There will be fewer children, but more families. We have about 33,000,000 family units to-day. The National Resources Committee calculates 43,000,000 by 1960. More families naturally require more houses. Fewer children per family require smaller houses. Perhaps the construction and house-furnishings industries, pulled from two directions, will about break even. But perhaps the whole shelter concept will be first revolutionized by prefabrication, or government housing, or both.

We can be reasonably sure that, whatever happens, the decentralization movement will continue. Cities will lose population at the centre, while suburbs and surrounding rural areas gain. Tenements, business blocks, office buildings, will be wrecked for downtown parks and parking places. Cities ought to be pleasanter to live in, but the general property tax will be knocked galley-west. Perhaps it will disappear altogether in the turmoil, to be replaced by income, luxury, and nuisance taxes.

This brings us to what I believe will be the most important effect of all. What the World War started the population curve is destined to finish. The economic system of every nation was jolted

from its base by the war and its aftermath. The population trend provides an additional and decisive jolt. We must prepare for a whole new set of economic arrangements.

If 10,000 people live in a region and their numbers do not increase, they do not need any more houses, more farms, more stores, more mills. They need *better* houses, more efficient farms and stores, new machinery in the mills. Their problem is not one of *expansion*, but one of *replacement*. As scientific advance makes the farms, stores, and mills more efficient, the people can enjoy either higher standards of living, shorter hours of work, or both.

Business men, bankers, economists, are agreed that under the present financial system an expansion of capital goods — meaning new mills and stores — is cardinal in order to put savings to work and keep the system in equilibrium. But, as population becomes stationary, it is obvious that the need for such expansion will be greatly reduced. Meanwhile savings pile up, and workers who formerly produced capital goods lose their jobs.

The outstanding economic problem of the next few decades will be to get an economic system geared for expansion, remodeled to operate in a community which grows slowly or not at all. Business men assert that if only 'confidence' could be restored they could push right ahead, and savings would be profitably invested as in the old days. How are they going to get the birth rate up? Says Alvin Hansen, professor of economics at Harvard: 'Let the perennial optimist reflect on the enormous masses of capital that found investment outlets during the nineteenth century, for no other reason than that the population of England quadrupled, that of Europe trebled, while that of the United States increased fifteenfold.' Business activity grew almost automatically in the past. More customers were at the counter every year. Thousands of citizens became rich

simply by buying in at the 50 million population level and selling out at the 100 million level. You could n't lose. Those carefree days are over. There is not much increment in buying in at the 130 million level and selling out at 130 a generation later.

Theoretically, each citizen in a stable population has more land, natural resources, capital, at his command than a citizen in a rapidly growing population. Pressure on resources is eased. Quality can take precedence over quantity. Investment becomes 'intensive' rather than 'extensive.'

The trouble is that we have had no experience with 'intensive' investments; we have had no experience with an economy which does not expand in numbers. Apparently there is no other course than to allow the government to take the lead in finding a new formula. A stationary community needs more planning than an expanding one, especially when it is taking the place of an expanding one. The whole financial mechanism must be re-studied and eventually overhauled. Millions of citizens must be protected during a stormy transition period. Savings and investment outlets must be found in public works, as the demand in the private field slackens. It *must* slacken as we approach a replacement basis.

Such public investments need not compete with private investment. They can be devoted rather to producing and conserving wealth outside the normal field of private enterprise, in such projects as soil conservation, flood control, reforestation, public health, highways, waterways, airways, parks and recreation areas, reclamation, rural electrification, slum clearance, and housing for low-income groups.

Many people want a return to the good old days of automatic expansion and little government interference. When they realize — say five years hence — that the Republican Party cannot give it to them, and that the population curve has much to do with it, we must brace

ourselves for a terrific outburst of wild schemes to reverse the birth-rate trend. Congress will swarm with lobbies for taxes on bachelors, bonuses for twins, free trousseaus and curly-maple suites for brides, 'Mrs. America' cups for prolific ladies of all ages, penalties for the use of contraceptives, guaranteed jobs for bridegrooms. Pulpits will rock; editorial writers will let down their hair; statesmen will thunder about race suicide; generals will ask where our future defenders are to come from. The hullabaloo will be shattering — and the population curve will go serenely on its downward course. If Mussolini could not turn it, what chance has a democratic state?

This brings us to another group of viewers-with-alarm, who are already making the welkin ring. They are distressed by what they call negative eugenics, or the fertility of the unfit. What they mean is that they are afraid of large families among the poor. Are well-to-do families to die out, and be replaced by the more numerous offspring of poor families? The figures undoubtedly show a tendency in that direction. The reproductive index of low-income groups is higher than that of well-to-do groups. But two things should be remembered. First, the poor-family birth rate, though still higher, is falling faster. In Sweden, with birth-control information almost universal, it has fallen *below* the birth rate of the well-to-do group. Second, most well-to-do families in America today were poor families — farmers, peasants, artisans — three or four generations ago.

I should not worry very much about this distinction. It makes little sense biologically, and none at all democratically. Alarmists who are greatly con-

cerned about what they consider poor heredity in prolific families usually overlook what better environment might mean to the children of those families. They should read J. B. S. Haldane. Once a baby is born on the wrong side of the tracks, they seem to think it is all over, forgetting that Americans are a race of poor immigrants, born the wrong side of tracks from 1620 onward.

Indeed, there is a definite bright side to this picture. With immigration greatly restricted in the future, the American people for the first time in history will have a breathing spell to become more integrated and homogeneous. There will be an end of 'little Italys,' 'Wops,' 'Hunkies,' 'Yids,' 'Greasers,' 'ignorant foreigners.' The melting pot will really melt. Household servants may become scarcer, which will cause their wages and status to rise. Educational standards can be lifted all around, as pressure on the schools relaxes. What we call 'democracy' can be brought nearer.

The population curve promises to remake our economic system as we pass from an era of growth to an era of maturity. Industrial changes will be profound, and to a degree painful. The outlook for higher living standards and a more integrated democracy — provided we do not lose our heads in the transition period — is bright. In the long run, the good effects ought to outweigh the bad.

One last prophecy, and I am done. The reproductive index will move up again when children are wanted so badly that parents are at last ready to sink their prejudices and really safeguard the community against insecurity, unemployment, and war. Will the instinct for survival take care of this in due time? I think it will. It is a tough instinct.

THE WEDDING JOURNEY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

SHE had often heard her mother say that freeing Negroes made them impudent, and for a moment she thought that the packet-boat stewardess was going to be an impudent nigger. When she asked her name, the black girl replied, 'Viney, miss,' and then asked, as if she were hostess on the boat instead of merely a hired servant, 'An' what's yo' name, miss?'

Bella, who had been Bella Vincent only six short hours ago, felt her cheeks grow pink. She tried to look at Viney coolly and to make her voice sound matter-of-fact; but when the words came out they were quick, almost hushed.

'I'm Mrs. Willcox.'

There it was. She had often said it to herself, — 'Mrs. Willcox,' — but now it was a fact before the world. The marriage ceremony, her father reading the service, the flowers on the altar and the flowers round her veil, her mother sniffing softly, and her sister Clorinda behind her, the music, even Roger, putting the ring on her finger — all those things seemed parts of the properly ordered climax of her maidenhood. But now that she had said to this pert-looking Negro girl, 'I'm Mrs. Willcox,' she knew that she was married.

Viney's bright eyes regarded her so knowingly that she had a sudden impulse to run out of the cabin and find Roger. But she needed sprucing after the dusty stage ride from Albany to the Schenectady dock; she wanted to look her best at supper that evening; and in-

side of her she felt that somehow it was important to the success of her marriage to assert herself before this girl.

Viney, fingering the white apron that neatly covered her red dress, bobbed her bandanna'd head and curtsied unexpectedly. Then, as she raised her black face again, her limber mouth opened and she showed all her teeth in a beaming smile.

'You jes' married, Mis' Willcox?'

Bella nodded, blushing again.

'Lawdy!' Viney breathed. 'Tain't often I got a bran'-new honeymoon lady to look after. I trust yo' trip will be pleasurable, Mis' Willcox.'

She bent down for the bags with a submissive droop of her shoulders, and Bella realized that she was n't an impudent nigger after all. She was only trying to be friendly.

'Which bed you like the bes', Mis' Willcox?'

Bella glanced round the ladies' cabin. She had never been on a canal packet before, and it looked very strange to her. In spite of the white paneling and the bright red curtains at the windows, the red-clothed table and the brass-shaded lamp, the room seemed small and bald. The beds were stanchions hinged from the walls; canvas was laced across the iron frame, and resting on it was the thinnest conceivable mattress.

'There's only two other ladies,' Viney said. 'They ain't got here yet, so you can have yo' pick, Mis' Willcox.'

Bella said, 'Maybe that one in the front.'

Viney started to move towards it. Then she halted, still holding on to the bags, and said tactfully, 'That sure is the quietest. But you don't get so good air, and the nights they been hot lately, mis'.'

'Perhaps you're right, Viney. Which one would you recommend?'

Viney pursed her lips.

'Well, if I was a lady making selection of these beds, mis', I'd declare for this one in the corner. I reckon I'd get mo' air. And though it's right next the saloon wall and I'd hear the gentlemen playing ca'ds, it's mos' apt I'd hear them anyways. It's nice to have a corner bed too, with walls to yo' head. And then you'd have me handy to call me if you want me in the night.'

'Where do you sleep, Viney?'

Viney giggled.

'Don' get much sleep sometimes, but I got a pallet on the floor there.' She indicated the floor beside the door to the main saloon.

'I think I'll take the corner bed, then,' Bella said with definiteness. Viney nodded. She laid Bella's bags against the wall and asked whether she should open them.

'You can open the big one, Viney.'

'Does yo' want to change?'

Bella hesitated. She would like to go right out to Roger, but the prospect of fresh clothes was enticing.

'Yes,' she said. 'I'd like the green dress.'

Viney said, 'If you like to wash yo'self, I'll show you where.'

Bella nodded, and Viney conducted her to the door in the far corner, where, in a little closet, she found pitcher and basin and soap. Taking her own towel and brush and comb, she rubbed off the dry sandy dust that seemed to have coated her from head to foot. She did up her hair again, using the green net that matched her dress, and studied herself in the small glass.

It was a very young face that looked back at her: a small straight nose, a

small pointed chin. Only the warm brown eyes with their straight, rather heavy, black brows and curling lashes, and the wide mobile mouth, the upper lip so short it seemed to tremble on the verge of smiling, kept it from being insignificant. It was an eager face, so live it seemed to shy at life, and almost naïvely honest.

But it did not satisfy her at all. She wished it could have been blond and beautiful like her sister's: Clorinda was the kind of girl that people looked at. She was almost as tall as Roger. As Aunt Francine had often said, 'There's nothing statuesque about Bella.' All the family had expected, when he first came to call, that he had his eye on Clorinda. Even Clorinda had n't troubled to deny it. The fact that it was now Bella who found herself in the ladies' washroom on the *Western Lion*, bound for Buffalo and Ohio, the wife of Roger Willcox, seemed utterly, delightfully incredible.

As she pulled out her curls before her ears, Bella found that she was smiling back at the face in the glass. 'Red as a garden radish,' she whispered.

Then, just outside the window, she heard a man's feet walking up and down the passenger dock. As she recognized the step, rather deliberate, a little heavy, the walk of a big man, her flush waved deeper. Roger was waiting for her. She had married him that morning. She would never forget to-day with its warm high clouds sailing loftily — August 18, 1835. But she forgot the final pat for her hair. Leaving her towel and brush and comb lying whichway for the colored girl to pick up, she rushed out into the cabin.

Viney was exclaiming softly over the green dress.

'Quick,' said Bella. 'Oh, quick, Viney.'

She slipped out of her traveling dress and held up her arms. She stood for an instant that way in her shift, with the striped sunlight from the shutters marking her, slim and still and white. With a hushed murmuring sound, the Negro girl passed the green dress over Bella's arms

and patted it down. Bella's fingers flew over the laces.

'Give me my bonnet, Viney. And the blue scarf.'

She was gone through the door.

Viney, slowly folding the traveling dress, listened to the rapid tap of Bella's feet traversing the saloon, running up the steps to the deck, and suddenly turning demure.

'Lawsy!' she breathed.

II

Bella came out into the bright glare on deck and glanced over the passenger dock, looking for Roger. When her eyes found him, her heart gave a little jump. He was standing with his back to her, talking to an elderly man. But Bella did not look at the stranger. At sight of Roger's broad shoulders filling his blue coat, the buff trousers fitting his narrow hips and straight legs so perfectly, the close-cut, curly black hair just showing under the brim of his hat, she felt suddenly shy.

His back was to her, but she knew exactly how his hands were folded on the head of his stick; she knew that the right wing of his stock was a little too long; she could tell from the bend of his head that he was smiling politely. But seeing him so, talking to an utter stranger, it came over her that she did not know Roger at all. And she was on a canal packet, a public conveyance. There was no familiar atmosphere of family life for her to retreat into now.

When Roger had stepped into her father's study to tell him their news, she had gone upstairs to find her mother. Her mother was sewing in a corner of the sitting room, where she had her table and a view down Hawk Street, and when Bella had come in she had said, 'Good gracious, Bella! What is it?' And on Bella's telling her she had been very much surprised. 'Of course, Mr. Willcox comes of very good stock, but his family have been west for so many years now, I

hardly feel I know them any more. I'm sure he's a worthy young man. His manners are good, certainly. Your father will know.' She always took refuge from responsibility in her husband's opinions.

But Clorinda had been even more surprised. 'Don't tease, Bella!' she had exclaimed. There had been spots of red in her cheeks; she had looked almost hectic; but as soon as she had been convinced she had said, 'Your brats will be blacker than Portuguese.'

The wind pushed Bella's skirts against her knees, and she found that they were trembling. She knew that she was flushing again; she wished she could conquer that ridiculous weakness; but it *had* been a stupid thing for Clorinda to say, even if she were piqued.

A blaring horn almost deafened her right ear.

'Don't worry, ma'am. That's only a freight boat.'

One of the *Western Lion's* crew was standing beside her on the steering deck. She glanced at his weather-lined hard face and found him smiling. He was pointing to the other side of the basin, where a thin pair of mules bowed down against their collars. The driver walked behind them; his blue shirt was open to the sun and wind all the way down to his belt, so that she could see his chest naked and furred. He was swinging a heavy long-lashed whip with a short stock. While Bella watched he cut the nearest mule across the withers, leaving a black welt. The beast clamped back its ears. She saw it shudder from the stroke.

The boat came by at the end of the hundred-foot towrope. Its square bow, the paint yellow and faded, thrust heavily against the ripple. A woman was cramming her arms with wash from a line stretched over the pit. The wind tugged her skirt back between her legs, moulding them so close that Bella saw she wore no underthings. The steersman, hip against the rudder stick, yelled to the woman as he lifted his horn to his lips.

His cheeks filled and emptied, and the blare again was deafening. The woman nodded her head sullenly to what he had told her and stepped out in her bare feet on the catwalk. The wash made a red and white puff under her face, like a bunch of preposterous flowers; and, as their eyes met, Bella saw with astonishment that the woman could not be more than eighteen years old and that, in a rough way, she was handsome. The girl managed to toss her chin above the wash, but when she turned in front of the steersman he struck her shoulder with his fist, spat over the side, wiped his mouth, and grinned at Bella.

'Rough, tough, and nasty,' the packet-boat hand at her side said scornfully.

She did not answer him, but turned quickly to go to Roger. She felt frightened and upset and close to tears; she wanted to be near, to touch someone she knew. She had never seen a woman struck before.

Roger was walking back along the dock beside the elderly gentleman, his head slightly bowed to catch the other's words. He looked so calm, he walked so almost solemnly, — the way he looked when he first walked into the house on Eagle Street, — that she was glad he was not actually too handsome. 'But he *is* handsome,' she said to herself. 'Clorinda thought so.' And her heart gave a little bounce as she moved towards the plank, steadying her skirts with both hands. She felt as sure as anyone could be that Roger would never strike her.

She looked up for an instant as she stepped on the plank and caught his eye. His face had a high even color, his mouth was composed and serious, but his eyes crinkled slightly at the corners. He looked amused at something; she wondered uneasily whether he could have read her thoughts.

She ran down the plank to the dock and found herself meeting the admiring gaze of the elderly gentleman.

'Bella, this is Mr. Atterbury. He's

making the trip west to Buffalo on our boat. Mr. Atterbury, this is my wife.'

Roger looked prodigiously tall and strong, and Bella felt an almost suffocating pride in him. She curtsied formally to Mr. Atterbury, but she could hardly take her eyes off Roger in time to avoid an impoliteness.

Mr. Atterbury had removed his hat and laid it gently against his waistcoat. He was dressed quietly and elegantly in a black coat that seemed, however, a little travel-worn. His face she thought gentlemanly, with a narrow chiseled nose and a pleasant mouth under a white moustache; and he had waving white hair.

'It is n't often, I assure you, Mrs. Willcox, that an old traveler like myself faces a long journey lightened by the prospect of such delightful company.'

He sounded almost old-fashioned to her, and his bow was low. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, Bella saw Roger draw himself up a little taller. He was n't looking at either of them; he had a fixed look in his eye that she had noticed once when Mrs. Vincent had invited their Albany relations to meet him. Guiltily she realized that she must have seemed a long time in the ladies' cabin to Roger. But she gave Mr. Atterbury a smile and her glove to touch and said that she also anticipated a delightful trip.

As he smiled to them both she saw how bright his blue eyes were and thought that before his hair turned it must have been very fair.

Mr. Atterbury was saying, 'Could n't we sit together at supper, we three?'

Bella felt her hand drawn under Roger's arm. He said, 'Yes. That would be splendid,' and bowed stiffly.

Mr. Atterbury handed his satchel to the boatman and followed him aboard.

III

'Darling,' Roger said quietly, 'you're perfectly lovely.'

Bella allowed her fingers to press his forearm and felt them hugged tight against his ribs. She was sure she could feel his ribs through the coat and she thought she could also feel his heart thumping inside.

He was walking her down the dock, his free hand holding his watch out of the fob pocket.

'We'll be starting in ten minutes,' he said aloud for the benefit of some dock loafers. 'It does n't look as if we'd have many passengers.'

But as soon as they were out of earshot his voice filled and he bent over close to her ear.

'Do you think you can stand it, dear?'

'What, Roger?'

'Being cooped up on that boat four whole days?'

She looked up at him, startled by the baffled note in his voice. For an instant his eyes seemed too close to bear. Her knees went weak under her and she had to hold hard on his arm, feeling herself enveloped by his impatience until she was almost sick. She caught the toe of her shoe in the hem of the green dress, and felt him lift and steady her. The warm wind blew in her face, her head cleared, and she thought, 'He's never seen this dress and he has n't even noticed it yet.' But he had told her she was lovely, and she had seen that he thought she was beautiful, and that seemed so wonderful that nothing else mattered. For Clorinda had been the beauty of the family — it had always been spoken of at home. And then Bella realized that the things taken for granted at home had no more standing for her in the world. There were just she and Roger. There were no comforting retreats left to her. Nothing except the ladies' cabin of the *Western Lion*. She did not know what she thought about that; she did not know what to say.

She did n't have to answer.

Roger said abruptly: 'It's always hard waiting for a boat to start.'

He had stopped her at the end of the

packet dock and was looking up the canal, his broad chin set and a thin crease between his eyes. His arm was solid under her hand, he stood very straight, and she realized gratefully that he was n't asking her to answer. It was almost as if he understood.

Her pride returned and she lifted her chin as she stood at his side, so that they looked west together. They could see all the town that lay west of them, the brick houses with their gardens to the river and the smoke from their chimneys climbing against the late afternoon sky; and, leading straight away along the southern bank of the river, the canal, boats moving on it here and there, the mules in the distance like teams of ants harnessed by spider threads to chips; and then the green country, and the hills rolling gently to right and left, gathering a blue haze in their valleys.

A bugle sounded, and they wheeled hurriedly to find that behind their backs the boat had come to life. The captain was stepping decisively out from the passenger agent's box; two women and three men were crowding up the plank to the deck; and a couple of men had taken hold of the tie ropes, holding them in their hands, their heads turned towards the steersman. A quick thump of hoofs sounded across the dock, and a pair of horses, hitched tandem, came out of the street and took a stand a little ahead of the bow. A handler hooked the single-tree to the towrope, and a driver boy, like a red-jacketed active little monkey, scrambled up to his saddle on the rear horse. The captain cast his eye over everything. He was standing on the top deck, bugle in hand.

'Aboard!' he shouted.

He lifted his bugle to his lips.

Bella felt Roger almost swing her off her feet.

'Come on,' he said.

She had no idea that they had come so far from the boat. They would have to run. Roger tightened his grip on her arm. He was half carrying her. She

stole a look up at him, knowing she could not fall while he held her. All the baffled helplessness was gone from his face. He turned his head suddenly and gave her a whole-souled grin.

'Run, Bella,' he said. 'I don't think our bags would have much fun without us, even at Niagara Falls.'

Under her skirts Bella's feet ran smoothly to match his long stride. The wind rocked her skirts under her from side to side, so that she seemed to skim over the rough planking. Her face was bright and hot as she caught the captain's hand, to be steadied up the gang-plank.

The captain was smiling at her, the steersman was smiling at her, so were the passengers who had arrived late.

Roger handed her up to the deck that made a roof for the saloon and helped her arrange her scarf.

'We're off,' he said. 'Four days, darling. Then we'll go out to Niagara and have a week to ourselves, just you and me.'

'And the bags,' Bella said demurely.

'You're baggage enough for me,' he said.

She turned very pink on discovering that the captain had come up to them and was listening tolerantly to everything they said. He wheeled to wave his arm at the passenger agent. 'Got the time?' he bawled. 'Write it down.' He walked to the edge of the deck and shouted to the two men, forty feet away, to cast off the ropes. You could see that the captain knew his importance.

He looked over his shoulder at Roger and said, 'Four days? Well, I'll give you a run for your money, mister. Maybe I'll shade it under four days. It's a light trip and we're out to bust time wide open. The company's given me a hundred dollars to pay my fines for speeding.'

'If you do it under four days I'll buy you a parcel of the finest segars in Buffalo,' Roger said; and the captain laughed at them.

'Don't worry, mister. I've had couples

like you on this packet before, and though I never figured out why they was in such a lather to get a look at Niagara Falls, I always got them there in time.'

He slapped the end of the bugle to his mouth, and the notes rang over the town. Dock-wallopers stopped wrestling with bales and barrels to see the *Western Lion* start; Red Bird packets were fliers, and knew how to start in style. They cheered as the team took up the slack. The driver boy shrilled profanely at his horses and swung his whip.

'Feed it to them, boy,' the captain roared. 'Pump it in.'

The caulks of the team's shoes ripped splinters from the planks. They shook up a trot. Under her feet Bella felt a tremor from their tugs. A ripple forked from the stern, jellying the reflections against the dock piles. Well ahead, a freight boat, hauling out of town, swung into midstream; their team stopped to let the rope lie on the towpath, and the packet team and packet boat passed over it while the freight crew looked on.

When they were past, Bella turned to watch the freight boat take up its way. The driver's whip made pops of sound like the champagne corks at her wedding breakfast.

'Feeling homesick?' Roger asked.

'No,' said Bella honestly. It was only Schenectady she was leaving, the quaint brick houses, the crowded canal basin, and the great bridge — she had heard her father say it was the greatest bridge in all America. It was the first landmark on her journey, and, leaving it behind, she felt the world unfolding for her as the water unfolded for the packet's bow.

IV

Mr. Neilson said, 'I do not know whether you hold prayers on your boat at night, Captain Harrow, but if you would like them, or if the company would like them, I should be only too glad to oblige.'

Mr. Neilson was a minister returning

to Rochester after a month's sojourn at Ballston Spa. He explained that his devoted congregation insisted on his going there every summer to recuperate after the winter's preaching. His heart was none too strong. This amused Bella and Roger and Mr. Atterbury, because, in addition to the brandy served with the water, Mr. Neilson had ordered himself a bottle of Old London port wine. He was an amply nourished individual in faultless clericals, and his wife seated herself where everyone could see the diamonds on her left hand. The entire company appeared relieved when the captain said, 'Thank you, Mr. Neilson, but I'll leave it to the passengers.'

Bella had a vague feeling that, if Mr. Neilson had been her father, instead of asking the captain he would have started prayers promptly at nine o'clock.

The steward cleared the table of desert plates, and Mr. Atterbury ordered an apricot cordial for the three of them. Sipping the unaccustomed drink, Bella glanced round the saloon. It was wonderful to think that while they were eating this comfortable meal the boat was passing the riverside meadows at better than four miles an hour.

There was a pleasant coolness, and a faint fresh smell of grass under dew in the air fluttering the curtains. But the lamp slung over the table burned without flickering. There was no sound of travel, no rattle of trace links, no squeak of springs, no rumble of wheels. There was no sound at all but the roar of bullfrogs among lily pads in the setbacks, and since sunset that had been continual. Only when the driver boy's voice came back to them shrilly crying, 'Bridge!' and the steersman answered, 'Low bridge!' were the passengers aware that every minute saw them farther west.

The supper had been pleasant; the company was a quiet one. Mrs. Neilson, indeed, described in intimate detail her very large acquaintanceship, all of whom appeared to be either wealthy or distinguished, but as soon as she had listed

them she seemed to regard her social duty to the company as performed for the evening. The talk clung mildly to the weather, the crops, the growing tightness of credit, the animosity of President Jackson for Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank, and the low price of pork. On this last subject they listened to the determined views of the traveler for the Troy Nail Works, who delivered his theories with punches as emphatic as one of his factory's stamping engines. He was a small, spry man, wearing soiled clothes and an opulent watch fob, who had introduced himself as L. D. Jones. At supper he laid his half-smoked segar beside his plate — otherwise he kept it in the handiest corner of his mouth.

Besides Mr. L. D. Jones, the passenger list included the Willcoxes, Mr. Atterbury and the Neilsons, a Mr. Jason who was noncommittal about some properties in Illinois, and a Mrs. Cashdollar, a widow, who lived in Utica.

To Bella they seemed kind but dull. She could not help contrasting their appearance with Roger's or their conversation with Mr. Atterbury's.

Mr. Atterbury had had a career, and during supper he touched on it from time to time. Bella could not have said what his business consisted of, but it had apparently carried him all over the country. He seemed to know the best people in every state in the Union, from New Orleans to Boston, Massachusetts. He had traveled in every sort of conveyance, public and private — on steamboats, in sailing vessels, by horseback, alone, through the wildest parts of the continent. He had been on a flatboat going down the Ohio and had a brush with the river pirates; he had been held up by a highwayman on the Cumberland Road and got away not only with his life but with his money. He told his adventures with a light touch, his voice gentle, leaving to Bella's and Roger's imagination the more dramatic parts. He did not need to boast; the bare re-

cital on that peaceful boat, his quiet face, his white hair, served his story well.

As she gazed round the saloon, making her eyes familiar with the order of packet-boat living, — from the folded bed stanchions, which the men would sleep on, to the kitchen door and the small library with its settee and bull's-eye windows under the steersman's deck, — Bella felt excited and gay. Her dark eyes were bright, her red lips curved, and when she laughed at something Mr. Atterbury said her laughter had a lilt that made even Mr. Neilson glance up from his contemplation of Old London. She did not mind the men's glances. She could see from the corner of her eye that Roger was proud of her. Her heart warmed with friendliness for all of them. She did not even mind Mrs. Neilson's veiled conveyance of hostility, nor Mrs. Cashdollar's obvious amusement. She hardly noticed the two women. She was in Roger's hands, and as long as he liked her she felt her spirits winged.

V

The boat slid along peacefully. Only Mr. L. D. Jones remained at table: his pot hat on the back of his head, the segar lifeless in the corner of his mouth, his order books spread out around him.

Mr. and Mrs. Neilson had disposed themselves in the library in such a manner that the entrance of anyone else would have seemed impertinent. Mr. Jason had taken a newspaper to the chair under the lamp beside the stairs, and Mrs. Cashdollar had retired to the ladies' cabin, where her rather heavy voice could be heard in conversation with Viney.

Bella listened to Mr. Atterbury with counterfeit attentiveness. She felt Roger's glance upon her profile and she was thinking, with the monotonous tick of the saloon clock in her ears, that Clorinda would by now have eluded her mother's discussion of the wedding; she would have gone up to the room they

used to share and begun her careful preparations for bed. And here was she, Bella, traveling with Roger, among strangers, farther west already than any of her family had ever been. She smiled to herself, thinking of Clorinda, but not unkindly, for Clorinda had lost.

Mr. Atterbury, seeing the smile, glanced casually at Roger, smiled himself, and brought his anecdote skillfully to a sudden ending. He rose from the bench and stepped across to one of the windows.

'It's a beautiful warm evening,' he said. 'I should think you two might like a turn on deck.'

Roger met Bella's eyes.

'Do you think it will be damp?' he asked in his serious voice. 'My wife is very sensitive to damp.'

She almost sputtered, but caught herself in time. He sat so solemn, he so nearly managed to look stodgy, that for an instant he had taken her in. In Albany she would never have suspected Roger of being capable of such deceit. They were only a few hours west of Schenectady, too, and she wondered, 'What will he be like when we reach Buffalo?' But she almost gurgled when Mr. Atterbury put his hand through the open window and said, 'There's quite a heavy dew, Mr. Wilcox. You had better take cloaks for your wife.'

Nobody in the saloon seemed to be listening to them, but as she passed the table on her way to the ladies' cabin she saw Mr. L. D. Jones, obviously thinking he was not observed, look up from his books and wink across his dead segar at Mr. Jason.

The lamp was low in the ladies' cabin. Mrs. Cashdollar was propped up on her bed with a glass balanced on her ample stomach, and there was an unmistakable odor of whiskey. Viney stood at her side, holding a pitcher of fresh water.

At Bella's entrance they both looked round, Viney with a properly expressionless face, Mrs. Cashdollar with a broad smile.

'Going on deck, dearie?' Mrs. Cashdollar asked. 'It's hot enough.'

Bella said, 'Yes,' stiffly.

She did not like Mrs. Cashdollar. The woman did not look quite proper.

'I should think your boy was getting pretty impatient. It's hard luck having a honeymoon on a packet boat.'

Bella said, 'Viney, please give me my cape.'

'Ain't it there by the bed?' asked Mrs. Cashdollar.

'I suppose it is,' said Bella. 'I asked Viney to give it to me.'

Mrs. Cashdollar took the pitcher from the Negress and said good-humoredly, 'Go ahead, girlie.'

'Yes, Mis' Cashdollah. Yes, Mis' Willcox.'

Viney fetched the cloak.

Mrs. Cashdollar regarded Bella's flushed face with a friendly glance.

'Dearie,' she said, 'you don't like me because you've never seen anybody like me before. But I like you. If you'll take a suggestion, you'll get on to the bow deck and sit against the wall. I thought of that when I picked this bow bed. You can sit there and I'll keep that Neilson cat from having Viney open the window and you can kiss all you want to and nobody'll hear you.'

Bella flushed furiously.

'Don't get mad. You don't have to. But take a little pity on your boy, dearie. And if you want blankets, just tap on the window and I'll have Viney pass them out.'

Accepting her cloak, Bella said, 'Thank you,' very formally, and went out.

VI

Roger was waiting for her at the saloon steps. Mr. Atterbury was hunting in his bag for a segar. None of the others appeared to notice them, so Bella slipped across to Roger and took his arm and they went on deck.

There they found the night and the country, and the steersman leaning idly

on the rudder stick while the banks slipped past him.

'Evening, ma'am and sir,' he said quietly. 'It's clear to-night.'

'Good evening,' Roger said.

'Good evening,' said Bella.

Her heart filled with the quiet and the coolness and the warm firm touch of Roger's arm under her fingers. She drew her skirts over her knees and climbed the short flight to the top deck with him. From there they looked out over the towpath.

The moon had not yet risen, but a mist lay on the Mohawk, and there was starlight on the mist. They were passing a long riverside pasture, so narrow that the sound of the water against the riverbanks was audible. A herd of cows grazed below the towpath. Now and then, when one lifted her head, they heard a bell clank gently.

The pressure of Roger's arm drew Bella forward. The driving lantern on the bow standard shed a yellow luminance against the canal bank, showing them the reeds and the grass slipping backward, and rocking lily pads with their stiff blooms like golden goblets. The air was damp against their faces and carried here a scent of ferns. From the tow cleat, twelve feet back on the right side of the boat, the towrope curved up towards the towpath like a silver cord.

Bella pressed herself against Roger's side as they stood together. His arm jerked suddenly from hers and stole round under the cape, round her waist, enfolding her, until she felt herself enveloped. She felt herself in darkness under her cape, as if it were a private world, and he had entered it.

He said softly, 'Four days. There is n't a corner where someone can't see you.'

His arm shook. She was quite still; she felt poised, so light that if a wind had come upon her suddenly only his arm would have held her to the boat.

'Roger,' she whispered, 'could n't we

go down on that front deck and sit with our backs against the ladies' cabin?'

'It's right in the light,' he said.

'I know, Roger, but the steersman could n't see us. And Mrs. Cashdollar said she would pass out blankets if we tapped on the window.'

'Mrs. Neilson would hear us.'

'Mrs. Cashdollar promised to keep her from opening the bow windows.'

'Bless her, you darling.'

Forward in the darkness out along the towpath, the driver boy's voice cried, 'Bridge!'

Suddenly they heard the team's hoofs trotting; then the silence swallowed the hoofbeats.

'Low bridge!' the steersman called behind them. The towrope was disappearing into blackness. The timbers of the bridge loomed.

'Hey, mister. Down!'

Roger jumped from the saloon deck on to the forward deck. He turned in the light of the lantern and held up his arms.

'Quick,' he said.

Bella felt her heart spring in her breast as she met his eyes. The cape fluttered behind her; his hands caught her and she was against his chest; and her cape flew forward like wings about them both. She lifted her face and his lips came down on hers.

Roger let her go, and for the first time her feet came against the deck. But she stood still inside her cloak, with no breath in her, and her mouth still raised and her eyes closed.

He laughed softly and kissed her eyes.

On the rear deck the steersman was glancing out at the far bank and whistling 'Red River Girl.' They stepped from each other and looked round. Two warm blankets lay under the window, and pinned to one of them by a hairpin was a piece of paper bearing in an illiterate scrawl: 'I heard the old cat coming in and passed them out for you.'

They read it, laughing softly together.

'Do you know what she does, Bella?'

'No.'

'Captain Harrow says she runs a cook's agency for bachelor boaters. That is, she supplies boatmen with women for their boats.'

Bella laughed and looked at Roger.

'Do you suppose she'll send you a bill?'

'You little devil! You're the most surprising girl for a minister's daughter. I don't believe you'd mind if it was in the way of business.'

Bella looked at him. In the light his close black curls were sculptured, his ear clear-cut as marble.

'I don't believe I should,' she said honestly.

He leaned forward to arrange their blankets and realized that he held her hands.

They laughed again.

He let go her hands and spread the blankets so that they sat with their backs against the wall and their faces following the towrope, with the lantern light full on them.

She said, 'It's private from the boat all right, but all the world could see us.'

'The world's asleep, darling.'

'Suppose the driver boy looked back?'

'Suppose he did?'

'Do you think he'd be upset if you kissed me, Roger?'

'Any man on earth would be upset. That's why I married you.'

'We could hold hands, though,' Bella said demurely.

VII

The canal came towards them, evenly and quietly. They heard the wash against the bow and the whisper of the waterside weeds, arrowhead and dance-grass. They saw a rat swim out from the opposite shore and his eyes pick out the lantern light like two hot flecks of mica, and then he wheeled smoothly and paddled water till they passed. Once in a while they heard a boat horn, which the distance made sad; but at each succeeding blast it became louder and more

dissonant, until at last they saw the light floating towards them, so slow, so easy, and so silent. And then they heard the panting of the team and saw them for a long instant in the lantern light; their hung heads and their lathered forelegs; their laboring sides; their bellies round and hard with strain; and their haunches riveted in thrust. Then the wash of the bows; and the boat's lantern light was married to the packet light, and their hands met under the blanket.

Sometimes the steersman of the passing boat noticed them. Then he said nothing; or he raised his arm, or made a buzzing noise in his horn like a bee buzzing in the trumpet of a lily; or he called good night, or yodeled. But sometimes he never noticed them, and as the darkness redefined their lantern they kissed each other to reward his blindness. Sometimes their own steersman hailed the freight boat, and the two men bandied words a moment and left off, breaking a phrase.

Once they heard a bugle and saw the faster light of another packet. The driver boys cut at each other's teams, and their whips writhed into an embrace and fell apart. The boat came by with the ladies' windows darkened like their own, but one light burned in the saloon, and they saw two men throwing dice.

They watched the broad gleam from the doors of a change-stable beside the towpath, and saw the new team waiting and a boy ready-mounted, and a man standing behind them to catch the hook from the old team and fasten on the new. There was a smell of bedded horses as they passed the barn. The new team was linked to them in darkness as they moved, so that the boat never lost way.

They came into a lock, their bugle winging its notes far forward. The lock keeper had the level ready for them. He stood by the walking beam in his nightshirt, a lantern in his hand, a hat on his head, and his beard white as

Noah's. The packet slid into the yawning gateway, which closed behind them, and the team rested while the water, like a hand, raised them up between the great gray blocks of stone until they saw the canal again faintly stretching from the opened gates and went away along it with the sound of the waste water on the tumbling bay.

They seemed to drift upon the water with a motion as unearthly as the wheel of the stars that traveled on the water with them. Bella felt herself grow sleepy without tiredness; she felt her husband's warmth steal into her, and her own warmth steal into his; and she thought, 'I am his wife now,' and she wished that she might be a good one to him, and it occurred to her that she was in love with him, and she wondered whether he was in love with her and whether he would love the things she loved.

She went with him on tiptoe into the saloon. There was a sound of snoring from Mr. Jason's bed. There was only a faint ring of yellow in the lamp chimney. But she saw the shoes of the men, and Mr. L. D. Jones's unconsumed segar, and she smelled men sleeping, and she was afraid for a minute; so, under cover of her cape, when they came to the ladies' door, she put both arms round Roger to make sure of him again.

But she felt ill at ease entering the ladies' cabin. Viney rolled the whites of her eyes and got up from her bed on the floor, breathing gently, and helped her to undress. The black hands made a mystery of the act.

The women looked gross in their blankets; Mrs. Neilson was noisy in her sleep, and Mrs. Cashdollar's red hair made a stain on the pillow.

'Good night, Viney,' Bella whispered.

'Good night, Mis' Willcox.'

The black hands, smoothing the blankets over her, were comforting. Bella turned her face to the wall and wept, being homesick.

(To be continued)

HOUSING—A NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT

BY NATHAN STRAUS

I

THE new decentralized public housing programme carried on by localities throughout the country with the financial assistance of the United States Housing Authority constitutes the first permanent attack launched in this country against one of the worst national disgraces confronting us—the slums of America. When an effort is made to raise doubts about this programme by attempting to confuse it with labor racketeering, as was done in the articles entitled ‘Housing—A National Disgrace,’ by Charles Stevenson, appearing in the December and January issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I welcome an opportunity to set forth the facts.

If Mr. Stevenson implies that subsidies for the rehousing of slum dwellers are made necessary because of real or alleged labor racketeering, then he neglects the experience of England, which has found it necessary to maintain and expand a subsidized housing programme very similar to the USHA programme despite the universally acknowledged freedom of England from the practice of racketeering.

If Mr. Stevenson implies that public housing in America has in any way facilitated real or fancied labor racketeering (racketeering, as he discusses it, seems to be synonymous with strikes of all kinds), then he fails to explain why the examples of this evil which he cites are drawn largely from the private construction industry, while most of his

citations of the effective attacks upon this evil are drawn from the history of public housing by the Public Works Administration and the USHA.

If Mr. Stevenson implies that the rehousing of slum dwellers should be stopped until the last vestige of racketeering has disappeared, then his argument might as well be extended to include the construction of hospitals, schools, bridges, and every other form of public works.

But if the articles merely imply that the United States Housing Authority and the hundreds of local authorities co-operating with it should do their utmost, within the field of their operation, to combat real or alleged racketeering, then I heartily agree with the author. This is a responsibility which, as honest citizens and as public servants, the entire personnel of the USHA and all local housing authorities must assume. But the articles do not indicate precisely where any of us under the USHA programme have been derelict in this responsibility.

The USHA and the localities working with it want to perfect the record of sound and constructive labor practices. So does Labor. While this is being done, and before the millennium arrives, it is the essential function of the local authorities, aided by the USHA, to finance homes for those in the lowest income group with the social and technological machinery now at our disposal. That is the machinery which the private construction industry uses to supply homes

for those in the middle and upper income groups.

Mr. Stevenson charges the USHA with 'evasion.' Before answering that charge let me say that the effort to tie the low-rent public housing programme and racketeering into one neat little package for destruction is one of the clearest examples of evasion and misrepresentation on record. One might just as well have linked the discussion of racketeering with the Federal Housing Administration, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, any city or state doing construction work, or, for that matter, anyone building anything.

II

Now let us consider the specific criticism expressed in the articles.

First, the United States Housing Authority is accused of 'concealment' in writing off some of the construction costs of the PWA Housing Division projects in order to achieve low rentals 'without informing the public.'

The establishment of rents on the federally constructed housing projects built by the PWA Housing Division and now administered by the USHA or leased to the localities has been based upon four successive statutes. To begin with, projects were built with funds made available for the purposes of the National Industrial Recovery Act and the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act of 1935. When it was found impossible to fix rents for these projects low enough to rehouse slum dwellers, the George-Healey Act was passed by Congress in 1936, and rents were fixed in accordance with its terms. Finally, in 1937, the United States Housing Act was passed, allowing further adjustments in rents based on additional experience in the problem of rehousing slum dwellers.

To-day the rents charged on the former PWA Housing Division projects result in a federal subsidy about equivalent in effect to the federal subsidy to be paid

on the local projects under the new decentralized USHA programme. These subsidies, in magnitude and in method of application, are very similar (making allowances for differences in price levels) to the subsidies paid under the English programme for the type of slum clearance and rehousing that we are doing now. Their effect is to make decent housing — which otherwise could not be produced in New York City, for example, for less than \$10.00 per room per month (excluding utilities) — available at about \$5.00 per room per month (excluding utilities), and thus bring such housing within the reach of families otherwise doomed to the slums.

These successive adjustments, which have enabled the United States in five years to achieve an effective plan for the rehousing of slum dwellers which it took England twenty years to achieve, are the product of public acts of Congress, openly arrived at after public hearings. The whole procedure has been about as hidden from view as the Washington Monument.

Secondly, it is charged that the USHA is guilty of concealment because it has not announced that taxpayers will have 'to contribute more than \$2500 in rental subsidies for every \$1000 worth of buildings.' This figure is arrived at by taking the \$28,000,000 which is the maximum amount that the USHA can contract to pay in annual subsidies to local housing projects under the present law, multiplying it by the 60-year period over which such subsidies are to be paid, and adding all local subsidies for the same period of time. In order to confound the unsuspecting reader with a really astronomical figure, Mr. Stevenson then applies the same method of computation to reach the conclusion that if the local programme, aided by the USHA, were expanded to *rehouse immediately 65 per cent of the total population of the United States*, the cost to federal and local taxpayers *over the next 60 years* would be \$359,434,304,000!

In making this designedly terrifying computation, the critic errs on the side of false bookkeeping and disingenuous opposition to the cause of public housing. It is false bookkeeping to state in terms of a present cost the aggregate future cost of social benefits which will be paid for and enjoyed over a 60-year period in future. It is false bookkeeping to total up periodic future expenditures and reduce them to a present figure without making a commutation to allow for the interest value of money, as any accountant or actuary or purchaser of an annuity or investor in a trust fund knows.

And above all it is disingenuous opposition to the cause of housing to link the beginnings of a small housing programme with the cost that would be involved in doing presently a job more than 250 times as big as the job now undertaken. Let us suppose that in 1850, when public education was being subjected to the same kind of attacks that public housing now is, the whole estimated cost of public education for all the people during the 60-year period between 1850 and 1910 had been cited to scare people away from the novel idea of public education. Suppose that to-day a similar mathematical legerdemain were applied to estimate the cost of doing the full job over the next 60 years in the field of armaments, boll-weevil extermination, flood control, prevention of bovine tuberculosis, or any other of the items which appear in the Federal Budget. We should soon arrive at figures that would look like the distance from the earth to the farthest star.

Let us get away from stargazing and return to earth when we discuss the cost of the USHA programme. Under the present law, the maximum possible cost to the federal taxpayer is the \$28,000,000 a year represented by the annual subsidies to the local projects. In the average community benefiting by our present programme, the maximum local cost in the form of tax exemption would deprive the city of only .002 of its annual tax

revenue. Even this small theoretical loss is more than offset by the saving in municipal services due to the elimination of slum areas, and by the economic gains conferred upon business and the whole community by an enduring public improvement. It is my contention that the amounts above indicated represent a comparatively tiny sum for our nation to spend to house more than one half million slum dwellers and thus to set in motion a campaign to achieve a new standard for American housing.

As to what the public housing programme will cost in the distant future, no one participating in the programme assisted by the USHA ever dreamed of rehousing 65 per cent of the total population of our country. Our nation-wide housing programme is designed to help the lowest income third to achieve decent living standards. Experience in England and Sweden indicates that the eventual rehousing of 20 per cent of the population in decent homes with public assistance will so stimulate the development of private housing that the remainder, constituting the upper levels of the lowest income third, will be cared for.

Such a programme, when functioning in the distant future, would cost both federal and local taxpayers far less annually than the annual state and federal subsidies for roads and highway maintenance between 1929 and 1936. Such a programme would involve a theoretical rise in present local tax rates from the existing average of about 2 per cent to a new average of only about 2.1 per cent, without allowing for the dollars and cents savings in municipal services and the tremendous positive benefits of rebuilding our cities.¹

Thirdly, Mr. Stevenson charges the

¹ These statements about the cost of public housing, along with much other material of interest to the student of housing, are discussed fully and supported by facts in a pamphlet just issued by the United States Housing Authority entitled *What the Housing Act Can Do for Your City*, obtainable from the USHA or from the Government Printing Office. — AUTHOR

United States Housing Authority with evasion about building costs, alleging that our press releases state the 'construction cost' of the projects we assist but fail to disclose the 'total' costs.

One of the most important functions of the USHA is to make an analytical and businesslike breakdown of all the factors in costs. Without this there can be no rational comparison between the cost of public housing and that of private housing, because the 'total' cost of a public housing project includes many items of benefit to a city's government, and to its social and economic welfare, which are practically never encompassed by a private housing development.

Table I, illustrative of the foregoing point, shows the estimated costs on the most recent group of local projects approved by the President, covering

twelve developments to be built in seven cities.

The reader will note in the table a column devoted to the cost of slum buildings to be purchased and torn down. This represents an expenditure, not to create new housing for slum dwellers, but rather to rid a city of rotten buildings which are a blight upon its surface and a drain upon its resources. This admittedly desirable undertaking, while it enters into the 'total' cost of a public housing project, does not enter into the 'total' cost of a private housing venture, simply because the speculative builder practically never performs the function of slum clearance — and that is why we have so many slums.

The reader will note also in the table a column devoted to the costs of non-dwelling facilities. These include the

TABLE I
Cost of New Housing Per Dwelling Unit

Project and Type	Number New Dwelling Units	Land	Dwelling Facilities				Total Cost New Housing	Total Cost Slum Buildings to Be Torn Down	Total Cost Entire Project
			Non- dwelling Facili- ties	Net Con- struc- tion	Equipment Archi- tects Overhead	Total			
ASBURY PARK, N. J.									
Slum.....	126	\$472	\$523	\$3,200	\$586	\$4,781	\$ 602,428	\$147,572	\$ 750,000
ATLANTA, GA.									
Slum.....	602	552	719	2,926	697	4,894	2,946,258	393,742	3,340,000
Slum.....	604	438	743	2,694	585	4,460	2,694,112	359,888	3,054,000
Slum.....	634	530	655	2,784	698	4,667	2,958,809	451,191	3,410,000
Slum.....	598	601	632	2,729	643	4,605	2,754,069	399,931	3,154,000
Entire Project	2,438						11,353,248	1,604,752	12,958,000
BURLINGTON, VT.									
Vacant.....	101	133	808	3,198	663	4,802	485,000	0	485,000
HOUSTON, TEX.									
80% Vacant...	332	280	894	2,735	642	4,551	1,510,822	47,178	1,558,000
Slum.....	328	514	789	2,723	613	4,639	1,521,635	256,365	1,778,000
Entire Project	660						3,032,457	303,543	3,336,000
LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.									
Vacant.....	250	298	1,450	2,808	592	5,148	1,287,000	0	1,287,000
Vacant.....	253	76	1,678	2,807	593	5,154	1,304,000	0	1,304,000
Entire Project	503						2,591,000		2,591,000
ORLANDO, FLA.									
Slum.....	156	147	712	2,128	640	3,627	565,865	43,135	609,000
ZANESVILLE, OHIO									
70% Vacant...	326	109	795	2,908	570	4,382	1,428,427	70,573	1,499,000

costs of site improvements, preoccupation charges, and certain administrative expenses. They also include the costs of adequate play spaces, community facilities, and other health-giving improvements. These last items are very necessary adjuncts to decent housing in slum areas, but, since they are not supplied by the speculative builder, they enter into the 'total' costs only of public housing projects.

III

A public housing development goes beyond the narrower objectives of a real-estate venture and seeks to create a new community of contented citizens, integrated with the life of the city as a whole. In a public housing project the walls, the floor, and the ceiling do not constitute the whole job. Playgrounds, air and sunshine, neighborhood improvement, and the removal of slums and blight, are all included in the public benefits conferred upon the city and the state.

When subjected to this analysis, it is seen that the 'total' costs of local projects aided by the USHA will be economical and reasonable. Moreover, the table provides a basis for fair comparison as well as a basis for fair distinction between public and private housing costs. The estimated net construction costs per family dwelling unit for USHA-assisted projects, as shown in the table, are computed upon a basis of items identical with the items entering into the net construction costs for private construction.¹ The Bureau of Labor Statistics figures for the first ten months of 1938 show that in the cities listed in the table the average net construction costs on private dwellings ran considerably higher than the estimated costs on USHA-assisted projects. The figures for private construction run as follows: Atlanta,

\$2879; Burlington, \$3690; Houston, \$3639; Los Angeles, \$3344; Orlando, \$4091. No such figure is yet available for Zanesville, and in Asbury Park only one building permit was reported.

These lower construction costs have been achieved not alone on the very latest projects. The USHA recently estimated the net construction costs for the first 51 local projects approved in 28 cities under our new programme, and compared these costs with the costs of private construction in the same cities.² It was found that the costs for private construction average 24 per cent higher. And it must be borne in mind, in this connection, that the figures for local projects helped by the USHA reflect the payment of prevailing wages, the observance of fair labor standards, and insistence upon durable and safe 60-year construction — considerations which, to say the least, are not uniformly reflected in the figures cited for the cost of housing undertaken by private enterprise.

The objection may be raised that the above figures covering the cost of projects aided by the USHA are merely preliminary estimates made by the USHA. The answer is that, in the first eight developments on which the main construction contracts have been let, the costs in every case are *lower* than our preliminary published estimates referred to above. And it is generally conceded that, when government construction contracts have been awarded, costs can be determined within 5 per cent of absolute accuracy. As indicated by these construction contracts, the net construction costs per family dwelling unit are: New York City, \$3345 and \$2880 (two developments); Buffalo, \$3537; Austin, \$2283 and \$2313 (two developments); Jacksonville, \$2825; Louisville, \$3013; Youngstown, \$3095.

From the foregoing it is clear not only that the 'total' cost of local projects assisted by the USHA, taken item by item, will be reasonable and economical

¹ See building permit data collected and tabulated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor. — AUTHOR

² Bureau of Labor Statistics. — AUTHOR

in terms of the comprehensive benefits which the projects will confer, but also that a comparison reveals that these public housing projects are being constructed with even greater economy than obtains in the private construction industry.

Fourthly, Mr. Stevenson's discussion of land costs points out that Public Works Administration sites 'cost as much as \$4.30 a square foot in New York and have been correspondingly expensive elsewhere.' Since the articles deal primarily with the present decentralized housing programme carried on by the localities with the help of the USHA, rather than with the past PWA Housing Division programme of federal construction and ownership, this statement, if unexplained, creates in the reader's mind the impression that land costs under the new programme for which the USHA is responsible are correspondingly high. Nowhere does the critic feel under the necessity of pointing out that the USHA has set a maximum cost for local land purchase with USHA funds of \$1.50 per square foot, from which it has deviated only in case of very substantial special capital donations by the localities. The average land cost per square foot for all of the 141 projects aided by the USHA and now under loan contract is less than 75 cents per square foot, and this includes a preponderance of relatively expensive slum sites.

Fifthly, the articles charge that the rents on the local projects assisted by the USHA when completed will be too high, that they 'call for an *average* family budget of from \$1293 to \$1552, and which may go as high as \$2358' (italics mine).

The entirely hypothetical family budget figure of \$2358 is obtained by calculating the highest possible income of any family that could conceivably be admitted into any local project helped by the USHA without violating the top limit set by Congress. The author then calls this 'the legal formulas' ideal budget.' It

should be obvious that, when a general statute of Congress defines the uppermost limit of eligibility, it must cover every conceivable family, including one with fourteen children to support, and therefore is not indicative of the averages or even the maxima actually to be put into operation.

A truer view of the actual rents to be charged in local projects under the new programme is afforded by Table II, covering 51 projects in the first 28 cities with which the USHA signed loan contracts.

TABLE II

<i>Estimated average monthly shelter rent (excluding utility services) per family dwelling unit</i>	<i>Estimated average income group served</i>	<i>28 cities</i>	
		<i>North</i>	<i>South</i>
\$ 8-10	\$ 450-550	..	1
10-12	550-650	..	2
12-14	650-750	..	1
14-16	750-850	2	5
16-18	850-950	9	5
18-20	950-1050	2	..
20-22	1050-1150	1	..
		14	14

As the table indicates, four Southern cities expect to achieve average monthly rents well under \$14 per family dwelling unit, serving families with annual incomes from \$450 to \$750. In these cities the median monthly rent paid in 1930, according to the census, averaged \$19. Eleven Northern and 10 Southern cities are planning average monthly rents between \$14 and \$18, for income levels from \$750 to \$950. In these cities median rents, according to the census, averaged \$22 in the South and \$36 in the North. The remaining three cities, all in the North, will have average monthly rents of \$18 to \$22, serving a maximum average income level of about \$1100. The census indicates that half the families in these cities have been paying less than \$41.

It is important to compare these proposed rents with a Cost of Living Survey

recently made by the WPA, which included 15 of the very cities already referred to. In each city, by field survey, questionnaire, and careful analysis, a 'maintenance level budget' was worked out. These budgets embraced the minimum requirements of an unskilled wage earner's family in terms of the actual cost of standard food, clothing, shelter, and so forth, in his community. The budget was first developed for 1935, and later adjusted for 1937 prices. On the 1937 basis, the budget allowances for rents at the minimum 'maintenance level' were, with only one exception, higher than the proposed rents for the housing projects in the same cities. All in all, the proposed rents for the new projects average 16 per cent lower than the minimum budget allowance.

In summary, dwellings built by the localities with the assistance of the USHA will serve a proved and urgent need of those who live in the slums at rents they can afford to pay. They will serve many families on relief, because the rents will be lower than the rent allowances in many relief budgets, and because the income level of tenants will drop lower than the income levels of many on relief.

Viewed as a whole, Mr. Stevenson's articles, while heavily documented with supposed facts and ponderous footnotes, are a manipulation of figures in an effort to sustain prejudices and preconceptions. It is not housing, but rather misinformation about housing, that is a disgrace, though happily not a national one.

IV

In conclusion, let me state in affirmative terms some of the accomplishments of the USHA and the localities during the first year of the new law.

The number of local housing authorities has grown from 46 housing authorities in 13 states to 220 housing authorities in 31 states, having jurisdiction over 60 per cent of the total urban popula-

tion of the country. Thus substantial machinery has been established for administering a long-range, well-planned public works programme, on a decentralized basis, embracing an unprecedented degree of local initiative and local responsibility, devoted to the service of one of the country's most basic and widespread needs, and combining recognized business soundness with profoundly humane objectives.

The USHA and the local housing authorities have coöperated in designing projects which will achieve the lowest rentals ever set in the history of decent housing, public or private, for our people in the twentieth century. Economies in construction have been achieved that compare favorably with the best achievements of private industry. A clear-cut practical programme, modeled upon the most successful public housing experience in the world, that of England, has been developed in this country in a field where a few years ago there were confusion and hesitancy and doubt.

In city after city the sound of the wreckers' hammer is heard, sites are being cleared, the excavators are at work, and the superstructures are going up. Thousands of men who were idle last year are now working. Orders are pouring in to manufacturers for vast stores of building materials. The first projects will be ready for occupancy late next summer. Every month thereafter five thousand families will be moving from the slums into new and decent homes. By the beginning of 1940, this stream will reach ten thousand families, or nearly forty thousand persons a month.

The facts of the case as they are unfolding should enable the friends of housing to accept valid criticism with composure, and to withstand hostile and unfair attacks with complete confidence and equanimity. The results during the next few years will constitute the most eloquent testimony that the programme of slum clearance and low-rent housing is indeed a national achievement.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US¹

BY HOWARD SPRING

IX

NEITHER my father nor my mother attended any place of worship. We children were allowed to go whither we pleased; but, as parents expected to be free of children on Sunday afternoons, we were expected to go somewhere. Thus, fortuitously, I made the acquaintance of the Plymouth Brethren. Their dingy chapel was the nearest one to our house; and so I attended their Sunday school.

I soon discovered that I was a goat among lambs. All the other boys in my class were the children of Plymouth Brethren parents, and they had, young as they were, taken the Great Decision. Not one among them but possessed a Bible, inscribed in some such way as this: 'J. Smith, born Feb. 18th, 1889. Born again, July 16th, 1899, 11.32 A.M.' They knew to the dot when they had left the broad highway and taken to the straight and narrow path.

In a secondhand shop I bought a Bible whose former owner had underscored in red a great many verses. It was a battered book, and when first I produced it in the Sunday-school class the teacher seized it with a glitter in his eye.

'This,' he exclaimed, holding it up for the admiration of all, 'is how I like the Old Book to be — worn with use.' He flicked the pages. 'And see,'

he said, 'Bob has underlined the Promises.'

I kept a cowardly silence. I could not with my own words tear down their beginnings of respect.

All the Brethren were monomaniacs of the Book. Nothing else — literally nothing else — was admitted to be fit to read. I became a hypocrite of hypocrites at the age of ten. The Brethren were great visitors in pursuit of souls. They took to visiting our house; and one night, when I was reading the *Pickwick Papers*, I heard the voice of one of them at the front door. I hastily buried *Pickwick* beneath the old rag cushion on my father's chair and sunk myself deep into the Bible with the Promises underlined in red.

From the Sunday school I passed to attendance at the morning services. They were held in a drab oblong hall. A few painted texts relieved the coldness of the ugly walls. Pinned to a seat halfway down the room was a notice: 'Unbelievers! Sit behind this seat.'

Thus there was no chance to pass yourself off for what you were not. Though my dirty Bible was held to show the dawn of grace, I remained unregenerate and sat with the damned behind the notice. There were advantages in that, for the collecting plate never came to the unredeemed.

How many sermons I listened to in that bleak place, with my toes dangling above the ground: a thin, dark little goat, with sticks of wrists and poor clothing.

¹ In the January *Atlantic* Howard Spring, English novelist and critic, began the glowing account of his boyhood in Cardiff. His father was a gardener, and the children had to fend for themselves and pick up their education on the run. — EDITOR

No sermon was ever written or, it seemed, thought about. Torrents of denunciation poured out: particularly denunciation of 'our friends the Wesserleens' who went to worship in top hats, which were held by the Brethren to be worldly and blasphemous, who sat on cushions, paid pew rents in the House of God, quoted profane poetry in the belief that it helped to expound divine truths, and sang 'Amen' at the end of their hymns.

'The Wesserleens' were fair game; they were always for it; and so was smoking, and the theatre, and the wearing of jewelry, and any sort of sport. I was not the only goat. I soon got to know of boys who kept their football boots and jerseys in the homes of friends, changed there before and after a match, and never let their parents know how dangerously they had warmed their hands at the flames of Hell.

But even the Brethren unbent on a Whitmonday, which was the day of Sunday-school outings. Wagons with benches lashed upon them would draw up in the early morning before the chapel door; and, when we were all aboard, the great lumbering horses would plod slowly away to some green field where the day was spent in sunshine. There the true and secular selves of the Brethren would be betrayed in round games and an enthusiasm for swinging the young women teachers from the Sunday school in the shade of the oaks and elms. There were tea and buns and sweets, and, if lugubrious hymns damped the temper of the journey home, still the day had been good and nothing could alter that.

But even on these occasions the Brethren maintained the sober fashion of dress which their minds allied with holiness; and once when Brother Thompson, a young and not unhandsome spark, appeared at the Treat wearing white trousers, a crimson cummerbund, and a straw hat, it was whispered in more than one quarter that he had Gone Too Far.

X

I have never in my life sought jobs. I have always been pushed into them or lured into them. So it was with the first full-time job I held.

But before I got the job I had to leave school. I was only twelve years old, and the law had laid it down that I must imbibes the milk of education for another two years. But there was little enough difficulty in getting over that rule. Any boy who sold evening papers was permitted to leave school before the last lesson was finished; and any master who wanted to send a boy out on some errand of his own made no bones about it.

Some sort of application must have been made about me, because one day Flegg summoned me to his study. He told me what a fool I was to want to leave school, as though the affair were of my devising. He told me just what magnificent advantages I was missing by losing two years of learning; but he said not a word which would help me to understand that all need not be ended when the board school had done with me. Then he handed me some sort of certificate and growled ungraciously that that was that.

So there I was at twelve with school days ended and no job in sight. My brother was already at work. He had won the scholarship which I had failed to win; but after long family conferences it was decided that we could not afford for him to go on as a mere honeybee. He had to set to and do some donkeywork.

And now my turn had come, too, and I was all for it. I had not left school with work in view, but only in order to be free to take any work that offered. It was on a Friday that I said good-bye to Mr. Flegg, and on the Monday the job appeared.

There it was, in the window of a butcher's shop: the conventional notice, 'Smart Boy Wanted.' I was engaged in five minutes, ran home to tell my mother about it, and half an hour later had be-

gun the first of all the jobs that have gone on without intermission ever since.

I had not been in the shop an hour before an awkward hobbledehoy, whose business was to look after the stable, groom the horse, and drive it when it had to be driven, whispered in my ear: 'D' you want to get on?'

I assured him that such was my firm intention. 'Well, don't let the boss see you loafing about the shop. Find something to do. Clean all the brass on the harness.'

With the utmost goodwill I cleaned the harness, and only when Mr. Ventricle, the boss, appeared in the stable and wanted to know why I was messing my hands with metal polish when they had to handle meat did I realize that I had been taught my first lesson by a twister.

Ventricle seemed to me a forbidding and redoubtable chap. Years before, when chopping through a bone, he had caused a sliver to leap at his eye, and the consequence was that now he always wore a black shade supported by a string that slanted across his temple. It impressed my mind out of all proportion to the cause, and made him sinister.

When I was not carrying joints to customers' houses, and discovering how very heavy joints in a big basket can be to a small boy, Ventricle kept me perpetually chopping up suet on a block. It became as odious a torture as picking oakum, and it was not surprising that I ended by chopping off the fleshy end of a finger. It was dressed in a rough-and-ready way, and I went on chopping.

I disliked that job very much. If you have to be an errand boy, be an errand boy in a greengrocer's shop. There you have atmosphere: lovely colors, exciting smells, and the strange sense of all the queer places that the fruits have come from. To this day I love the smell of a greengrocer's shop and I dislike the smell of a butcher's.

On the Saturday night I waited till Ventricle had handed me my wages.

Then, with the money safely in my pocket, I told him I should not come on Monday.

'What about notice?' he asked.

'What's notice, sir?' I innocently demanded.

'Pshaw!' said Ventricle, and left me to go my ways.

XI

By Monday morning I was employed again. There had been swift work somewhere, and it was not done by me. I can see now what acute anxiety on my mother's part was betrayed by that instantaneous finding of a job. She had canvassed the Brethren! My next job was that of office boy to a Plymouth Brother.

Richard Basham, F. S. A. A., was a short, thickset fellow with a close-cropped black beard. All his movements were swift darting rushes. All his words were sharp quick barks. His chief clerk, an old bearded man named Hadley, had a giggling laugh and the dirtiest teeth I have ever seen in a human being. He too was a Plymouth Brother, but Hallows, the articulated clerk, was only a nephew of two lady Plymouth Brethren. They had put him into the office because they thought the atmosphere would be good for him, but Hallows did not like it.

All this was clear within a week even to a twelve-year-old office boy. It was the most intimate office imaginable. Basham was almost always out, auditing books, and Hadley and Hallows discussed him and one another with unrivaled freedom. Young Hallows was a non-smoker, a teetotaler, a regular football player in a good team, as fit a man as you could see; yet decrepit old Hadley nagged him like a naughty child, and always found some offense which 'your aunts would n't like, my boy.'

One theme which recurred again and again in Hadley's diatribe was the smoking concerts which Hallows attended with his football team. 'But I don't

drink myself, and I don't smoke,' Hallows would explain.

Hadley would cease totting up figures to say darkly: 'Ay, but some day you will, and what will your aunts say then?'

Another thing which offended Hadley was the songs which Hallows brought from the concerts and which he would sing *con brio*. To Hadley they were disgusting, though he himself again and again burst into the only line of a song he seemed to know. 'I saw Esau kissing Kate,' he would sing in a whining voice, and then let out his childish giggle.

It was a brown, dingy little office, packed to the door and the ceiling with furniture and packets of dusty documents done up in brown paper parcels. There was a gas fire which smelled abominably, though a saucer of water was kept in front of it, someone holding the opinion that the steam purified the atmosphere. Opening out of the office was a second room which was used only for board meetings of the innumerable companies of which Basham was secretary.

On the same landing was an office occupied by an Italian named Mansoni. Mansoni was always popping in to pass the time of day. He never seemed to have any work to do. He would stay talking as long as Hadley and Hallows would let him. He was the first perfectly dressed man I ever saw, a real little beau, and his cheerful face, shaved to incredible smoothness, would have shone with good humor if he had not used so much powder.

'Gooda morning, Hallows! Gooda morning, Hadley!' he would say, and then, turning to me, 'Gooda morning, Mr. String!' Every time Mansoni came in, smoking his perfumed cigarettes, he made that little joke, a poor enough one, God knows, but I don't begrudge it to him, for he was a good-hearted man. The sight of the smallest and thinnest office boy at Cardiff Docks seemed a bigger joke than he could bear.

Mansoni would have known how to

give a present without making it an offense. But Basham did n't. He must have weighed me up on that first morning, for on the second, blowing in in his tempestuous way, he threw me a piece of paper and barked: 'Here, boy! Take this, and wear it.'

The paper contained a tie, the first I ever wore. Basham did n't like the look of my Eton collar stud, but he might have taken a quieter way of showing it. I wore the tie for a week, and out of my first wages bought a new one. I hope Basham noticed it. I put his in the fire.

XII

I spent a happy year at Basham's. The Docks were a long way from my home, — a good four miles, I should think, — and I walked there and back each day. The wages did n't run to tram-fares, and, anyway, there was fascination in the walk through Tiger Bay. 'Chinks' and 'Dagos,' Lascars and Levantines, slipped about the faintly evil byways that ran off from Bute Street. The whole place was a warren of seamen's boardinghouses, dubious hotels, ship chandlers' shops smelling of rope and tarpaulin, shops full of hard flat ship's biscuit, chemists' shops stored with doubtful-looking pills, herbs, and the works of Aristotle. Children of the strangest colors, fruit of frightful mis-alliances, staggered half-naked about the streets; and the shop windows were decorated with names that were an epitome of all the clans and classes under the sun. The flags of all nations fluttered on the house fronts; and ever and anon the long bellowing moan of a ship coming to the Docks or outward bound seemed the very voice of this meeting place of the seven seas. It was a dirty, smelly, rotten, and romantic district, an offense and an inspiration, and I loved it.

In the lunch hour a mob of us boys would take our food to the Pier Head and watch the shipping: the pleasure boats of the White Funnel Line setting

off on high jinks we could not hope to share, the coal steamers lying under the chutes, the pilot cutters which, then, still carried sail. A grand spot, the Pier Head, on a day when the sun was shining, and the white gulls were screaming, and Penarth Head, across the muddy flats where the Taff found the sea, towered up at the entrance to the Channel which contained so many delights. As yet they were delights on paper only — on the posters stuck about the Pier Head, advertising the joys of Ilfracombe and Clovelly, Lundy Island, Lynmouth and Clevedon.

Sometimes we would go down the steps to the water and timorously embark upon a dinghy lying there, never daring to untie her painter, but, by the mere fact of being afloat and feeling the swell and undulation of another element, savoring the infinite possibilities of navigation. The clock in the tall red tower of the Docks Office crawled all too swiftly round to two, and, lamming and batting one another as boys will, we scuttled back to our various servitudes.

XIII

And still I was learning nothing. Indeed, I was unlearning, for now I did none of the reading which my father had insisted on, but found instead the delights of the *Union Jack*, the *Marvel*, and the *Bull's-eye*. These were the daily pabulum of Hallows, who had a trusty knack of covering them with a ledger when Basham snorted and butted into the office. Hallows handed them to me when he had done with them; and for a long time Crusoe and Christian were ousted by the White Chief of the Umzimvuba Kaffirs and other heroes of the same brand.

I had to leave home before eight, I was not back till after six; I was only twelve, and I let things slide.

There was plenty to think about. There were changes at home. We had left The Street. The terrors of The Other

End were gone. We were in a house with a bathroom! True, there was no hot-water system. Only cold water ran into the bath, but hot could be carried upstairs in a bucket.

That did away with the ritual of the Wash All-Over. From as far back as I could remember, the time would come now and again when my mother would drastically announce: 'Wash all-over to-night.' The operation was sufficiently complicated to make it necessary for all the children to be washed all-over on the same night, so that the business could be got through and done with. A big wooden tub was put in front of the kitchen fire, kettles were boiled, the water prepared, and No. 1 began the ritual. First you knelt on a mat alongside the tub, stuck your head into the water, soaped your hair, and washed it. Then you got into the water and washed all-over.

While No. 1 was in train, a kettle would be boiling to warm up the water — the same water — for No. 2, who would go through the same ritual while No. 1 was drying his or her hair, kneeling before the fire. The kettle was kept going all the time, so that the water was hot for all, though for the last of the clan it would also be pretty slimy. And by the time the last was done, and had joined the kneeling line by the fire, No. 1 would be dry, dressed for bed, and sent packing.

But now that was done with. We had a bath!

XIV

How on earth was that family kept together? I received four shillings for my five-and-a-half-day week at the Docks. Older than I were one brother and two sisters. All were earning some pittance; but then there were another brother and two more sisters still at school.

As I see it, only the indefatigable realism of my mother kept us afloat. She was a little five-foot woman who could read the simplest things, but made a great to-do if she had to sign her name.

She was not often called upon to do so; but when she was, the occasion was elevated to such dignity, the operation was performed with such care and circumspection, that one would think no document she signed could have less importance than Magna Carta.

She worked her fingers to the bone. Screwing her 'coarse apron' into a roll, she would set off with a brisk step, wearing rather jauntily a man's cap. She scrubbed and charred, while the younger children were at school; and when they were at home she found time to do her own housework, to run piles and piles of other people's linen through the mangle, and to wash the clothes which it was my business to collect from our clientele and to take back when they were laundered. I would gather the bundles on the way home from the Docks, huge loads done up in sheets that I heaved on to my back and staggered off with like Christian before his sins rolled away.

These things troubled me. I was bitterly ashamed of being seen lugging those bundles. The boys used to yell, 'Your mother takes in washing!' and, by heaven, she did! But these things worried her not at all. She was a realist. There was a family to be, somehow, 'brought up.' She set about it in the only way she knew. She acquired in those years a sort of terrific momentum, so that long after it ceased to be necessary for her to do such things she could not stop; and when the rest of us were lying abed we could hear her downstairs laying into the beginning of the day's washing. A woman would be coming in to do it, but she could not be restrained. She would be up early on the specious pretense of 'putting things ready.' It was never possible to get a maid to suit her. Her own dogmatic views about how things ought to be done were too deeply planted. In those early days she cared nothing what anybody thought of her, and when I complained that boys were yelling after me in the street, she replied with a favorite saying of hers: 'Let them call you what they

like so long as they don't call you pigeon-pie and eat you.'

It cost her much to bring up her sons. She lost two of them; and for the one she lost in the war she was awarded five shillings a week. It was I who had to be the realist then. She was very small, very gray, but fierce and energetic as ever. 'They can keep it!' she said. 'They can keep it! He was worth more than that.'

Her only relaxation in those arduous days was on Sunday nights. We carried on with the readings — and it was only during those few hours that I read anything that was good. We went through book after book by Dickens. He pleased my mother immensely. 'I'll tell you all about *my* life some day,' she used to say to me. 'Then you can write a book. That'll make people laugh.'

I don't know where the idea came from that I would write books, or whence she got the notion that her career had been comic. Certainly she refused to consider it tragic. It was just a job like any other, and she put all she knew into it.

One night there was illness in the house. I was told to run for the doctor. I was to say to him: 'Come at once. It will be all right. We can pay you.'

It seemed to me horrible to have to say any such thing to the doctor. For the first time I realized in a concrete way how poor we were.

XV

No money was spent on amusements. It was unthinkable. I was seventeen before I went away for a holiday, and I did not enter a theatre until I went as the 'dramatic critic' of the first newspaper I worked for. I do not suppose any other dramatic critic in the history of the world has taken a completely virgin mind to his task. But my first acquaintance with the stage was in the Theatre Royal, Cardiff, when I told the world what I thought of *A Wrecker of Men*. It moved me profoundly, and when a pistol was actually and literally let off upon the

stage, causing a deafening report accompanied by a perceptible flash of fire, I saw at once that here was realism as in my wildest dreams I had not till then envisaged it.

But that was yet a long way off; and, though amusements could not be bought, that is not to say that amusements could not be had. We were all walkers. We did not call it hiking, and no special clothes were necessary. We just said we were going for a walk, and we went for a walk. We did a good deal of walking as a clan; but, by one of those tacit understandings that arise in families, my elder brother and I, about this time when I was twelve and he nearly fourteen, split off from the rest, discovered one another, and became friends as well as brothers. From then on we did everything together until he prematurely died.

It is a long time since I have seen the environs of Cardiff, but there were grand walks to be had in those days. We would take some bread and butter and a bottle of water, and make a day of it. We would go to Caerphilly or Castle Coch; or take the dusty road to Leckwith Hill and climb over its broad shoulder to a sight of the gray water of the Bristol Channel. We would lie for hours in the sun, just doing nothing, or fish in small clean streams, or gather blackberries in their season. They were good days, free of fret and intrusion; just he and I, away in places where we could be quiet. He was a boy of profound seriousness, and it was he who began to see that we were pleasantly loafing along with no aim or object. We decided that we had better stop it, that when the autumn came we must go to night school.

Not a very heroic decision! But it was something to be going on with.

XVI

Here, now, is Mr. Simey, that mighty wielder of the board-school stick, but in how changed a guise! When you go to night school you go as a free agent, and

free agents cannot be caned. Mr. Simey is no longer called 'sir.' A spirit of camaraderie irradiates the new relationship. Mr. Simey is trying to add a few shillings to his doubtless insufficient income. We are trying to add a few ideas to a meagre stock.

The whole feeling of the school is different. The classrooms are nearly empty. Not many boys elect to go to night school, and as the session wears along even the thin field of starters dwindles. In the English class I alone am left.

Many an intimate evening Mr. Simey and I spend together in the English class. A pleasant fire is burning; there is no one but us two. Mr. Simey takes from his pocket Chardenal's *First French Course*. 'D' you mind if we run through these verbs again?' he says.

I am enchanted. It is a great thing to be assisting Mr. Simey to learn French. I know nothing of pronunciation, so Mr. Simey has to spell each word as he ploughs through the verbs of the first conjugation. A tedious business, but if it suits him, it's all right for me.

Thus did Simey interpret his duties as my instructor in English. But, completely by accident, he taught me as much as I or any other boy needed to learn about the structure of the language. He said: 'You should read the best things in the newspapers. There's a man called Sub Rosa writing in the *Morning Leader*.'

I bought a copy of the *Morning Leader* next day, and in his column Spencer Leigh Hughes said how splendid a book was Cobbett's *Grammar*. I went to a secondhand bookshop and got the book for twopence. It is written in the form of letters to a ploughboy, and if any don has beaten that book as an exposition of English I have yet to see his work.

So the first winter's work at the night school was not all loss. It cost nothing. Mr. Simey got on with his French; I got to know Cobbett; and, for reasons unknown, I was told to choose a book for a prize. I took Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*.

XVII

And now all sorts of things began to happen which were to affect my destiny — if I have anything so imposing as a destiny.

The poor are always restlessly on the move. We shifted to a new house, and — which did not often happen — we became friendly with the family next door. The son of the house, a dark, handsome youth, was a corporal in a cavalry regiment. He was at home on a long leave, and a friend of his wanted to be near him so that they might spend their time together. This young man came to us as a lodger; not the first by any means, but indubitably the pleasantest.

Frank brought a large trunk stuffed with books. He was completely uninterested in them. They had belonged to his brother, a youth who had died while studying for the Nonconformist ministry. Frank was a rolling stone, and when his corporal friend from next door left to go with his regiment to India, he himself decided to go and try his luck in South Africa. He said those books were just a nuisance. Would we look after them till he decided what he wanted to do about them?

So off went Frank — God bless his soul! — and left us a little library. My brother and I unpacked the books and set them up. There were the complete works of Scott, cheap editions of most of the English poets, the works of the then popular Drummond, who wrote *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Hawthorne, transla-

tions from Goethe, the *Shah Nameh* of Firdausi, odds and ends of Thackeray, and a hotchpotch of other stuff, all good of its sort and seeming to us as imposing in its array upon the tops of chests of drawers as the Vatican Library or the Bibliothèque Nationale — not that we had ever heard of either.

Frank's books were unclaimed for about three years. By then we had whacked our way through every page; and I am free now to confess that when they were claimed I kept back one volume, which I have to this day, with Frank's brother's writing on the flyleaf, as a memorial of the great awakening.

And the second thing which happened now was that I said good-bye to Mr. Basham, and to Hadley and Hallows and to the charming Mr. Mansoni. It was a question of finance. For a year I had trudged the miles through Tiger Bay, morning and evening. By trial and error upon Basham's Empire typewriter I had made myself what I considered an efficient typist. True, my handwriting was abominable, and I could not be trusted to add up a row of figures. Nevertheless, I thought it time that Basham should make some advance on four shillings.

Trusting already to the pen rather than to my tongue, I told him so in a letter which I saw him read with a frown. He told me that for my wages he could get a boy from the Higher Grade School, and added that anyway he was paying me four shillings only because my mother was a widow. Reluctantly, I handed in a week's notice, and so ended my contact with the great world of affairs.

(To be concluded)

LETTER TO ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA

BY DAVID L. COHN

DEEP SNOW PLANTATION
IVANHOE, MISSISSIPPI
December 15, 1938

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: —

New York at last! How glad I am! I won't ask you how you like that city, where, as one of my friends puts it, 'too much is said too loudly'; you'll soon discover whether it is your cup of tea. Down here we don't care much for New York or New Yorkers, although we are gradually acquiring a great many kin among them. Several of our local girls have gone up there and, by seeming to be Persian cats asleep on little rugs of yellow Byzantine velvet, have managed to marry some of the most eligible bachelors in town, leaving the Near East relief and 'Save China' campaigns to the more capable young ladies of Vassar and Bryn Mawr. And I must confess that it pleases me to see our rural ingénues living on a gold standard that they can neither comprehend nor discuss, because they symbolize — much as a tiny Indian mahout directing the monolithic bulk of an elephant with pinpricks of a goad — the triumph of mind over matter. Occasionally a lot of us pile into our cars to visit our old friends and newly acquired relatives, see the shows, let the womenfolk window-shop, spend five bales of cotton for an evening at a night club, and pull out when the aspirin shows signs of weakening.

On the return trip we always stop in Washington, which is our heaven on earth now that we have a Government that understands us and, understanding,

pays us for doing — nothing. Somehow, somewhere, our Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, breathing the Delphic air of Iowa, discovered in a trance that superior wisdom summed up long ago by George Moore as he stood an Irishman amid the alien corn of Ebury Street: 'The fruits are for the vulgar.' This is a wisdom that has always pulsed in the veins of Southerners, and it came as a delightful shock to us to have it recognized and legalized by Washington after so many years of American life filled with the poisonous indoctrination of Longfellow's creed, 'Let us, then, be up and doing.' In any event Mr. Wallace, after passing through a catalysis that transformed the mystic into the man of action, found ways to pay us for not growing cotton and corn, so that we plough not and neither do we hoe. Around my house we call this new form of economy the Rachmaninoff agriculture, because one of my friends sometimes comes in and sings a song of your countryman, Rachmaninoff, that just fits the case.

Do you recall it? It runs something like this: —

Ah, thou billowy harvest fields of grain,
Never shalt thou be mown by a single swath,
Never shalt thou be bound in a single sheaf.

But our gratitude to Mr. Wallace and the taxpayers of the North does not end with singing. We want them to get their money's worth, and we are therefore trying to make the legend of the South a reality before their eyes, to transform it into the land pictured by the song

writers of New York, and if the subsidies hold out we shall do it — a land where Negroes endlessly strum guitars on the levee when they are not busy keeping the river away from their doors or respectfully explaining to visitors, in syncopated time, why darkies were born; where pickaninnies drown themselves in incarnadined seas of watermelon, and goateed Colonels sip mint juleps on white-columned verandahs deep-buried in honeysuckle, mowing down whole regiments of Yankees, suh, while they sip; where even the poison ivy exhales a heady perfume, and Southern charm grows so lush and thick that you have to cut it three times a week in order to get up to the big house.

For our spiritual home we have Hollywood, where Greta Garbo leans out (at the Amusu Theatre) a blessed damozel above the gold bars of heaven, and Charlie McCarthy talks with the tongues of men and of angels, while Memphis and New Orleans — conveniently near, but sufficiently remote from the eyes of the local lady vigilantes — enable us to embrace the monster of sin that we so hotly denounce at home. What need have we, then, of New York or New Yorkers?

But all this — and more — you will see when you come here. I can't tell you how glad I am that you are in this country, even though your journey from Tsarist Russia took you twenty years and led you past many doleful Stations on the way. You will need all your great capacity for happiness, because you know not only that you can't go back to Russia while the Bolsheviks are in power, — you who once owned half a province, — but also that we cannot foresee the time when they won't be in power. And I remember your once saying to me, 'Nothing is too long for the exile except exile, and even the grave is not the end, for there is no rest unless the body be buried whole. But the exile's body and the exile's heart must forever lie in widely separated places.'

Even now I should n't believe that

you are in America were it not that above your familiar handwriting is the familiar George Washington postage stamp — first in the consciousness of his countrymen because first in the repetition of his likeness, thereby proving what the advertising gentlemen have always said: repetition will put over any product provided it has a little merit to start with.

You arrive here at a time when there is much talk about the 'refugee problem.' Most of us want to keep the foreigners out, but that is nothing new in our history, although we seem to have forgotten it. Our national capacity for forgetting is indeed part of our genius for survival as a democratic nation. The First Families of North America — the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Natchez — also wanted to keep the foreigners out way back in the seventeenth century. They did n't want a good, hundred-per-cent, red Indian country overrun by a horde of white European adventurers, ticket-of-leave men, gold hunters, land grabbers, convicts, indentured servants, and missionaries. And they died fighting in the attempt to keep the foreigners out. Now history, like a garrulous old man talking by the fireside, repeats itself. As hundreds of thousands of Europeans — blood brothers of those who are here — find life intolerable all over Europe, they clamor to come to America, seeking liberty and bread. And, as they clamor, the Iroquois of the Bronx, the Mohawks of Los Angeles, the Arapahoes of Detroit, with property eagle feathers in their hair and property tomahawks in hand, arise and say that we must not admit a lot of ignorant, troublemaking foreigners who will break down the high standards of living, literacy, and love of law that have made this country the envy of the world all the way from New York to Brooklyn.

Now this protest is strange. So far as I can find, the only large body of Americans who did n't hanker to come to the United States or who were n't

run out of their own countries are the Negroes. They were content to stay where they were, tough as staying might have been. Of course we could n't stand that, because it seemed to be a reflection upon our superior amenities, so we sent our ships to Africa, pulled the blacks out of the jungles, and forced our amenities upon them. Consequently I find it strange that now, in the 1938th year of Christianity, men whose ancestors or who themselves came here because they were oppressed in Europe refuse to others the same chances of life and liberty that America gave to them. But I'm not trying, as you asked, to explain this country to you. In my simple American way I'm telling you.

For further light on émigrés, I suggest the obituary columns of the *New York Times*. There you will learn something about the men who made this country — or, as it is now fashionable to say, who destroyed it. Almost any day you will come across a notice like this: —

William Llangollen Lewis, President of the Great Consolidated Coal Company, died to-night. He was 70 years old.

The coal magnate, noted for his vast philanthropies, came to this country from Wales a penniless immigrant boy, and his first job was as a slate picker at \$2.00 a week.

The *Times* never contents itself with the simple, all-inclusive statement that 'he came to this country when a young boy.' It must always stick in that gem of tautology: 'penniless.' Of course young William came here without a dime. If he had had money, or the prospect of money, and had tried to emigrate to America, he'd have been regarded as insane by his relatives and committed to an institution supported, in all probability, by a rich American widow. (I warn you that a wealthy American woman determined to do good unto others even if it kills them is one of nature's most terrifying spectacles.) Did anybody ever hear of a *rich* European leaving his castles, wines, and mistresses to fight

Indians in Wyoming or politicians in New Jersey? Or — and the descent is precipitous — *titled* Europeans? These aristocrats, who express themselves shyly and with exquisite evasions (there's no crude American 'gimme' or grab about them), waited a long time before coming to America. They first began to show up here — a cloud of grasshoppers no bigger than Texas — in the 1890's. By that time we had accumulated wealth, socially ambitious mammas, and marriageable daughters who could make the mammas princesses once removed. (Papas did n't count. They never do in a matriarchy.) Some of the daughters balked. Others gave in. And we moved fast. Money was no object. Old English titles, not too frayed from wear, were the dearest. The French were slightly cheaper. Scandinavians were definitely in the second flight, although a good Swede in prime condition occasionally commanded a high price. Bulgarians, Rumanians, and Greeks appealed only to ladies who wore Poiré gowns and collected *exotica*. Russian grand dukes, as you know, did n't come on the market until after the revolution in 1917 and were snapped up by the war profiteers. In any event, we rapidly bartered such large quantities of cash for titles that by 1910 any town in Connecticut that did n't have at least one baroness back on the hands of its wealthiest citizen hung its head in shame and desperately turned to making fishing tackle and phonographs.

Well, why go on? You know how few voluntary expatriates there are in the world. Look about you in New York. Look at your own people — the White Russians — there. Look at the once Russian Jews. First the upper-class Russians drove out the Jews. Then the Bolsheviks drove out the upper-class Russians. And now both are in New York while the Bolsheviks continue to slaughter one another with lamentable Russian inefficiency. It does n't make sense. But is n't there a Russian saying,

'Life is an idiot laughing down the wind'?

The whole insane process does n't end even here. You and the Jews now have much in common. I don't mean the brotherhood of man. It has always seemed to me that Saint Francis of Assisi was a wise man because he preached that doctrine to those who might understand and feel it — the birds. I mean this. The Jews have seldom been considered as human beings. They are generally segments of a problem. 'Good morning, Mr. Rosenberg, one of 14,133,389 people who give even sociologists a headache when they wonder what you are.' And because you arrive here a refugee at a time when we have a so-called refugee problem to consider, you will not be regarded as Elisaveta Andrievna, a Russian woman of distinction and charm, but as a thorn in the side of our unemployment problem. If we follow the advice of some of our best thinkers, you may even be sterilized. One of our alert Major Generals recently said in New Orleans that for humanitarian reasons we should let refugees in, but once they are in we should sterilize them because refugees are troublemakers and we don't want little groups of troublemakers springing up all over our non-homicidal countryside.

There is a good deal of truth in what the General says. If Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Giuseppe Borgese, and Heinrich Brüning are n't good enough for Hitler or Mussolini, why, I ask you, should they be good enough for us? For us, who as a people demand and get only the best. You will see this trait exemplified in the advertisements that are part of our folklore. Open almost any magazine and you will find a photograph of a washing machine with a question appended that everybody knows is purely rhetorical: 'Is anything too good for *your* wife?' Look and listen intently. You will hear a ghostly, million-throated, masculine chorus replying: 'No, a thousand times no.'

The General is right on another score. Generals are always right. You remember what Margot Asquith said to General Pershing? 'General, we won the war only because there were generals on the other side.' But to come back. See what troublemakers once did in this country. Think of them: George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson — all of them young or youngish men, getting along pretty well, working and eating regularly, with the prospect that if they saw things in the right light and saved their money they might amount to something some day. But were they grateful for the privileges they enjoyed? Were they satisfied with English justice — a standard brand even then? Did they go on being loyal subjects of His Britannic Majesty? Or did they make trouble?

But we order things better nowadays. We shall certainly not crucify refugees (synonym: troublemakers) in the United States. We shall offer them the choice between death or humiliation worse than death in their own countries, and sterilization in our country if the General's advice is taken. Half a man is better than no man at all. And reproduction in a non-militarist country where every boy is n't brought up to be a soldier is at best a luxurious form of egoism that only great democracies can afford.

I'm saying all this to you because you ought to know what our better minds are thinking about a subject that affects you. And you come at a difficult time. We are suffering an economic depression. I don't quite understand it myself, but it seems we are suffering because we have Too Much of Everything — a Gargantuan horse foundering on a superabundance of oats. Of course, if we let in a lot of you refugees, you might consume our surpluses, thereby reducing our unemployment, and — who knows? — destroy the political party in power and send us all back to work. And that would be a pity, because it has taken us one

hundred and fifty years to learn that a government is merely a long, legalistic detour to enable a people to arrive at leisure without the bothersome precedent condition of earning it.

I admit that I'm a little confused about what is going on, although I read all the political columnists, who are omniscient three times a week in our best newspapers. And I'm afraid that I shall not be able to make the situation clear to you. But this is certain. We want more Consumers in this country. Unless you become a Good Consumer you will be told to go back to Russia, because the first duty of a good American — and surely you aspire to be one — is to consume even unto death. You must spend your days consuming: buying clothes, getting your hair waved, sending flowers and books (if you have n't a friend who likes flowers and books, the florists and booksellers will provide one anywhere in the United States), exchanging the old radio for a new one, drinking milk to reduce, and drinking more milk to fatten. In your leisure moments you may play bridge, ski, travel, skate, go to the six-day bicycle races, be psycho-analyzed, track culture to its lair, or take a metabolism test. At night — having done your duty for the country — you may relax. Then all you have to do is go to the theatre or the movies. The movies are our third largest industry, and you could n't let them down. While you consume for Shirley Temple by Eastern Standard Time, she sleeps; but when you sleep she awakens and consumes for you by Pacific Time. Thus, like the True Church, you 'sleep and graze at once.'

Of course, if you're sincere and are not being merely diletantish about consuming, you can do your bit even after you have come home at night. You might — to give a few easy examples — smash the windowpanes instead of raising the windows. It's easier and gives work to unemployed glaziers. Or you might eat a pound of candy, dye your

hair, do your home lessons in How to Be Charming, and then, after applying a quart or two of muscle oil, eye-freshener, wrinkle-chaser, and an all-duty vanishing cream, take a sedative and go to bed. That's how we, in this country, keep the Wheels of Industry turning. And what's the result? The highest standard of living in the world!

In other countries — France or Finland, for instance — people are n't good Consumers. They are just Frenchmen or Finns. The French spend too much time making love, playing with the children they have acquired in fits of abstraction, sitting in cafés, walking in parks, or fishing along the Seine. And what's the result? A country of farms so small that they won't support both a family and a mortgage, so that in some cases the family has been stuck with the same old farm for as long as thirteen hundred years. A country of little factories so small that the *patron* often works alongside his employees, sharing their halitosis and an intimate knowledge of their troubles and personalities; little merchants who pull down the shutters and take a month off with the family at some frugal seaside resort; a great deal of hand labor instead of our ingenious machinery that releases everybody to play polo at least once a week; and so much wasting of time that business men in Paris take two hours off for lunch in order to eat a *bonne soupe* at home with mamma and the children. What kind of country is that, I ask you?

My confusion is deepened because, while we all agree that we need more and better Consumers, we are actually reducing their number. Immigration is practically barred. I don't know whether we are closing our doors as a philanthropic measure to prevent guileless would-be immigrants from sharing our depressions, or whether we are afraid that a great supply of cheap labor would break down our high standard of living. (In 1929 about 72 per cent of all American families rejoiced in incomes under \$2500.)

The fact is — whatever the reason — that only a handful of immigrants can come in, and that means fewer Consumers.

But there's worse to come. A few years ago we made a revolutionary discovery: birth control. The South has n't caught on yet except for a few people in the upper income brackets, but those people are as scarce as Republicans in Vicksburg and don't count. Most of us are still a lazy lot of sexual reactionaries living blissfully in an outmoded world of our own, and taking the Bible's word for it that man ought to be fruitful and multiply. But the result of our ignorance is extraordinary, and it may affect Southern agriculture, Northern industry, and the national economy more than the Civil War and dear Mr. Wallace combined. This is how I see it.

Elsewhere in the country the rate of population growth is slowing down, but the Southern population is increasing. Two years ago, for example, Alabama, with only three million people, had approximately the same number of births in excess of deaths as New York State, with twelve millions. The South contains about half the natural resources of the country; in a few years we'll have an enormous supply of young men and women able to work. Natural resources plus a labor supply usually means industry. We have n't enough industry now. Cotton is all but dead. European labor is shut out. The Northern population is n't growing. Where will industry then turn? To the South, unless I miss my guess. And that will mean a gigantic reshuffling of our whole economy, and much wailing in New England because

they did n't obey Horace Greeley's advice in 1859 when he told them to let 'the erring sisters depart in peace.' But in the interval, while we await our removal to an industrial heaven, we shall go on being ignorant, poor, proud, and prolific.

In the meantime, except for the South, contraception is tending to cut off the Consumer *ab initio*. The process has indeed gone so far that I sold a few shares of stock I owned in a company doing a national business in consumer's goods, since I found that the firm, bowing to popular demand, had put in a line of contraceptives. And I have no faith in a management that deliberately stultifies its own future.

Mind you, dear Elisaveta, I'm not an economist, and I can't tell you whether the upturn in the sale of rubber inner tubes for automobiles means that the star of our civilization is again in the ascendant. In fact, when I want to take a peek at the future, I consult Aunt Tempe, the Negro hoodoo lady doctor, on Deer Creek. Nor am I a business man creating profits in an ineffectual void. I'm no longer even a farmer now that Mr. Wallace (may his tribe increase!) does my thinking for me. You must not, therefore, take me too seriously. You must, instead, come to Mississippi, where we shall have time to talk things over and avoid conclusions. I shall bring to meet you some of my planter friends whose understanding of America is far better than mine. Three years ago they retired to their porches to drink good whiskey and await the end with calm dignity.

Affectionately, DAVID

ROBERT MOSES

BY CLEVELAND RODGERS

I

NOT long ago the automobile in which Robert Moses was riding was stopped by traffic lights at a busy street crossing in Manhattan. Suddenly the driver of a large truck leaned from his cab and asked excitedly: 'Ain't that Commissioner Moses?' 'Yes, that's me,' was the reply. 'Well, I just want to tell you you're doin' a swell job on them parks,' the man shouted. Then the lights changed.

This spontaneous tribute is indicative of the growing appreciation of millions of New Yorkers of all ages and classes for the man who, in less than five years, has remade or refurbished a considerable portion of the metropolis. The Commissioner of Parks under Mayor La Guardia's Fusion administration is also head of the magnificent park system of New York State, which he conceived and largely created. He administers simultaneously a network of related agencies. His responsibility covers more than half a billion dollars' worth of new city parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, and other recreational facilities; transformation of old ones; acquiring and developing scores of large park areas throughout the state; reclamation for public use of miles of waterfront around lakes, along rivers, and at the seaside; and the linking of these vast playgrounds and scenic places by a system of parkways, causeways, and bridges that are bold examples of engineering skill and are solving traffic problems in the most congested area in the world.

In a period of prodigious public expenditures Robert Moses emerges as the most farsighted and constructive of public spenders. He has demonstrated in brilliant fashion that democracy can be made to work by skillful, resolute handling, and that 'public improvements' can be given a surprising amount of beauty.

'Bob' Moses is a Paul Bunyan of an official. Six feet plus, with the broad shoulders of a trained swimmer, he carries his one hundred and eighty-five pounds easily. He may be seen at his best before the Board of Estimate, the administrative body of the city, where he alternately explains, persuades, denounces, compromises, and usually wins because of the completeness of his preparations and his nimble political sense. A fighter quick of temper, he is ruthless in dealing with self-seekers and those who would obstruct his plans. He flatly contradicts opponents, tells them they don't know what they are talking about, puts them straight as to facts, or sears them with sarcasm and ridicule. He is quite as outspoken in arguing with the Mayor, Deputy Mayor, and other officials as with subordinates.

That the fiery Mayor and the aggressive Park Commissioner have worked so closely together for five years is due to the fact that the two men greatly respect each other, and the Mayor simply ignores the Moses resignations. Not long ago the mild-mannered Stanley M. Isaacs, Borough President of Manhat-

tan, proposed that New York's school children be admitted free, at least once, to the World's Fair. Moses quickly got on his feet and riddled the proposal. He is interested because the first \$2,000,000 of profits realized by the Fair are to be turned over to him to convert the site of the exposition into a park. From the heated argument that took place an onlooker might have thought Isaacs and Moses were bitter enemies or political opponents. They have worked together for twenty-five years; or rather, as Mr. Isaacs said later, "Bob" Moses keeps all of us working for him, but we like it.'

Moses frequently offends needlessly, but the notion that he is ill-natured is banished when he smiles. Firm-jawed, with a large, straight 'executive' nose, he has a generous mouth, his strong white teeth affording a striking contrast to smooth olive-hued skin, sombre eyes, and heavy black eyebrows. At times his dark brown eyes seem tired, but the expression is more of impatience than of fatigue. His large, strong hands, with tapering fingers, suggest a sculptor.

His office is in the State Building in lower Manhattan, a reminder of the City Park Commissioner's unusual official status. The walls carry pictures of completed projects, and maps and progress charts of projects under way. Physically restless, Moses does most of his work standing or walking around, sitting on desk or table, dictating, arguing, explaining. A conference or meeting of one of the 'Authorities' is carried on in the same casual way. Holding numerous offices, he has only one unpretentious workshop, and uses the teletype to keep in touch with his capable staff, or staffs — mostly young men whose tried ability is matched by their loyalty to 'R. M.,' as he is called. While he works his men hard, he is considerate and finds ways of showing appreciation.

It helps to an understanding of his activities to know that Moses himself drafted the laws creating every position

he has held or now holds. These laws were written and the jobs legally defined to carry out specific purposes, most of them conceived by him. He has never been elected to office, and, with the exception of his two years as Secretary of State in 1927-1928, until he became Park Commissioner in 1933 had never received payment for public service. The only remunerative office he holds is his Park Commissionership at \$13,500 a year, which consolidates the work of five borough park commissioners whose salaries totaled \$62,000 annually. His career, unique in so many ways, is our best example of what can be accomplished in the field of public service by one who decides early what he wants to do, thoroughly prepares himself for the task, and possesses the character, energy, and singleness of purpose to keep going.

II

Emanuel Moses, of Spanish-Jewish (unorthodox) extraction, was a successful department store owner in New Haven, Connecticut, where his son Robert Moses was born on December 18, 1888. Robert's mother, Isabella, was the daughter of Bernard Cohen, a prosperous New York merchant and member of the Commission of Education under William L. Strong, last Republican mayor before the creation of Greater New York. When Bernard Cohen died, in 1897, he willed his New York home to Robert Moses's mother, and the family went there to live. Robert entered Yale in 1905. There he went in for running, and made both the freshman and the varsity swimming team. In the *Yale Courant* he fought successfully to secure a share of football revenue for minor sports. Taking prizes in Latin, mathematics, and public speaking, he qualified for a Phi Beta Kappa key. Besides writing on the *Courant*, he helped to edit a volume of Yale verse, experimented with poetry, served as president of the Kit Kat Club, and was

elected to the Senior Council, which he helped to organize. A non-fraternity man could hardly get further at Yale.

Deciding to make public administration his special study, Moses matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford, following his graduation from Yale in 1909. At Oxford he captained the swimming and water polo teams, and received a Bachelor of Arts degree with honors in jurisprudence in 1911 and a Master of Arts degree in 1913. He has not been abroad since; in recent years his longest journeys have been for brief winter vacations at Key West, Florida.

A terrific outspokenness, which never counts the odds against him, appeared in one Oxford experience when he was selected to represent his college at a world congress on racial problems. His frankness so infuriated some of the intense nationalist groups that once he had to flee from the platform and escape through a rear exit. One of the delegates, an assistant to the Khedive of Egypt, was so impressed that he offered Moses a position as Secretary to the Khedive. Moses declined, but later he and a classmate visited Egypt to study what was being done under Kitchener and developed a profound admiration for British colonial administration.

Results of his studies on this subject may be read in his book, *The Civil Service of Great Britain*, started while at Oxford and completed as his thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in political science which he received from Columbia in 1914. This work sets forth the basic political philosophy of Robert Moses concerning efficient government under a democratic system.

While at Columbia, Moses was attracted by the work of the Bureau of Municipal Research and became a voluntary aid. New York, in revolt against Tammany Hall, had elected a Fusion Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel, and Moses worked on city budgetary and other municipal problems until the United States joined in the World War.

Then he became superintendent of production and assistant to the manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Impatience with red tape and open contempt for inefficiency led to a row that caused him to resign.

Meanwhile, on August 15, 1915, he had married Mary Louise Sims, of Dodgeville, Wisconsin. Granddaughter of the Reverend George Sims, a Methodist circuit rider, Mrs. Moses had grown up under the progressive political philosophy of Robert M. La Follette, and after being secretary to Governor F. E. McGovern she joined the forces of the Municipal Research Bureau in New York. The mutuality of interests that brought Mr. and Mrs. Moses together persists, and makes Mrs. Moses one of her husband's most valued advisers. With their two daughters, they live in an apartment on the upper East Side, overlooking the river, the island parks, and Triborough Bridge. They have a simple old house in the village of Babylon, Long Island. Moses's inheritance helps him to live comfortably, but he is not wealthy, as is commonly supposed, and public service has involved many family sacrifices.

III

Five days before the Armistice, in 1918, Alfred E. Smith was elected Governor of New York, and promptly named an unofficial, bipartisan Reconstruction Commission to study problems left by the war. Moses, as chief of staff of the Committee on Retrenchment and Reorganization, prepared its report. This was the beginning of the reform of the state government; it was also the beginning of a close relationship between the Democratic Governor and this young independent Republican.

The Moses report recommended consolidation of state departments, an executive budget, and a four-year term for Governor, all features of the Constitution of 1915 which had been rejected

at the polls. Smith's defeat by Nathan L. Miller in 1920 caused this programme to be shelved, but the campaign continued. Moses became secretary and active head of the New York State Association, a nonpartisan organization. Its *Bulletin* became an organ for all the reforms fostered during the first term of Governor Smith, with special emphasis on reorganization. Smith again sought the governorship in 1922, and this time was reelected, to resume his long fight for basic changes in the structure of the state government. Moses moved into the executive offices at Albany along with Governor Smith.

"Bob" Moses is the most efficient administrator I have ever met in public life,' declares the former Governor. 'He was the best bill drafter we ever had at Albany and wrote all the reorganization bills. I know he went to Yale and Oxford, but he did n't get that keen mind of his from any college. And he was a hard worker. He worked on trains, anywhere and any time. When everyone else was ready for bed he would go back to work.'

Moses's energy was matched by his zeal. Al Smith is a great fun lover and was not always as serious as his young assistant. On one occasion, when 'Bob' was earnestly expounding his ideas on legislation, the Governor listened speechless until Moses had completed his fervent exhortation, then dropped from his chair to the floor in a pretended faint. But he never faltered in his support of the young man he found so capable and useful.

Moses's apprenticeship as an administrator of varied agencies came when the Governor appointed him Secretary of State in 1927 — an office which was a general catchall for bureaus left over in the reorganization. He was a busy man for two years under Governor Smith, then an active candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1928. Roosevelt became the candidate for Governor in the same year and was

elected, while Smith went down to defeat. The only request Smith made of his successor was an appeal to Roosevelt to reappoint Moses as Secretary of State, yet Moses was the only member of the State Cabinet who was not reappointed. The relationship of Roosevelt and Moses is one of those tangles for which Albany is famous. Roosevelt is supposed to have turned down Smith's recommendation of Moses because Moses turned down the appointment of Roosevelt's secretary, Louis M. Howe, to a sinecure in the Council of Parks. Yet, as Governor, Roosevelt acquiesced in Acting Governor Lehman's appointment of Moses as Moreland Commissioner to investigate the failure of the City Trust Company in 1929.

As a result of this investigation the Superintendent of Banks was sent to prison. Significant were the recommendations made by Moses for reform of the banking laws to prevent the recurrence of such scandals. He urged segregation of 'thrift' accounts in commercial banks; official examination of private banks; regulation of brokerage houses; control of the issuance of securities, 'down to the last detail,' whether those of a bank or a utility company; abolition of private banks, and the holding of directors criminally liable for the management of financial institutions. These recommendations were disregarded by the joint legislative committee, whose alternatives were denounced by Moses as 'puerile.' He declared that the words of the legislative reports 'will come back to haunt the gentlemen who wrote them.' And it was not long before the failure of the 'Bank of the United States,' with \$200,000,000 in deposits and 400,000 depositors, revealed more of the evils Moses had denounced. Moses's stinging prophecies have a way of coming true.

IV

Prior to 1924, New York State had no unified park system. Scattered through

the state were some forty parks and places of historic or scientific interest, directed by as many administrative bodies. In 1922 Moses drew up a State Park Plan proposing a unified system and a bond issue of \$15,000,000 with which to expand and rehabilitate the parks and build highways leading to them. The Governor's early reaction was not particularly encouraging, but he finally became a park enthusiast. The bond issue was voted in the fall of 1923, and in 1924 eleven regional commissions were set up under a Council of Parks, with Moses as chairman. He was also made president of the Long Island State Park Commission.

In the next few years the State Park System of New York became a model for the country. From Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, through the Adirondacks, the Alleghenies, and the Catskills, to the sand bars of Long Island, there stretches a chain of seventy public parks of the most varied sizes and character. Mr. Moses has promoted and coördinated the work of the various commissions throughout the state, but his special interest has been on Long Island, a natural playground for the millions who live in metropolitan New York.

Long Island is one hundred and eighteen miles long and about fifteen miles wide for most of its length. Four million of the seven and one-half million inhabitants of New York City live at its western end, in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. Several hundred thousand persons live in Nassau and Suffolk counties, which spread out a hundred miles from the city line. Many of these people work in Manhattan, daily battling their way back and forth in jammed subways or over crowded bridges.

When Moses became head of the Long Island State Park Commission the only state 'park' in the section was on Fire Island, a sand reef reached only by boat. All the rest of the island, with its fine beaches, lakes, bays, and wooded ridge running through the centre, had been

preëmpted by those who appreciated natural beauty spots, or by speculative realty interests. Moses's first big undertaking, and in many ways his most remarkable achievement, was the now famous Jones Beach. This stretch of clean, wide ocean beach, some thirty miles from the centre of the city, was almost inaccessible. Only a man of unusual vision would have selected the site as a likely seaside resort for a vast population. Engineers, architects, and experts thought he was dreaming, but he persuaded Al Smith to visit the beach and secured an initial appropriation for a bathhouse. There are now two miles of developed ocean beach, a mile-long still-water swimming area in Zach's Bay, and a large salt-water enclosed pool for both swimming and wading. Almost eight additional miles of beach are available for future expansion.

Architecturally the two immense bathhouses, with a picturesque water tower dominating the vast expanse of beach and water, are impressive and pleasing. Between four and five million enjoy this park during the summer, yet there is no crowding. Sunday crowds run to 125,000. Concerts are given in the Music Shell on the Marine Boardwalk, and popular-priced operettas, operas, and concerts are staged over the water in Zach's Bay. Although a maximum of freedom is permitted, this is perhaps the cleanest and best regulated of public beaches. Robert Moses believes that giving the public the best arouses co-operation in maintaining high standards.

Since then Moses has acquired and developed thirteen parks on Long Island, totaling 10,631 acres and stretching from Montauk Point to the city line, which, with the connecting parkways, cost more than \$50,000,000. He tramped the entire island, where he knows both farmers and millionaires whose land has been traversed by parkways or taken for parks. He had to overcome the most formidable opposition at every turn, using strong-arm methods at times. Many

owners of large estates on the North Shore opposed the parkways, and millionaires on Great South Bay fought the creation of a park next to their club. Local politicians and officeholders threw obstacles in his way. Moses took on all comers in a rough-and-tumble fight with all rules suspended. 'I know that was not good government,' he says, 'but it was the only way to keep the programme going.' A characteristic note in Moses is his disregard of precedents in pushing things through.

In 1930 he began to extend the island parkways into the city. A Moses parkway means a 'ribbon park,' beautifully landscaped, usually from three hundred to six hundred feet wide, through which a gracefully curving highway safely carries pleasure vehicles at forty miles an hour. There are no traffic lights, grade crossings, or left turns. Commercial traffic, signs, hot-dog stands, and gas stations are taboo, with the exception of a few service stations built to conform to the landscape and controlled by the Park Commissioner. Arched stone bridges enhance the charm of the constantly changing vistas. Lamp posts and low fences of hewn, unpainted timber blend with the background. Everything about these 'ribbon parks' is designed to convey naturalness.

When huge government spending was inaugurated to fight the depression, Commissioner Moses was one of the few officials in the country ready with definite plans for putting men to work. In 1933 Governor Lehman made him chairman of the Emergency Public Works Commission to develop a programme for New York State. The more important projects adopted were the Saratoga Springs Authority, which has greatly expanded that spa; the Catskill Bridge Authority, to provide a new crossing of the Hudson River; the Thousand Islands Bridge Authority, whose new international bridge through the Thousand Islands to Canada was opened in August 1938; and the Triborough Bridge,

Jones Beach State Parkway, and Bethpage Park authorities. Mr. Moses administers the last three, as well as the New York Parkway Authority. In addition, the State Commission sponsored Knickerbocker Village, Hillside, and other housing developments, and secured funds for the Hayden Planetarium in New York City.

An 'authority,' as evolved in New York, is an ingenious corporate device calculated to get things done while a confused people hesitates between private and public ownership of natural monopolies. The authorities administered by Moses, whether financed by public or private funds, are self-sustaining and self-liquidating enterprises, supported solely by those who use them. Set up by law for clearly defined purposes, the authorities are empowered to issue bonds based on revenue to be collected from tolls or services rendered.

After his election in 1933, Mayor La Guardia asked Mr. Moses to take a place in his administration. The only post that interested Moses was one relating to parks, but he insisted that a single, unified city department be set up, with one head; furthermore, that he be permitted to retain his state positions in order to coördinate city and state programmes for parks, parkways, and recreational facilities. This was not a new idea. As organizer of the Metropolitan Conference on Parks in 1928, Moses had developed a plan of this kind. Special legislation giving him the status and powers he asked was passed, but he also wrote out, on a single piece of paper, a four-year park programme for the city and presented it to La Guardia before taking office. When developed in detail it called for 1700 work relief projects and the employment of 75,000 men.

This was the beginning of a miraculous transformation of the city park management, which was in a deplorable condition after years of neglect, inefficiency, political favoritism, or plain indifference. Old parks were redesigned or rehabili-

tated, and new parks and playgrounds developed. Playgrounds have increased from 119 to more than 400. Ten well-planned swimming pools — costing more than \$1,000,000 apiece — were built, and the acreage of city parks doubled. Then Commissioner Moses set out to recapture New York's waterfront.

The 'West Side Improvement,' for thirty years in the air, was achieved by covering the railroad tracks along Riverside Drive and building a magnificent Ringstrasse extending to Westchester County and connected with the express highway on the lower West Side of Manhattan. One may now drive from the Wall Street district to the northern city line in less than thirty minutes, stopping only to pay a ten-cent toll at the new double-decked Henry Hudson Bridge over Harlem River. Along the way 132 acres of new park land were created. A similar treatment is now being accorded Manhattan's East Side, where the notorious 'Dead Ends' of slum sections are to terminate in parks or join a beautiful East River Drive. Harlem River Drive, as planned, will complete the encircling of Manhattan with express highways and 'ribbon parks.' Other East River improvements include the development of Ward's and Randall's islands as city parks, playgrounds, and recreational centres. Both of these large islands are connected with three of the city's five boroughs by Triborough Bridge, and a pedestrian bridge will open Ward's Island Park to the crowded upper East Side.

Reclamation of Manhattan's waterfront is being duplicated in the other boroughs. In Brooklyn a thirty-four-mile circumferential parkway follows the outer harbor to the Narrows, where it swings inland north of Coney Island and Sheepshead Bay and runs along Jamaica Bay. It connects with the Long Island parkways, traverses Queens, and follows the shore of Long Island Sound to the new Bronx-Whitestone Bridge. An extension of Hutchinson River Parkway

will connect this span with the Westchester parkways and Merritt Parkway, leading to New England. Marine Park Bridge, connecting Brooklyn and the Rockaway Peninsula, was built in less than a year to give the city a Jones Beach type of resort at Jacob Riis Park. An additional mile and a half of ocean beach is being reclaimed in the Rockaways. This undertaking was made possible by merging the Henry Hudson and Marine Parkway authorities in the New York City Parkway Authority and floating \$18,000,000 in bonds, based on the collection of bridge tolls and parking fees. An even more comprehensive plan contemplates converting the entire Jamaica Bay section of 18,000 acres, largely city-owned, to residential and recreational uses. Even Coney Island may have its face lifted if its concessionaires don't watch out.

The projected Brooklyn-Battery vehicular tunnel and its approaches will complete a system including more than one hundred miles in length of new highways and parks. Inside this will be an inner parkway and express traffic system of which Triborough Bridge is the heart, consisting of three main spans and numerous viaducts and ramps linking Manhattan, Queens, and the Bronx, via Ward's and Randall's islands. With nineteen miles of approaches, all financed by the authority, Triborough now connects with the Long Island parkways, and the 'feeders' planned or under construction will completely integrate the system. Originally financed by PWA funds, Triborough cost \$61,000,000 and was built so economically that it has since been refinanced by a private bond issue at a profit of \$1,365,000 to the Federal Government. This bridge system has a capacity for 80,000 cars daily, and its tremendous success enabled Mr. Moses to issue an additional \$18,000,000 in Triborough bonds to finance the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge and its approaches.

This last-named structure is exceeded

in length by only three other bridges in the world. Its graceful towers and cables are already a part of the landscape, and the bridge will be ready to bring New England motorists directly to the World's Fair next spring. Although the bridges built under Moses's direction are financially successful, they are not monopolies. They compete with free bridges and are simply timesaving alternatives for people who are glad to pay the moderate tolls to avoid traffic congestion on other routes. When they have paid for themselves, the toll system may be abandoned or the revenue used for additional facilities. The city parkway programme is by no means complete, but it is being steadily advanced by Mr. Moses's strategy of fighting for limited objectives.

One of Commissioner Moses's most striking miracles is the conversion of a vast swamp and a small mountain of odorous refuse in Queens into the site for the New York World's Fair of 1939. He was given the task of preparing this uninviting terrain for the great exposition and spent more than \$50,000,000 effecting the change. By working twenty-four hours a day, with the aid of floodlights at night, the huge dump was leveled, two large lakes created, and the entire site transformed in less than nine months. Moses has seen to it that all schemes for the Fair conform to plans for the subsequent use of the site, with the result that the World's Fair of 1939 is being created in what will be the largest, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the city's parks. Many hot battles have been fought over this big enterprise with Moses in the rôle of landlord to the Fair corporation, which is using his park and parkways. He refused to permit Grover Whalen to lead the Preview of the Fair Parade, held in April 1938, over Triborough Bridge, because, as he says, it would have inconvenienced the regular paying users, and because he regarded the preview 'as a silly and wasteful stunt.'

V

During the past five years Commissioner Moses has spent considerably more than \$300,000,000 on parks and parkways in New York City, exclusive of nearly \$100,000,000 disbursed on bridges and their approaches, which were built by contract labor. Nearly \$200,000,000 of the money spent on parks came from federal funds for work relief. That he has accomplished so much with relief labor, which he estimates has been about 50 per cent as efficient as contract labor on the average, is due to his insistence on preparing plans in advance, on securing competent supervisors to direct projects, and on retaining control over all park work. His policies have frequently provoked clashes with federal administrators, but he has held firmly to them.

Newspaper 'morgues' are filled with clippings of Moses's controversies running back to the earliest days of his public service when the young reformer, mistaken for a Britisher because of his Oxonian English, stirred the ire of civil service employees under Mayor Mitchel. He has been fighting over one thing or another ever since, with an utter disregard of consequences to himself or his political fortunes. With equal audacity he has attacked or defied presidents, governors, mayors, millionaires, trades-unionists, PWA administrators, judges, legislators, organized relief workers, and poor squatters in shacks along the right of ways of his projects. He does n't win all his battles, but he has won most of them. No one questions his honesty, no matter what may be said of his methods, and he probably numbers among his supporters more former opponents than any other man in public life.

Many of his controversies end in reasonable compromises. He fought hard in the Constitutional Convention for a grade-crossing provision that would put the full cost of such improvements on the state. Defeated in the convention,

he blew up, resigned as a member of Mayor La Guardia's committee, and issued a blistering statement. Ultimately he rescinded his resignation, accepted a compromise, and started to work to get it adopted.

In controversy he is usually right, but likes to get in his punches first. That he receives so much favorable publicity is partly explained by his painstaking care to keep editors and reporters informed rather than by press agency. His many rows and frequent 'resignations,' which are never accepted, may have created the impression in some minds of a disagreeable person. Actually his grin, which readily turns into robust laughter, more than discounts the effects of his sharp tongue. He gets a lot of fun out of his work and play. The stubborn refusal of bluefish in Great South Bay to coöperate in his plans for a beach supper arouses his ire as profoundly as most of his encounters in the realm of polemics.

New York's Art Commission, made up of distinguished artists and connoisseurs, complains that Mr. Moses frequently finishes and dedicates parks and structures before submitting his plans for the Commission's approval, but it has nothing but praise for his completed works. He uses the best available architects and engineers. The city's permanent building at the World's Fair, erected by him, is a fine and appropriate structure, as are his other new park buildings. Many of his bridges have received national awards. Several of the smaller parks, such as the Conservatory Gardens in Central Park and Bryant Park, are gems of landscaping and park design. At Fort Tryon Park, overlooking the Hudson in upper Manhattan, he provided an exquisite setting for The Cloisters, unique among American Art Museums.

Mr. Moses's contribution to city planning is by no means limited to the creation of beautiful parks and parkways. He insists upon protecting them by drastic 'zoning' of adjacent property.

His curving parkways replace a monotonous gridiron street system over large sections of the city, and he provides special parks and playgrounds for new government housing projects. He was a member of a committee that drafted the housing amendment to the new State Constitution and he has already made proposals for a gigantic slum-clearance project of \$245,000,000 which has raised a storm of criticism from experts. Mayor La Guardia gives him many extra tasks ranging from the major problem of removing the remaining railroad grade crossings in the city to the creation of an opera and art centre.

Mr. Moses was offered the Fusion nomination for Mayor in New York in 1933, but declined it because of the opposition of Samuel Seabury, who had exposed the rottenness of the Tammany régime and was fearful of Moses's friendly relations with Smith. Moses cast his first presidential vote for Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 and has since supported the Republican Party in national elections, except in 1928 when he voted for Smith. He always made a sharp distinction between Smith and Tammany Hall.

Moses's biggest political mistake was in accepting the Republican nomination to oppose Herbert Lehman for the Governorship in 1934. His candidacy was hopeless from the start. Both Roosevelt and Smith were backing Lehman, and New Deal enthusiasm was running high. Moses prepared for a stirring debate with Governor Lehman. Finding himself attacked as the candidate of the reactionary G. O. P. 'Old Guard,' and linked by implication with all the powerful financial interests in the state, Moses exploited to the full Governor Lehman's connection with the Lehman Brothers' banking house. Incidentally, the Moses and Lehman homes in New York were on the same block, and the families grew up together. And Lehman Brothers handled the sale of bonds for

Moses's New York City Parkway Authority in 1938.

When Governor Lehman refused to be drawn into debate, Moses lost his temper and blundered into violent personal attacks on the Governor. His charge that Lehman was a 'liar,' provoked by a statement on the milk controversy, and unrestrained onslaughts, contrasted with the dignified and mild manner of Lehman's campaigning, created an unfavorable impression. Moses further distressed his advisers and managers by espousing a state sales tax and other unpopular measures; it was difficult to get him to pose for photographers, and when a prominent banker came to see him at a time when campaign contributions were badly needed, he merely shook hands and asked, 'How is your wife?'

Before the campaign ended, Moses seemed to realize his errors. At least he became more philosophical and revived his sense of humor. He received the bad election news early in the evening, sent Lehman congratulations, and went off to a grand party of his campaign workers at Sardi's. The next morning he was back on his park jobs, ready to forget the strange interlude.

Some of his opponents were not ready to forget. Strong pressure was brought to bear on Lehman to remove Moses from his state park positions. An effort was made to persuade Mayor La Guardia to drop Moses from the Triborough Bridge Authority. This was followed by Secretary Ickes's celebrated Order No. 129, decreeing that federal funds be withheld from agencies administered by persons holding municipal positions. Moses fell under its jurisdiction, and the order, if carried out, meant that he must relinquish either his park commissionership or his bridge job. The way in which press and public came to the support of Moses in this controversy was the greatest tribute he has ever received. New Dealers and friends of the President felt that a serious mistake

had been made. The President evidently came to the same conclusion, for Order No. 129 was withdrawn and both the President and Secretary Ickes spoke at the opening of Triborough Bridge, which was finished in 1936 on schedule.

Moses was named a delegate to the Cleveland Convention in 1936, but refused to go because he was out of sympathy with Charles D. Hilles, National Committeeman. During the recent Constitutional Convention, to which Moses was a delegate, he was outspoken in his criticism of the Republican leadership, and fought side by side on many issues with his old friend, former Governor Smith, a Democratic delegate.

The Moses political credo has changed little through the years. He believes the great middle class is 'inherently, fundamentally, and incurably conservative,' yet he is critical of standpatters. In accord with many basic New Deal purposes, he directs his fire at policies which he thinks are unworkable because administrative brains and trained personnel are lacking.

Mr. Moses diagnoses America's present troubles, and those of the world at large, as due primarily to the extreme economic and political 'nationalisms' in vogue since the war. 'I don't know why I did n't appreciate Woodrow Wilson while he was alive,' Mr. Moses says. 'I thought he was just a college professor. I realize now that he was a very great man. The League of Nations could not be made to work when it was first set up, yet the idea that this or any country can for any length of time pursue a policy of isolation is ridiculous.' He regards Cordell Hull as the bright particular star of the Roosevelt Administration and heartily approves the Secretary of State's efforts to promote international amity and reciprocal trade.

In the meantime Robert Moses has his work to do, and, if one can tell anything by what his limited objectives have meant so far, the people of New York State will reap a bright inheritance.

BLACK PRIDE

BY KIMBAL GOFFMAN

I

'YES, I beat 'im up. Nobody ain't gonna call me a nigger and get away with it. I got too much race pride for that.'

These remarks were made by a small Negro lad who had just emerged victoriously from a fistic encounter with a white boy about the same size.

That was about twenty years ago on a school playground. The next day I had the opportunity of being a visitor at that school, where the same little boy sat in his classroom surrounded by his white classmates. The music supervisor was present, and every child was singing: 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Scotland's Burning,' and many other old songs. Finally the teacher called for 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.' The Negro lad buried his face in his book and stopped singing. I know the teacher saw him. However, she at no time acted as if she were aware of his embarrassment. The children finished the song.

I must say that they did a splendid job, for which their supervisor complimented them. She went much further. She told them how the plantation songs which describe the days of slavery and work of the early Negroes are the only songs which America can call her own. She told of the number-one place those songs hold in our land. She even explained that Negroes sing these songs with more feeling, enthusiasm, and in better style than any other citizens of America. I know her intention was to relieve the Negro child of his embar-

rassment, and to encourage him to join his classmates in the singing.

The next song was the immortal 'Old Folks at Home.' The Negro boy again retreated into the covering of his book. I wondered to myself just what had become of all the race pride he had possessed the day before. The music which described the work and life of his ancestors he considered an insult and embarrassment. It was hard to account for such a sudden turn of character in our little champion of race pride. Perhaps the child had mistaken a case of personal anger for a serious insult to the entire race.

Are we Negroes of America champions of race pride or not? My personal answer is no. It is a shame that we people who are so conspicuous, who total such a large percentage of the population of these United States, who so often suffer from the rules of segregation and discrimination, who possess such a small amount of the wealth and political control of the nation, who have accomplished what we have accomplished through the most obscure and difficult of all channels, who are oftentimes despised and avoided by other men, should also be accused of a lack of race pride.

Negroes not only lack race pride and have an inferiority complex. They have a third handicap—white prejudice. Black people are more prejudiced in favor of the white race than white people are themselves. The black race is a

distinctive creation; we possess characteristics which differ from those of any other people in the world. If there is one member of the black race present in an audience, one glance will find him. This is true of no other group. If the audience is large and everyone is dressed more or less alike, a definite search must be made to classify the different racial types with the exception of the Negro.

We have the honor of being exclusive, a distinction which every dealer in merchandise desires for his establishment; and the primary physical features which give us this distinction are black skin, kinky hair, thick lips, high cheek bones, large hands, feet, and nostrils. The whole world appreciates the exclusive community, home, food, dress, voice, book, and so on. There are, however, very few Negroes who are proud of their exclusive physical appearance.

If this statement is not true, why are so many manufacturers becoming rich through the manufacture of bleaching preparations? Why are hair-straightening combs found in nearly every Negro home? Why is the following remark made so often to a newborn baby, when grandma or auntie visits it for the first time? 'Tell Mother she must pinch your nose every morning. If she does n't, you're gonna have a sure 'nough darky nose.'

The majority of us Negroes are not only ashamed of the physical features of our race, but also opposed to the habits and customs of the race that are ours through natural inheritance. I shall never forget the remark my mother made when my sister began to learn the Charleston dance. (I wish I were positive that she was the only person who made such a statement, but I doubt that seriously.) She said, 'You act enough like a nigger now without adding that junk to it.' Did that statement denote race pride? The Charleston is Negroid. Negroes originated it. Why not be proud of it? Many individuals have

commercialized dancing. Why should n't we Negroes commercialize our own ideas?

For generations other races have kept their individual customs. The white race takes pride in reviving, at regular intervals, some hand-me-down custom perhaps two hundred years old. Black Americans are not white Americans. Black Americans are only mimicking white Americans when they waltz, two-step, or fox-trot. When black Americans dance the Charleston, the Susie Q, or the Big Apple they become original. Originality is the backbone of all progress.

II

It was not until I married that I began to read periodicals published by Negroes. This seems a queer assertion for me to make; at present my boys are agents for every Negro periodical coming into our town, and we all read them. But my father was responsible for this situation.

When I was a small child about ten years of age, my father paid a year's subscription for two Negro periodicals, which came for three months. What they had in them I cannot say; I was too young to be interested in reading them. I do know, however, that my father was very angry when the agent visited our house. I cannot remember all the conversation, but I know he said, 'Papers of that kind have no business in circulation. They do more to develop race hatred than anything else in the world. If I were alone, I might take a different attitude. I am not. I have seven children, and I don't intend to have them hate the white race before they are grown. Those papers do nothing but play up all the faults of white people. We can't live in the same country with white people and rear our children to hate them.'

The agent asked him if it would be possible for him to read the publications and not let us youngsters see them. 'I

should say not,' my father replied. 'My youngsters are to read everything that comes into my house. The stuff in those papers is the most radical junk I have ever read. Whoever edits them has surely forgotten that the citizens of the United States have to live together.' Then he laughed and said, 'No, sir, there's nothing coming into my house that is n't fit for the children to read. If it comes in we're all going to read it. If it is n't fit for some of us to read, it is n't coming.'

The agent then explained that he did not like to write that statement. The publishers would have to know why the papers were being stopped after three months when they had been paid for a year in advance. It was finally agreed that the subscription should be transferred to one of our neighbors, who wanted the periodicals and did not have the money to pay for them. That ended Negro publications in our home.

I have often wondered whether my father was right or wrong in his attitude. I have often wondered if those publications were written on a more radical basis in those days than now. That was more than twenty years ago. When I reached the age of adolescence and began to earn my own money I often wanted to subscribe for one of the Negro publications. I was curious; I wanted to know what was in them; I wanted to know why my father had become so angry. When I had reached that age, however, the family was in such poor circumstances that any surplus money had to be used to buy clothes. When I was twenty, my mother and father had a grand total of eleven children, and we older ones felt almost as much responsibility for the welfare of the little folk as my father and mother did.

When I married, nearly all the Negro periodicals came regularly to my new home, for my husband is greatly interested in current events of every nature. My father was a man of education; he had taught school and was a

very deep thinker. My husband is uneducated, not from choice, but because an education was for him an impossibility. I believe he would have been a very successful student had he had the opportunity. My father enjoyed a book of economics, history, philosophy, or mathematics. My husband is more content with the daily newspaper or the *Reader's Digest*. One year during my married life I discovered we were receiving eight different weekly publications, the daily newspaper of our own home town, the daily paper from another town, and three monthly publications. I can't help feeling that this is some sort of record for a man who has never earned a salary of more than \$100 a month.

It was during the first year of my married life that the case of the People of Detroit versus Ossian Sweet held the spotlight. That was the case of a Negro doctor who had a little more money than many of his associates, and who purchased a home within the boundaries of an all-white community. Racial trouble began. A man was killed. The trouble went into the courts, and the late Clarence Darrow represented Dr. Sweet. Mr. Darrow won the case so far as civil law is concerned. A few years later Mrs. Sweet's health broke and the family moved to Arizona, where she and the baby died.

I did not then, and I do not now, know Dr. Sweet. I know nothing about the circumstances which caused him to purchase that particular house. But I have often wondered why he could find no suitable place among his own people. I am not an advocate of racial segregation. I do not approve of having laws enacted which prohibit a person from living where he pleases in a democratic country. But on the other hand I do not approve of a statement of this kind: 'Just as soon as I can get enough money I am going to get out of this trashy nigger neighborhood.' I have heard that statement made by so many individuals

of my own race that when I read about a case similar to the Sweet case I begin to wonder. I want to know why the Negro is moving away from his neighbors. Does he have a legitimate reason? Is the neighborhood overcrowded, and is there no room for the family? Is the property selling at too high a price within his neighborhood? I hope so. I hope the family are not moving because of a lack of race pride, or because a raise in salary has made them feel that the people and customs of the black race are too inferior for them to associate with.

As a home-town correspondent for some of the Negro newspapers, I have had a chance to talk to some of the leaders of the black race. In many instances, when I ask about a specific Negro enterprise in the city one of these leaders represents, I find he is so removed from the mass of his own people that he knows nothing about his next-door neighbor. It can't be true that a Negro who attains recognition and position through the help of his own race becomes too important to mingle socially with Negroes. He can't be ashamed of the customs and habits of his ancestors. Then why does n't he develop the communities which other members of his race are forced to live in? This can be done by building new houses or remodeling old ones in his same neighborhood.

I hope Dr. Sweet, of that famous case, was forced to move because of the price of property or because of overcrowded conditions. If so, the case was won completely from the standpoint of both moral and civil law. If not, and he moved because he wanted to get out of that 'trashy nigger neighborhood,' the moral law was a total loss. Although on the surface we Negroes are challengers of race pride, we do very, very little to win the championship from the other races. Any person who will shun his own people is not, in my opinion, proving that he believes in race pride.

III

Another unfortunate attitude I find within my own race is regarding employment. We were given our freedom in 1865. Then came the problem of adjusting so many freed persons in the fields of industry. At that time, as a whole, Negroes were fitted only for agriculture and household service. From 1865 to 1910 we controlled the positions of servants in agriculture, hotels, restaurants, clubs, and private homes. Then what did we do? As we became educated, instead of systematically organizing this labor, we did not appreciate our opportunities. We wanted clerical or white-collar jobs. We began to feel that the work we were doing was made for no one but Negroes; and anything that is labeled 'for Negroes only' is an insult in the heart of a black man.

We soon classed this employment as second-rate. What is the result? Since 1910 we have watched the Swedes, Germans, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, and so forth, replace our own workers. Why? Because Negroes have very little pride in their own achievements. We have sat idly by and let one of the largest industrial fields of the country, domestic labor, slip beyond our grasp. Domestic labor is an industry which, I dare say, would have produced many a wealthy person, had any other race of people had the chance to dominate it as we did. I have often thought of how the Jews would have made capital of such an opportunity. Household work, had it been monopolized by Jews, would have been one of the best-organized labor divisions in the United States by the time the New Deal inaugurated the now outlawed NRA.

When I speak of organization I do not mean merely organizing to start agitating and bickering for higher wages. That is only the cheap, small part of it. My idea of systematic organizing is first to classify the workers — rate them

according to the service they give or the work they perform. If a worker gives expert service or does his work very well his labor is wanted. Employers will bid for a good and conscientious worker, and this condition will force a natural process of higher wages. Such a system would place the industry upon a high level that would command respect.

During the seventy-five years we have had our freedom, household work could have been placed upon such a high level that we should have been recognized everywhere as business managers. Workers would have had an urge to reach the highest in the classification scale. Wages would have been paid according to classification. An employer would know the minute he appeared at an employment agency just what to expect from each individual listed. He would know exactly what type of person he was employing before engaging that person. As it is, Negro labor varies in qualification, and the good have become so mingled with the worthless that employers have classified Negro servants as a whole on a lower level.

Because of our own lack of interest, an industry which provides the livelihood for numerous citizens of the United States is found completely unorganized, and under the new Social Security Unemployment Compensation law those employed in this field receive no protection. This is one result of the fact that Negroes have not been interested in things which were theirs through natural inheritance.

Nearly all my life I have lived in a community where domestic work furnishes the largest portion of employment. When we moved here Negroes held nine out of every ten of these jobs. Everywhere we heard: 'All a darky can get to do in this town is housework. The place I came from employed Negroes everywhere.' There was some sort of complaint registered in practically every Negro home. Whenever so many complaints are found, one may always be

sure that those people are not doing their best work.

One by one Negroes lost their jobs and were replaced by other workers. In 1932 there were very few Negroes employed anywhere. Then the cry came in full blast: 'The town would be all right, but a colored man can't get nothin' to do. Can't even get a job doing housework. I never in all my life saw such a place.' They blamed the employment agencies. They accused the operators of being unfair. None of the complainers, however, seemed to have anything to offer as a remedy for the situation. I began to study the condition. From a complete survey I found that every Negro who still held his job was one I had never heard complaining, 'All a darky can get to do in this town is housework.'

I watched one man and his wife very closely. They were employed in a private family, where the woman was cook and her husband was yard man and butler. They had lived in the town since 1904, had worked in one family for over twenty years, and had been employed at their present place for ten years. I shall never forget what this man said to me one night. 'I think a person should make a business out of any kind of work at which he might be employed. I am not an educated man, and I've got to make a living. This is the only thing I am fitted for, and believe me, I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna do everything I can to please the man I'm working for and make him like me, whether he wants to or not. Then, if I make a mistake sometime, maybe he'll overlook it, because he likes me, and I won't get fired. I look upon my job as a business, and I'm going to make my business a paying proposition.'

That couple owns a downtown building now, the only one in this town owned by Negroes. They have built a home for the wife's mother (the husband's mother died when he was just a child). They own a 1938 Buick car and

have more cash than any of the other Negroes. This was all due to the fact that they made a business out of a household job. If one Negro couple can do so much without an education, why has the whole of the black race, education and all, failed to organize such a profitable industry? Why are we allowing it gradually to slip from our grasp? I have only this answer: it was controlled by Negroes, and to the mass of black people anything which makes us exclusive has no value. It is but another example of false race pride in the hearts of black Americans.

IV

Here is another puzzle: why are we so ashamed of the historical background of our lives? Why do we object so forcefully to the stories, labors, art, and habits of the old slaves? It is true that slavery was all wrong, and that the civilized world should be 100 per cent against any suggestion of any type of slavery. To me, however, the relics of the old slave customs are antiques too valuable to be sold by the Negroes of to-day. There are very, very few of the old slaves left. Those who remain are too old to bring back the vivid and unusual past. How much of that life have we preserved? I dare say, had it not been for the fact that the white race took pride in preserving some of the quaint sayings and customs of those days, the beginning of the history of Negroes in America would be completely blotted out.

What is prettier than the quaint old-fashioned language of our ancestors? No race in the world spoke with the accent which the Negro slave used. I do not mean that we should make it universal to-day, but I do mean that every book, paper, magazine, and so forth, that contains any reference to that simple language should be clipped and kept as treasure. Had the white race not preserved the poems and works

of Paul Laurence Dunbar in their original language, and had Joel Chandler Harris not portrayed the character of Uncle Remus in plantation style, the old-fashioned language of our own ancestors would be gone forever.

Slavery had many horrors — but what race has not had frightful experiences? Are we going to obliterate our past because we happen to have been slaves? Had the manners of the old Negro slave, the doorman, the butler, the maid, and the valet been preserved, we should have surpassed all other races in etiquette to this day. The man who possessed the best manners of all in my home town was a former slave. Many persons of wealth have singled him out as an example when trying to cultivate good manners among the men of their own families. There are very few of our modern youths who can be singled out as examples of courtesy. The younger generation has become so rude that at times we appear ridiculous.

We have become so afraid that we might be accused of acting like the old slaves that many of us are not wanted in good society. Had the good manners of the old slaves been retained, we should have been a pride to any nation. Any other race would have retained some of the better customs of the slave days. However we, who had the sole right to preserve the good parts, have thrown it all into the same heap and pushed it aside. Had it not been for slavery, such songs as 'Steal Away,' which bring so vividly to view a picture of the soul and heart found only in the body of a Negro slave, would have forever been unknown. Slavery is a black page in United States history, but that slavery produced the most unusual and exclusive history for a race of people that the world has ever known. But if we, the descendants of that unique race, do not preserve our history, our descendants will have nothing unusual, nothing supreme — just the common everyday background of every other race. The only possible chance

for advancement for us as a race is to retain what is our own and add to it.

Not many years ago the senior class of our high school began to practise for their annual play, the setting of which was in the old South. There were a number of Negro slaves to be portrayed, and the instructors had decided to blacken the faces of a number of white students because they were afraid to ask the young Negroes to act those parts. They thought the Negro students would resent such assignments. My sister was a member of that class, and I suggested that she ask her Negro classmates to take the parts of the slaves. I hate imitation; I like real life. I wanted to see the part of the Negro slaves portrayed by Negroes. Out of a total of fifty-four students my sister was unable to find ten who would act those parts, but she did find six. The instructors were delighted, and managed to cut the number needed from ten to six, that they might use real life instead of imitation.

I had discovered what I had been trying to find out for a number of years previous to this experience: why it was that in mixed schools Negro students were seldom used in dramatics; why a white student blackened his face to portray a Negro. This experience answered those questions. We will not be ourselves. We like to imitate. Yet we seriously object to the statement, 'Monkeys will imitate.'

Since 1865 we have been recognized by other races as a free and independent group of American people. Have we recognized ourselves? Do we as a race recognize our own wealth when it is

within reach? Do we exalt ourselves, or do we exalt other races? Many legal battles have been fought through the courts to force other people to respect us. Persons, whether they be white, yellow, brown, red, or black, who gain respect are those who command respect. As long as the following sentences are spoken by ourselves we cannot command respect: —

'I would n't marry a dark person.'

'I don't want a lot of black, nappy-headed children running after me.'

'I like her, but she's too dark.'

'She'd get some place if she was n't so dark.'

'She's got brains, but there ain't no nigger going to hire anyone that dark, and I know the white folks ain't.'

'That man's too black and ugly to be at the door; he'd drive the devil away.'

If black Americans are prejudiced in favor of white Americans, why should n't white Americans be prejudiced in favor of white persons? If we are to accomplish and possess what is real and valuable in the world, we must search for the good within other races who are our neighbors, and we must also prove to the world that we are men and women capable of judging and finding the best that is within ourselves. If we exalt that best above all other factors, it is my hope that one day, not too far distant, my race will accept within itself the essential principle of race pride: pride for the things which, through the process of natural inheritance, belong to that particular and distinguished group—American Negroes.

RAILROADS GET NO CREDIT

BY FAIRMAN R. DICK

I

OUR present railroad crisis is essentially a credit crisis that has been long in the making. During periods of prosperity it has been temporarily obscured, but each recession brings it to the front in a more aggravated form. Credit cannot be narrowly defined as merely the ability to pay fixed charges, nor is it solely a record of investor losses; credit is a measure of the ability to attract new money for the modernization of plant. During the 1920's, approximately \$9,000,000,000 was spent on the improvement of our railroads, and the country is now reaping the benefits. To-day the modernization of plant has slowed down almost to a standstill because the railroads can no longer earn or attract the necessary money.

Paradoxically, this decline in credit has reached a new low at a time when, as a result of the modernization carried on since the war, the efficiency of our railroads is at the highest point in their history. And, since credit is an abstract term, the public has largely remained unaware of, and refused to become alarmed over, a transportation crisis which it could neither feel nor see. People in general are not aware of the deflationary effect upon all industry of the collapse in railroad security prices and the cessation of railroad buying, nor can they appreciate the effect on the industry of a suspension of the more or less continuous improvement programme of the past.

In the last analysis, credit is merely

the state of mind of investors — the reflection of confidence in the long-term earning power of capital. It is founded as much upon faith and hope and the vital record of past investment experience as upon current factual analysis. The reason that the railroads can no longer attract money for improvements is because the public no longer regards railroad securities as safe.

The forces which, for the last two decades, have operated to undermine and destroy investor confidence in the railroads have been graphically described by Mr. Leslie Craven in the *Atlantic* for December 1938. Mr. Craven particularly emphasizes the increasing strength of those pressure groups which have largely succeeded in preventing the attainment of the goal of fair regulation, just not only to the shipper and to the railroad worker, but to the holder of railroad securities as well. Likewise he has called attention to the dangers arising from overregulation and the impairment of the initiative of railroad management in coping with its present pressing problems. He also traces the gradual change in the transportation industry from the status of a railroad monopoly to its present phase of competition by motor truck, airplane, and waterway — for the most part subsidized in one form or another by the government.

The emphasis placed upon present competitive factors, however, tends to divert attention from the fundamental fact that the attrition of railroad earning

power began long before the advent of these new competitive forms of transportation. As a matter of fact, it was not until the rate case of 1931 that competitive factors were recognized as important in determining the rate level, whereas the decline of railroad earning power actually set in soon after the passage of the Hepburn Act in 1906, under which the Interstate Commerce Commission was given authority to prescribe maximum rates for the carriers.

I have pointed out that the present credit decline has taken place in spite of outstanding increases in the efficiency of railroad operation. The first seven months of 1938, as compared with 1932, for example, showed an important reduction in earning power notwithstanding the fact that the volume of traffic had increased 20 per cent and the per worker productivity 40 per cent. Exactly the same paradox was pointed out by Commissioner Daniels of the Interstate Commerce Commission as far back as 1914, when, in a dissenting opinion, he showed concern over an increasing maladjustment between railroad revenues and railroad expenses. At that time he pointed out that absolute decreases in earnings had occurred in spite of substantial increases both in efficiency and in volume of traffic.

When the railroads were returned to private ownership following the war, the necessity for controlling the social and political forces that had been undermining railroad credit had become so well recognized that the Transportation Act of 1920 attempted to set up a definite rate-making standard as a means of placing railroad earning power and credit upon a sound basis. But the provisions of the act broke down in practice, and, regrettably, the full import of this breakdown was disguised by the inflationary prosperity and the overconfidence of the period culminating in 1929.

With the advent of the depression, however, credit difficulties of the carriers soon reappeared, and in a more

serious form than ever before. Unfortunately the fundamental facts of this problem, so well recognized prior to the war, are now obscured by the general confusion arising from overemphasis of the competition which the railroads are meeting. So bewildered has the public become that in many quarters we hear grave doubts expressed as to whether the railroads are still essential and whether it is possible to charge rates adequate for their support. If these doubts reflected the facts and railroad transportation were no longer essential, the solution would be obvious. The railroads should be turned loose to sink or swim as the case might be. If railroad transportation is so uneconomical that shippers will use it only if the service is supplied below cost, then it would be far better if our freight were carried by a more efficient method of transport. It is not only bad economics but a futile effort to attempt to prolong the life of a dying industry by compelling it to operate at a loss.

It is perhaps a pity that proposals to turn the railroads loose cannot be seriously made, for the unanimous reaction to such proposals would furnish convincing evidence that our largest mass-production industry is still essential. Shippers may argue to-day that the new forms of transportation place a limit on increases in the rate level of the railroads, but these arguments would quickly vanish if they were coupled with the logical conclusion that regulatory protection was therefore no longer necessary. Deep down in their hearts shippers know that, except for regulation, our railroads still have the power to charge them not only enough but more than enough to maintain sound credit conditions.

Owing to the efficiency of our railroads, America has enjoyed probably the lowest transportation costs in the world. The transportation charge averages only about one cent per ton-mile, and it is important to point out

that the difference between adequate earnings and inadequate earnings depends on a variation of as little as one mill per ton-mile to the shipper. In any mass-production industry, however, costs are directly related to volume, and when any important percentage of traffic is diverted to highways or waterways the unit cost of carrying the remaining traffic is increased, necessitating a higher charge to the public for the traffic that must still be handled by the railroads.

There is and can be no denial that railroad costs are directly related to volume, and yet we find the public accepting the fallacy that reduced railroad volume can be accompanied by a lower rate level. Reduced volume does not make possible lower rates, but on the contrary compels higher rates, and if a certain favored group of shippers is relieved of the obligation of paying its full share of the costs, then other shippers must necessarily make up the balance, assuming, of course, that private ownership and private credit are to continue.

II

The principles here outlined cannot be denied any more than the law of gravitation can be repealed. The popular refusal to recognize or accept the facts well illustrates the difficulties, in a democracy, of solving the problem of public regulation and private ownership. The more deeply this problem is studied, the clearer becomes the conclusion that a solution lies in the field of social relations rather than in the field of pure economics. For example, at the present time there are many advocates of the St. Lawrence Waterway as a means of reducing transportation costs to the public. Whether the construction of this waterway reduces transportation costs as a whole will depend on whether the savings to the public through the use of the waterway will more than counterbalance the increased railway costs due to a reduced railroad volume. The assump-

tion that diversion of traffic to the waterway will permit railroad rates as a whole to be lowered is of course sheer economic nonsense.

Contradictory policies on the part of the government and its various agencies are largely responsible for the present plight of the railroads. The government is pursuing, on the one hand, methods which actually reduce the total volume of traffic handled by the roads, even to the point of compelling them to establish joint rates with waterways which divert traffic to their competitors. On the other hand, we see the Commission apparently ignoring the need to increase freight rates to meet the conditions which their orders have created. Proposals intended to face as frankly as possible the economic situations created by government policies are branded as unjust and unfair to the public. It is true, of course, that any form of discrimination between groups of shippers is clearly unfair; but the unfairness lies, in the first place, in the forced or induced diversion of traffic to subsidized competitors, because when one favored group of shippers is furnished service below cost, other groups of less fortunate shippers must assume an added burden if earnings as a whole are to remain adequate.

The confusion of thought in regard to these simple economic facts is probably more responsible for the inadequacy of the rate structure than any other single factor. The outcry of injustice from shippers whose traffic is tied to the rails has been a most effective argument against establishing an adequate level of rates, and it is far from a simple matter to demonstrate to the general public that this injustice cannot be made a valid reason for the continuance of inadequate rates if private credit is to survive. There are no physical barriers obstructing a solution of this phase of the railroad problem. The logic is simple and clear. Our failure is due to emotional, social, and political causes, not to material facts. As a nation we are blind-

ly refusing to recognize the inevitable result of our own actions.

It is frequently argued that railroad earning power can be restored by increases in efficiency, thus avoiding the need of increasing the rates of the shippers whose traffic is tied to the rails. This reasoning is theoretically sound, but it should be added that this method of restoring earning power has been tried and has failed because the benefits of improved operation have been consistently dissipated by reductions in rates or increases in the price of everything the railroads pay for — including taxes and labor. The policy of continually postponing the establishment of an adequate rate level in the expectation of future economies has been followed for over thirty years, and it has brought disaster. If railroad credit is to be restored, the era of continual postponements must come to an end.

In Mr. Craven's article considerable space is devoted to what might be termed the labor-pressure group. It should be pointed out, however, that the problem is not merely one of the absolute level of wages, but the relationship between wages and rates. The railroads are, so to speak, between the upper and nether millstone. Rates that are authorized as reasonable do not permit reestablishment of credit under the present wage scale, and, conversely, the present wage scale and working conditions do not make possible a restoration of credit if the shippers are to be provided with freight service at present rates. The perplexities of our present dilemma were recognized in the Transportation Act of 1920, where it was provided that both the wage scale and the rate level should have the definite approval of governmental authority. The purpose was to avoid our present difficulty — the squeeze between the upper and nether millstone.

It should be further noted that the impasse in which the railroads now find themselves can by no means be blamed

solely on the government, because a study of the history of the Transportation Act of 1920 reveals the fact that the safeguards established with such vision were eliminated with the acquiescence of railroad management. Our lack of success, therefore, in solving our problem of public regulation and private ownership can be attributed as much to the failure of the industry to understand its own problems as to the government's failure to insist on the retention of provisions in the law which railroad management no longer regarded as necessary.

Another phase of the problem that adds to the confusion of thought at the present time is the proposal for extensive consolidation of railroads. Mr. Craven describes the obstructive forces that prevent the realization of the economies which would result from a broad-scale unification of our railroad system. It should be noted, however, that the resistance to a broad plan of consolidation is not confined to management and labor. Where, in certain instances, attempts have been made to effect consolidations consistent with such a general plan, the strongest opposition has arisen in the territory affected by the change. In the case of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, even though the required readjustment appeared to be slight, proposals to absorb this system piecemeal among other systems brought about such a degree of local resistance that the Commission refused its authorization of the plan, notwithstanding the fact that the road had been in receivership for over fifteen years. Although consolidation of railroad facilities and elimination of unnecessary mileage would reduce costs, the prospects of effecting such a programme on a broad scale are far from bright, owing to resistance in the communities directly affected.

Whether the country will ever permit the concentration of traffic on certain lines, with the relegation of other lines to the status of relatively unimportant feeders, is a question that cannot be

definitely answered at the present time. But, at least one thing is clear — that consolidation is not a cure-all for the ills of our railroads. This, I believe, holds true regardless of the extent to which the consolidations outlined by Mr. Craven become actualities and regardless of the economies effected. Even if we assume that all the economies outlined by Mr. Craven were actually realized, the savings would be far less than the savings that have been obtained in the past through the modernization of our railroad plant and improved methods of operation. Mr. Craven forecasts a maximum possible saving of \$500,000,000 a year, whereas in the year 1937, as compared with 1921, the railroads had effected reductions in operating costs amounting to over \$1,500,000,000; and even this accomplishment, three times what Mr. Craven outlines as possible through coördination, has wholly failed to solve the railroad problem. As compared with 1921, railroad earning power not only has failed to improve, but has actually declined.

The reason for this is, of course, that the social and political forces so graphically described by Mr. Craven are the determining factors in railroad earnings, and these forces do not seem to operate with any less vigor to-day than they did in 1921 before these large economies were effected. It therefore seems idle to expect that the relatively small further increase in efficiency obtainable through consolidation, such as the suggested elimination of 75,000 employees, would have any appreciable effect in controlling and limiting the power of the pressure groups that have continued to squeeze the margin of operating profit with undiminished force.

III

After Mr. Craven has reviewed all the factors which bear upon the present crisis he arrives at the same dilemma reached by many students of the railroad problem — how to reconcile and

coördinate the rights and advantages of private ownership with the social interests which regulation by public agencies is intended to foster. For this problem, democratic government has not yet provided a satisfactory formula. Experience has not demonstrated how these complicated rights may be weighed one against the other in the scales of the interest of the public as a whole, nor indeed have limited zones been established wherein each set of rights may have predominance and definite legal protection. Despite fifty years of experiment, this government has not yet learned how to regulate industry without sapping its vitality or threatening its ultimate destruction through financial attrition.

Fortunately we are beginning to see far more clearly to-day this basic conflict between the immutable and unyielding fundamentals of economics and those social and political forces which, in a democracy, respond largely to emotional stimuli. Mr. Craven goes to the heart of the problem when he asks the question: 'Where shall the great enterprises be poised between moderately regulated private ownership and management, and the point where an increasing public participation culminates in the totality of government ownership and operation?'

If, as generally seems to be agreed, there can be no backward step to any system of *laissez faire*, then the problem becomes one of finding a satisfactory formula of regulation. With increased supervision over industry by government accepted as sound public policy, the task becomes not merely the providing of efficient administration by regulatory agencies, but, even more, the ensuring of an even and impartial justice to all groups who are parties in interest.

The principle of a properly balanced relationship between the government and our railroads has probably never been more clearly described than by the President in his Salt Lake City address on September 17, 1932, when he said: —

There should be clearer definitions of the objects, powers and duties of the Commission in promoting and safeguarding all the inter-related particular interests comprehended within the public interest. Those who have invested their money or their lives in the service of the railroad; those who are dependent on its service to buy or to sell goods; those who rely upon it for the preservation of communities into which they have built their lives — all have vital interests which must be further safeguarded.

The ideal of successful regulation thus described by the President has received wide public approval. Our failure to solve our railroad credit problem is not because these principles have not been recognized in theory, but because they have been repudiated in practice.

Unless some means of carrying out these principles can be devised so that

private ownership in transportation can be reconciled with some constructive form of regulation, there would appear to be no alternative other than to embark upon state capitalism or state socialism on a grand scale. The railroad industry cannot survive under private operation without a more or less continuous inflow of new private capital. Regulation must be fair and just, not on account of an abstract principle, but in order to attract this capital.

We cannot abandon the railroads and leave them to whatever fate has in store, nor can any Chinese Wall be built around their particular problem. If the system of free enterprise under public regulation is to survive, in this country, it is essential that the issue be squarely faced where it is now joined — that is, in the railroad industry.

INCANTATION

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

THE world will have it so.
 Whatever you may take,
 You have to let it go.
 Watch the branches make
 Their flowers and let them blow
 Or apple trees that break
 While their harvests grow.
 They have to let them go.
 The world will have it so.
 The clouds that bloom and shake
 Into many-petaled snow,
 The heart that beats awake
 And feels its beating slow —
 Each for his private sake
 Took and treasured so
 Beauty the heart should know
 Must always be let go.

CATTLE CONGRESS

BY WINIFRED VAN ETTEN

I

Roy had the Senator out between the two largest cattle barns giving him a shampoo. The Holstein bull stood meekly while Roy worked the lather over his black and white head and massive neck. It was the last day of the show, and there would probably be a record crowd, so the Senator had to look his most elegant. Roy's fingers caressed him pridefully as he worked. The judging had already been done, and the Senator had got his blue ribbon as Roy had known from his calf days that he would. 'That calf,' he had told Audrey, 'is going to go to the Cattle Congress some day and win.' And because he had been so sure about it Roy had called him the Senator, a good and appropriate name for one destined to go to Congress.

Audrey sat on a box near-by to watch the grooming of the Senator. She was trying to hush the fretting of Graham, her two-year-old son, whom she held on her lap. He looked very little and scrawny crying there, pushing his tear-daubed face against his mother's abundance, just as Roy looked little and scrawny as he puttered around the black and white hulk of the Senator. Audrey liked to watch the big bull get his head washed. She laughed childishly at the notion of shampooing a bull all over that way. It all seemed rather silly to her anyhow — she could n't see why Roy was so crazy to bring the Senator to the Cattle Congress or why he was any better for having won a blue ribbon. He was just the same gentle black and

white bull that he had been before. But she enjoyed the crowds in the buildings, she liked stopping at a lunch counter to eat a hot dog and drink some coffee or some pop, giving Graham enough of them to keep him quiet.

The Cattle Congress was n't as much fun as the Fair, because here you had to go clear over to Electric Park to get to the Ferris wheel and the merry-go-round and the free acts, and Roy always had something to do for the Senator — he never had time to take her over. Still, it was nice to get away from the farm and be mingling with a lot of people for a change. If only she did n't have to drag Graham along with her all the time. He was a sickly child, and his mother, who had never had a pain in all her eighteen years, looked at him sometimes with the amazed impatience of the perpetually healthy for the perpetually ailing. It did n't really seem as if Graham could be her child — he was all Roy's.

Roy was scrawny, too, and half sick most of the time. Night after night he could n't sleep with the asthma. Audrey had to get up and set fire to the powder the doctor had given him to inhale as it burned before he could breathe at all. He was gasping now as he leaned over to polish the Senator's hoofs. Being around the barns, inhaling the dust and the smell of the animals, made his asthma worse. He coughed and coughed, and his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat and his pale eyes streamed tears.

Graham whined and clawed at himself.

He had eczema, and his mother often had to hold his hands to keep him from just about tearing himself to pieces. The father coughed and the son whimpered. The bull looked on placidly; the woman sat, solidly comfortable, and looked on too, with something of the same detached calm the bull exhibited. The cough and the whimper were so familiar she scarcely heard them. Her beige silk dress stretched tight around her big firm body. As she squatted on the low box her skirt pulled up, showing the strong, rayon-clad calves of her legs. An off-the-face felt hat made her broad face look broader and flatter, but it was a pleasant face, high-colored, with clear, hazel eyes that seemed pushed shut at their outer corners by the prominence of the cheekbones. It was a strong face, strong with the dumb strength of a fine animal. She had curled the ends of her long bob before she left home, but now in the heat of the September afternoon the curl had all come out and the ends straggled from under the hat and clung damply to the brown column of her neck.

The Senator's toilet was finished now, and Roy was leading him back to his stall. Audrey got up and followed, Graham at her heels, still whimpering. The heat made him very uncomfortable. His mother walked along behind the Senator. She had a magnificently straight back, and she bore her heavy bosom high with an ease that was almost a substitute for grace. She was a procession in herself, walking with the upper part of her body motionless as though she carried a balanced burden on her head, stepping off long steps that began with an easy swing from her hips. The beige silk of her dress stretched and strained, inadequate concealment for the rhythmical flesh beneath it.

In the barn Roy secured the Senator and then sat down on a box inside his stall to wait until time for the big parade of the winners in the hippodrome. The Senator was perfection itself in his grooming, and Roy's eye ran over him

lovingly — the silky coat, the polished hoofs and tasseled tail, the gleaming horns belying his placid face with their arrogant flare.

Audrey wandered off once more down the centre alley. 'Here, you keep Gray awhile,' she said as she left. Audrey never got tired of looking at the animals. They seemed to fascinate her, and the bigger they were the more fascinated she was. But Roy was too tired to go with her on another tour. He sat still and lifted Graham to his lap. The little boy seemed all eyes and sores — it was funny Audrey could n't get that eczema cleaned up. Roy, who had just been shampooing the Senator, observing the clean pink of his skin through the white hair of his coat, did not notice the film of dust on the scalp of the little boy he held in his lap. It showed very plainly where the lank, thin hair parted. He patted the child absent-mindedly and his eyes followed the straight back of Audrey as she disappeared down the long alley between the two rows of cattle, stopping now and again to look once more at the occupant of a stall. Roy did n't exactly like to have her wandering around alone. Some of the men that came in with the exhibits of the big breeders who showed a whole herd did n't look any too good to Roy. But he had n't noticed Audrey paying any attention to them.

Audrey had no judgment about cattle, her husband had told her impatiently. He had been cross with her because she had said right out that she thought the Holstein in the corner stall should have had the prize rather than the Senator. She thought that because the Holstein was bigger than the Senator. He was easily the biggest bull Roy had ever seen, and had a son there beside him that was going to be bigger than he was. But that did n't make them better necessarily. Audrey just thought that the biggest was naturally the best. She liked size. She could n't see anything fine about the Jersey exhibit. 'My, but he looks mean!' she exclaimed, watching

the pure-bred Jersey bull toss his horns and roll his red eyes. The Jersey was fastened, Roy noted, with a ring through his nose in addition to a double rope stretched to both sides of the stall. He probably was as ornery as he looked. But he was a beauty. Roy wished he could have one of the little calves — one had been born there in the stall just last night. 'Why, it ain't much bigger'n a kitten!' Audrey exclaimed contemptuously, looking at the little fawnlike creature.

II

Glad to be rid of Graham for a while, Audrey left the cattle barn. Outside they were hitching twelve teams of Belgians to a wagon. She stood and watched as each pair in its fancy harness was added to the equipage. She cheered with the rest of the crowd when the glittering string moved off toward the hippodrome. She liked the horses almost better than she did the cattle, and she thought she would walk over and go through the exhibit of Belgians again. Roy had told her that the finest Belgian horses in all the world were right here at the Cattle Congress in Waterloo. The two of them had spent hours in the barns looking at the rows of champions and ex-champions and would-be champions, Roy in wistful longing, Audrey with a kind of fascination. She loved them for their size, for the declaration of power that was in their broad backs and heavy necks and treelike legs.

The names posted over the stalls worried her. She could not pronounce some of them, and most of them made no sense to her — like calling their own bull the Senator. Roy had explained over and over to her why that was appropriate, but she still thought it was silly. She did n't share Roy's longing to possess one of the splendid Belgians. Ordinary horses did just as well for farm work, as far as she could see. Paying fifteen hundred dollars for one of these would be about as sensible as buy-

ing an elephant from the circus just to have the fun of seeing its strength make trifles of heavy pieces of work. She had always resented the scraping and stinting they'd had to do to get the calf that had turned into the Senator. It was not that she did n't like the Senator, was n't proud of him. But her pride was of a different kind from Roy's. It had nothing to do with the Senator's being a champion and a wearer of a blue ribbon. Rather it was a kind of sympathy with the beast himself, with his bigness, his health, the male potency of him. She understood those qualities and the serene superiority they gave their possessor. Audrey and the Senator shared a certain competence for life; it seemed almost that they shared also a certain contempt for those who lacked it.

She left the Belgians slowly, reluctant to go back to the fussy Graham. Near by was a small tent with a sign reading, 'See the World's Largest Horse, 10¢.' She fumbled in her purse. She wanted to see the big horse, and besides she felt that she owed herself some little treat. She had n't seen a show of any kind except the one in the hippodrome, and that had been rather dull. She had some fun coming to her, she decided, as she fished a dime from her imitation leather purse and entered the tent. Inside on a little platform stood the largest horse in the world. There was just room for a small circle of people around him. A few men were there, silent as they gazed up at the great beast that stood in quiet and withdrawn dignity looking over their heads. The men seemed very small as they stood under the arch of the stallion's neck. They said nothing at all except for a little murmur now and again as the horse turned his head or shifted his weight. There was a young man in charge of the horse, but he was n't paying much attention to him. He took Audrey's dime absent-mindedly, for he was busy talking to two young girls who seemed to find the largest horse in the world very amusing. They giggled and

chattered and asked the young man silly questions.

Audrey looked at them, vaguely resentful. They were young and they were having a good time, running around together and picking up dates with the men who hung around the Cattle Congress. Their flimsy smartness and their pert ways made her feel old and shabby, although they could n't have been much younger than Audrey herself. Audrey had often wished that she had n't got married so young. Other girls her age were still running around having a good time, but Audrey, who had raised Cain at home until her family finally let her quit high school and marry Roy on the theory that the sooner she was married the less grief they were likely to have, was a married woman with a baby, a sickly baby who got her up at night and dinned her ears with crying all day. These girls, now — the young man in charge was being very attentive to them. They looked at him, not at the horse. Audrey looked at him, too. In a way, he was something like the horse. He was only moderately tall, but his shoulders were of great breadth, his chest deep. His neck, like that of the stallion, rose thick and powerful out of his shoulders, so lashed and bound with heavy muscles at its base that it was hard to say where sloping shoulder ended and the neck began its tapering toward his head. So small was his skull that there was something snakelike in the snap and whip of the neck as his head, close-capped with coarse black hair, darted from one girl to the other in their flippant conversation.

Audrey moved up to the stallion's head and stood there staring up at him. She felt little. She thought of what the brute could do if he got ugly. There was only a futile little rope around the platform. She put back her head and looked up, her eyes fixed as if she were staring into space. There was something breathtaking, queerly satisfying, in being that close to so much living power.

The other people in the tent went out.

Even the girls, having made or failed to make a date, left. Audrey did not know they were gone. In a kind of trance, her eyes were fixed on the smooth prominence of the stallion's chest muscles. Suddenly he lowered his head. He sniffed at her hair, then shook himself and snorted. Audrey jumped back with a little scream.

'He won't hurt you, miss,' said the young man. 'He's as gentle as a kitten.'

She turned around abruptly and looked at the man. He was sloppily dressed in a gauze undershirt and a pair of stained whipcord riding breeches. The gauze did not conceal his brown chest, rippled with muscles like wind-blown sand. The bright leather of his boots bulged on his legs. 'He won't hurt you,' he said again, standing close to Audrey. He put his hand up to the muzzle of the horse, and the muscles flowed like snakes under his smooth skin.

Roy peered in the door of the little tent. He held Graham by the hand and coughed when he saw Audrey. 'Why did n't you come back?' he demanded crossly. 'I've looked everywhere for you. It's time for the parade to start and I can't take him with me.' He coughed again asthmatically and thrust Graham at Audrey, then left on a run to get the Senator into the procession.

'Oh,' said the young man, 'so you're married.'

Audrey looked sullen.

'That your kid?'

She nodded. She was suddenly ashamed of Graham, of his puny body with its scabs, of his lank hair and weak eyes.

'Your old man got something in the show?'

Audrey brightened. 'A Holstein bull. He took a blue ribbon.'

The man snickered. 'Well, I reckon it's the only blue ribbon there's likely to be in the family. No one's likely to hang one on the kid, there. Looks kinda sickly, don't he? Like his old man.'

Audrey reddened and, snatching Graham's hand, led him out of the tent.

She carried him back to the Senator's empty stall and sat there with him until Roy returned from the triumphal procession with the Senator in tow. She petted him more than she usually did and sat with one hand closed gently around his thin little leg. The child dozed and his mother studied him with thoughtful eyes. He did look exactly like Roy — the same overlarge head on the skinny neck, the same fretted expression.

'Guess we'd better be hitting for home,' said Roy.

It took him quite a while to get the truck and get the Senator loaded into it. It was just a small, pick-up truck, and the bull practically filled it. His tail hung out through the bars of the endgate. Audrey was standing by the door of the driver's compartment when Roy came around from closing the endgate behind him. 'Well, get in.' He made no move to help the child, and Audrey swung the little boy up to the seat herself. Roy was looking at the oil, and she felt an impish impulse to swing an elbow into his ribs and see if she could bowl him over. He looked so rickety, bent over the mudguard of the truck that way. She'd swung Graham so easily to the high seat. She felt strong, much stronger than Roy. A new perception of the unused power of her own body tormented her. She wanted to do something with it. She wanted to kick up her heels or bunt something with her head in irritated excess of life.

They drove silently out of the grounds and down the highway. Roy chuckled. 'I got an offer for the Senator — a thousand dollars.'

Audrey gasped. A thousand dollars! 'Oh, Roy, we could have a new car instead of always riding in this old truck!'

'Nope, got to build up the herd. Can't sell the Senator yet for a couple of years.'

'And have nothin' in the meantime,' she muttered.

'We'll have a real herd when we get through.'

'But we need so many things. We've skimped so. The doctor says Graham had ought to have orange juice and things like that.'

Roy did n't answer. Dusk was falling, and it was growing chilly. Graham began to whimper. Behind them the great bull rode in majestic placidity. Audrey hushed the child, but he continued to fret. 'Here,' said Roy, 'see the pretty ribbon.' Out of his coat pocket he fished the Senator's satin ribbon, bright with gilt lettering. Graham took it and held it up to the front of his little suit. He wanted to wear it. His mother helped him. She fished in her purse and brought out a safety pin with which she fastened the ribbon to his suit. The boy smiled up at her, pleased with his adornment. From the brave glint of the ribbon lying across the bony little chest of her son the woman's glance leaped to her husband, crouched in a ragged crescent over the steering wheel.

'What are you snickerin' about?' he asked, peering at her through the dusk.

'Nothin',' said Audrey, still snickering. She glanced behind her. Through the window she could see the white blur of the Senator's chest. In a way, she was glad Roy had refused to sell the Senator. She liked having him around. It was pleasure to rest her eyes on him, a big creature, healthy and powerful, who took the good food that was fed him and turned it into a grandeur of bone and muscle, into proud head and mighty chest fit to display a blue ribbon rightly. She got tired of sickly creatures around her.

III

The truck pounded on through the night. Roy was in a hurry, and as they gathered speed the various rackets of the old car settled down into a rhythm of their own. After the heat of the day the coolness was welcome. Graham dozed, and Audrey slid him down into the seat

between her and Roy, where he leaned against her and slept quietly. Roy himself yawned loudly. 'Lord, I'm tired.' Audrey said nothing. She was lost in a weariness that was the result not so much of actual fatigue as of an irritating suppression of activity. She half dozed, and disquieting scenes flitted through her mind — Roy, looking like a scarecrow against the Senator's shoulder; the stallion; the smooth-muscled man who had laughed at Graham; and the blue ribbon. She kept seeing the blue ribbon — now on the Senator, now on the brown, rippled chest of the young man, and then, provokingly, on Graham's little pigeon breast. At length she really slept, her head against the window.

She woke with a scream. The truck was flinging violently from one side of the road to the other. Clear before the headlights loomed the iron superstructure of a bridge, not on either side of them as it should have been, but directly ahead. The next instant there was a tremendous jolt, the crash of splintering glass. The truck lurched violently, stopped abruptly, and then began settling in a series of groaning jerks, heavily down on one side. Graham gave one small yelp of sheer terror and then clutched his mother's thigh in silent panic. There was silence except for the ticking of strained parts of the settling truck.

'Are — are you hurt?' Roy asked tremulously.

'No,' Audrey replied savagely. 'You went to sleep, that's what you did, and hit the bridge. You might have killed us all.'

Roy did n't answer her. He just kept on sitting there, stupidly.

'Well, do something. We can't stay here.' Audrey was clutching the door handle to keep from sliding down on top of him.

Roy felt in the side pocket for a flashlight and turned it on. Right between the two of them was a long piece of iron, one of the rails from the bridge. It had pierced the windshield and gone out

through the glass in the back of the cab.

'Right between our heads,' said Roy, awed. 'It's a wonder it did n't hit Graham — it went right over him.' Audrey was too cross yet to feel thankful. Roy seemed stunned by the spectacle of that rail, so neatly impaling their truck. He kept shaking his head. 'Damn queer.' The fright had set him to wheezing. His lungs dragged in the air, strangled on it, and let it go again in tearing coughs.

From behind them came a queer sound not unlike Roy's cough. It brought Roy instantly out of his bemusement. He jerked open the door of the cab and tumbled down into the ditch, over which the truck leaned at a perilous angle. Audrey got out on the high side and pulled Graham after her to the road. Roy was already inside the truck with the Senator. She climbed up on the wheel to look. Framed in the wavering circle of the flashlight was the Senator, grotesquely crouched against the end-gate. Somehow he had torn himself loose from the steel that, crashing through the cab, had entered his neck; but the great hole was there, and out of it the blood poured. It ran down under his feet and trickled slowly away beneath the end-gate. Even as they looked, the bull's eyes ceased to roll redly in the light; the neck, thick as a man's body, could no longer support the great head. It came down and down, the horns still gleaming in their polish, to the floor.

'Well,' said Audrey, 'there goes a thousand dollars.' She climbed down and Roy slowly followed. Graham, unable to climb up, had gone around to the end of the truck. Now he emerged into the light, well smeared with blood. Audrey shook him, hard. 'Just look at you now. Look at your clothes.'

Roy yelled at her, 'Shut up!' He stood there in the middle of the road. Audrey and the child stared at him. Minutes later, it seemed, he jumped up and down and yelled again, 'Shut up, shut up, shut up!' though no one had made a sound.

Then he climbed into the truck once more and looked at the Senator. He could not bear it. With an oath, he pitched the flashlight into the ditch. Darkness wiped out the scene. The truck, the man and woman and the child, the dying bull, ceased to exist. It seemed to Audrey that the whole thing must have been one of those fleeting visions she had been having as she dozed off; that she would wake up and find the truck pounding homeward, Graham asleep beside her, and the Senator calm in the box behind them. But in the darkness she could hear Roy sobbing and swearing and making aimless short dashes here and there about the road.

From down the highway a car approached. Gradually its lights plucked the scene out of darkness, restoring it once more to reality, compelling them all back into existence. All except the Senator. He was beyond compulsion.

And his ribbon shone bravely on the cramped chest of the child, who stood, now reedily wailing, full in the approaching glare of headlights.

Audrey reached out an arm and jerked him to the side of the road. Roy was around on the far side of the truck, now. She could hear him wheezing and crying, and both sounds angered her. Her fingers snatched at the ribbon pinned to the child's suit and she jerked it off, tearing a hole in his blouse. 'That's the Senator's,' she said. 'You got no right to wear it.' She shook the sobbing child again.

A car stopped beside them and a voice asked, 'Had an accident here?' No one answered, and the voice went on, 'Do you need help, lady? Have you got a man with you?'

Suddenly Audrey felt like crying herself.

'No,' she answered. 'Just a dead bull.'

VOICES

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Rapture and sorrow
The bird of the darkness
Shares with the listening night;

A desolate cadence —
Its ecstasy over —
Closes the skylark's flight;

And under the hills
The curlews are calling —
Grief — grief, in the failing light.

Sweet, witless tongues,
Of an infinite solace —
If a pining heart could but listen aright!

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

LOOKING BEHIND THE JOB

Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

I want to talk about the most fortunate among our generation, the academic educated. Let us realize that all generations are living in every generation; a man does not *a priori* belong in a certain pen just because he happens to have been born in 1914. When I was eighteen years old I believed in generations, and having read Huxley, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and several others, I of course was disillusioned like the rest of my post-war generation. Later I realized that I had a lot of illusions, the greatest of them that of being disillusioned.

Nothing is remarkable about our generation, but remarkable are the circumstances we meet when going out into life. Never was the abyss between the free life of the imagination as taught in school, and life as it is, deeper than now.

If you have a sense of humor you will enjoy listening to the marvelous speeches made to new bachelors when they graduate, and then looking at the same bachelors reporting to offices for work the following morning. For some years they have been taught about science and art and the wonderful progress during the last centuries; they have been told about our free man, master of the world. And then they get a job. Life soon teaches them that the main thing is to get a specialty as soon as possible; com-

petition is hard, the boss has an imaginary stop-watch, and their personal knowledge of poetry and music does not count — in fact, it is mostly given up at a very early stage of their routine life.

Nothing is wrong about that if these people are content, but are they content? Some are — the Real Generation, with a taste for settling down in narrow or wide domestic life, waiting for promotion or waiting for nothing. Others make up their minds to take life as it is and get the best out of it. They work hard, promising themselves to save enough money to have a life of their own later. Some of them succeed, but when the expected time comes, and they are able to retire and devote themselves to their more ideal interests, they find that those interests have grown faint; and, afraid of the horrible vacuum of free time, they go on working and earning money till death. The same fear of free time is what makes people stand in long rows for the movies, or listen to broadcasts every evening. Business life of to-day seems to burn most people out, and leave them routine animals. Their safety device is: Be safe against yourself, forget as soon as possible about your bright boyhood dreams, and run away from life in the daily routine.

Men twenty years before us lived very much that way too, but with this difference: their routine work was a work for the purpose of progress, and they had reasons to believe in progress. Most

people to-day have none. Many of them do routine work, not because they have to save money for living, but because work is an inherited god from ancestors. The Gospel of Progress is gone; left is the Gospel of Work, and in desperation people let that god become so dominant that everybody who does not do decent work is considered conspicuous and strange.

A lot of people living in routine life are not content, yet they see no way out of the life they hate. They are, in fact, the basis of the main danger of war to-day; they would readily join an army singing songs, for the sake of a change. It would not matter to them what sort of change it was, if it were a change, and if they could say they did not have the responsibility for it themselves. For those people the best cure would be a strong, perhaps narrow religion, to give their everyday life a certain amount of significance. The future may well show a great religious activity; the old gods of Science and Progress will be replaced for a time, and responsibility will be thrown upon more dim and huge powers than the 'master of the world' has turned out to be.

As for the third group, the suspicious group, scarcely large enough to be called a group at all, they realize that work has to be done, not for the purpose of work, but for the purpose of something else. Routine work is necessary for upholding life, but it has to be kept subordinate to more important things. They fight, and they keep apart from that routine life as long as possible; they develop themselves — '*il faut cultiver son jardin*'; they work in the eternal playlike manner for the purpose, perhaps in some distant day, of adding their share to real life, to art. Most of them have to do some routine work just to keep alive, but they are anxious to return as soon as they can to the larger task, about which they have only a dim and uncertain feeling. They face the danger they run when they have to go back to 'life'; they know they will have no recommendations for those years of dreaming; and they will often be

rejected. But they go on with their struggle.

Life has never been so hard as now for people who keep their youthful dreams and their illusions. On the other hand, the few who may some day succeed will know that their success is real and not a phenomenon of circumstances.

Toujours de l'audace must be the motto of that third group of visionaries, fools and artists. They know they are ridiculous, they know that most of them are doomed in advance to a more certain defeat than their brethren a century ago; nevertheless they go on. The auspices for that part of manhood are terrible and marvelous in our time.

So much for the fools in our generation. Others may say that they are the ones running away from life, but that is, after all, a matter of definition.

So go back and listen to the next speech to the new bachelors; don't miss it: —

'Go out and conquer the world. The world belongs to youth.'

In fact it does.

Next day those youths have a job.

At nine o'clock sharp.

PER SORENSSEN

[A native of Denmark, Mr. Sorensen is now studying at Harvard University.]

PRACTICE OR THEORY

Yellow Springs, Ohio

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

My job is getting jobs. Part of my time is spent talking with employers; the rest of it is devoted to talking with young people. I am an intermediary between the two.

This sounds like an employment agency, but it's not: it is the personnel department of one college in the country that regards realistic experience as an essential ingredient in any liberal education. Many schools employ the alternating study-work system for vocational training. But here jobs are used no matter what the professional field of the stu-

dent is, in order to provide him with a background of challenging experiences, with an introduction to varieties of work and working conditions, with an added stimulus to his regular academic work, with a taste of what it is like to have to live on the pay employers may think he's worth. That last alone is an education!

The details of the system are worth examination, but more pertinent to this letter is what my job has given me in aims and experiences and perplexities, what it has given me as a pattern for the future.

My getting into college vocational guidance was partly plan, partly luck. During the past year I've talked with presidents, directors, personnel managers, foremen in all types of organizations scattered from New York to Chicago. At 10 A.M. I hear that the country is in a hell of a mess, and it's the strikes that are causing it. At 11 A.M. I hear that the country is in a hell of a mess, and it's the capitalists who are deliberately bringing it about. And in the face of eleven million unemployed I hear repeatedly that firms can't find the help they want. (Yes!)

The ten o'clock appointment and the eleven o'clock appointment both want the same things. But they both want 'conditions' to provide them. Both capital and labor talk about 'seeing our point of view' and about 'teaching the other fellow.'

Education has long been flaunted as the panacea for all varieties of human ills. It, too, appears to have made a mess of its assignment. It seems to me that educators and industrialists have spent enough time calling each other names, blaming each other for misfits and misunderstandings, shifting the responsibility for future generations back and forth.

If schools are adequately to prepare people for their future places in society they must have intimate association with and knowledge of that society. Industry must work as closely as is possible with education, intermingling staffs perhaps,

interchanging students and workers perhaps, but certainly taking over part of the burden of fitting men and women for life.

This means permeating curricula with realistic values rather than cloistered ones. A classic education if you wish, Mr. Hutchins, but some guarantee, please, that your twenty-two-year-old classicist will know how to apply his proved knowledge when he is faced with unproved modernity. The *a priori* assumption that a person will know how to use knowledge once he has it, that the correlation of theory and fact will fall neatly into place without assistance, has no foundation in fact. You don't train a track star solely by discussing with him the physics of motion. In preparing people who will be faced with tomorrow's problems, why suppose an examination of theories alone will do it?

The college I have the good fortune to be with is moving in a significant direction, attempting to bridge that gap. Discount what you will for my enthusiasm, the fact remains that seven hundred students here are making a conscious and directed effort to synthesize their classroom theories with the facts they meet and deal with when on work periods in stores, factories, hospitals, offices, settlements. Young men and women are learning to project a sympathetic imagination — divested of sentimentality and supported by experience — into the lives of people in a half-dozen kinds of livelihood, in as many different cities. The graduate here has the only truly *liberal* education I know of.

For the sake of the individuals who get this type of training and for the sake of enlightened leadership in the future, some such plan must be as widely used as conceivable.

RUTH WILLARD

[Graduating from the University of Chicago in 1933, Miss Willard worked for four years for a big manufacturing company, and is now Associate Personnel Director at Antioch College.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FEBRUARY

Now when the briefest, darkest day
And white snow meet,
Comes the month of blow-your-hands
And stamp-your-feet.

A man, watching cold earth follow
Its snowshoe track,
Knows it will never end in fire,
But freeze and crack.

Antlered, angry wind rips through
The throat of night,
Stag-horn sumac hurls at dawn
The running light.

The old herb doctor brews for chills,
And secretly,
From yellow root of sassafras,
The fragrant tea.

Water in Huron Lake turns gray
As a face in pain,
In Mobile Bay the Gulf is blue,
Dark blue the rain.

Mississippi feet are frozen,
But its mouth,
Wide and loud with levee song,
Laughs in the south.

PAUL ENGLE

ONE THOUSAND STAMPS, ALL DIFFERENT

Not long ago I read in the newspaper that a man in New York had sold an unused one-cent United States postage stamp for \$1975. This stamp, said the article, appeared to the ordinary observer to be exactly similar to the one-cent adhesives we have all been using since 1922. Wherein, then, lay the reason for the extraordinary price it had fetched? I looked up the subject in the catalogue and found that whereas Franklin's portrait, uncanceled, was worth only one cent if it had ten perforations, the same stamp with eleven perforations was virtually priceless; or, in other words, that the last-named stamp, though known to

exist, was so exceedingly scarce that the cataloguer could put no market value on it. How surprising that the Post Office Department had happened to issue a few copies with eleven perforations! How much more amazing that anyone should have detected the magic number of eleven among the millions of ten-notched one-cent stamps in daily use!

Such philatelic romances are not uncommon. There is the case of the Philadelphia junkman who for a few dollars bought several barrels of discarded papers from a banking house. Sorting them over, he found a score of envelopes with strange-looking stamps, which proved to be the rare St. Louis Postmaster issues of 1845-1847, and these he later sold for more than \$5000. Another delightful experience was that of the Washington man who purchased at his local post office some sheets of the first United States air-mail stamps on the day they were placed on sale, May 13, 1918. The face value of each of these stamps was twenty-four cents, and the design showed a blue airplane in a carmine-rose frame. As he walked from the window the purchaser saw to his astonishment that on one sheet of one hundred stamps the airplane had been printed upside down. Showing this sheet to the clerk, he said he would like to buy some more of similar design. There were no more; the printing was an error, and the postal authorities declared the purchaser must surrender his odd sheet. This he refused to do, and when, shortly afterwards, the Department discovered three more incorrectly printed sheets and destroyed them the lucky owner was able to dispose of his unique treasures for \$15,000. There's romance for you!

One more adventure. A neighbor of mine came upon a St. Louis Postmaster stamp of 1847 affixed to an envelope among some old letters in a trunk. This stamp was originally issued in two denominations, five and ten cents. My neighbor's find was of the latter value; but when he moistened a corner of the stamp and curled it from the envelope he saw on the reverse side a

printing of the same stamp of the five-cent denomination. That St. Louis postmaster must have been a thrifty soul. Apparently a customer had asked for a ten-cent stamp. The postmaster had picked up a slip of paper and printed it with the five-cent die; then, noticing his mistake, he had simply turned the slip over and printed the ten-cent stamp on the other face. So far as is known, he never did this in any other case, with the result that my neighbor acquired a philatelic prize of the first magnitude.

The woods are full of collectors these days, and one wonders wherein lies the fascination for those who do not pursue the business for financial gain. Most boys ride the hobby; in my schooldays I had a stamp collection, which was relegated to the attic when I left home for college. Years passed; I had an attic of my own, as well as a wife and children. Then one rainy Saturday afternoon I happened to stop before the window of a stamp dealer. My eye lighted on a bulky envelope with the legend: '1000; All Different.' I gazed, walked on; then turned back, went into the shop, and bought that bulging packet.

Somehow I had recaptured an ancient thrill. At home I dumped my treasures on my study table and started to sort them. My wife called to me that dinner was ready, called several times. That evening I continued sorting and arranging until long after the rest of the household were in bed.

I dug out my schoolboy collection; I bought loose-leaf albums, a catalogue, a watermark detector, all the paraphernalia. That winter was a red-letter one for me. Of course I could n't keep my new hobby a secret from my wife, but she was very nice about it; if it amused me, she had no objection — it would n't be any more expensive than bridge at the club.

Then we moved to the country, and there were new occupations for spare hours, the garden, the garage, the tool shed. No stamp dealers' windows cajoled me, and my collection — the second vintage — was left unopened on its shelf. Perhaps it would still be gathering dust had not my ten-year-old son said to me, 'Father, I wish you'd help me collect stamps.'

I grinned. The primitive male instinct! On my next trip to town I bought the latest type of album, the newest catalogue. Homework finished, David and I nowadays

put in an hour of pure satisfaction with our stamps. Recently a neighbor dropped in while we were thus engaged. 'I used to collect them when I was a boy,' he said, and, sitting down, helped us sort and classify.

A week later I met him on the street. 'I've bought one of those stamp packets,' he confided. 'You know — one thousand, all different. I guess my wife thinks I'm crazy, but she's going to give me an album at Christmas.' I felt a new kinship with my neighbor. Then, shortly afterwards, he and I went one evening to a meeting of our Reading Club at the house of a retired colonel. We were the first to arrive, and our host greeted us with 'Well, what knotty problem have you two been debating?'

'We were talking of early United States stamps,' I confessed. 'I don't suppose they're in your line.'

The Colonel grinned. 'Sit down. You know I like to go to auctions. Well, last year I went to one and the auctioneer held up a slop jar. "What am I offered for this jar and its contents?" he invited. "What are the contents?" I asked. "A lot of old papers," he said. For sport I bid a dollar, and was finally stuck with the jar at four. I brought it home, feeling pretty sheepish, and my wife said, "What in the world have you got there?" To put up a front I retorted, "Something very valuable," and, dumping the contents on the rug, I got down on my knees and made sounds of joy. "They're postage stamps tied up in little bundles," I declared, pretending delight. "You can't do anything with them," my wife scoffed. "Oh yes, I can," I said. "There's the making here of a fine United States collection." And there was. There were scores of duplicates in that jar, and I'll give you fellows any you want.'

I think my neighbor and I liked the Colonel even better than we had before.

The gentle hobby is unfortunately being exploited, commercialized. The Philatelic Agency, a branch of the Post Office Department, sold nearly a million dollars' worth of stamps to collectors last year. There is a craze for first-day covers, envelopes bearing a stamp postmarked with the date on which that particular adhesive was originally issued. The government sent an official to postmark stamps at 'the world's most southerly post office,' Admiral Byrd's Little America. If the craze con-

tinues at its present pace, warehouses rather than albums will be needed by collectors — not by such simple souls, however, as my friends and myself, who seek and find in our hobby escape into a world free from cares.

Mrs. Battle loved 'a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game.' For her whist table I would substitute a table with an album, a pile of newly acquired stamps, an envelope of hinges. Her card players I would replace by David, our neighbor from across the way, or the Colonel who bid in the slop jar. Then let the wind howl or the snow fall or business be what it will; serenity will enwrap us and no one rise a loser from our game.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

AUNT MARY'S MEMORY

THERE are conflicting stories about Dan'el and his Gap. But for many years we have cut the timber and built our houses, cultivated our fields and berry patches, on the green mountainsides of Dan'els Gap. We have a post office and a store, but our pride is in our little Union church.

Aunt Mary Crawford lives alone opposite the church, and I believe it is the church that has kept her old heart beating. Her memory stalls sometimes, but her conscience still hits on all cylinders.

One Sunday at the Bible Class, Grandpa Walker felt it his duty to reprove with gentleness Aunt Mary for having written a note to Sister Moss designating Grandpa Walker as 'a heeritic and a traitor.' It was about some obscure doctrinal point — I think taxation, which has caused many a lapse of memory; though, as a matter of fact, Grandpa Walker was sound on the amount of tax money in the fish's mouth.

For a moment Aunt Mary was stunned. Then she rose and cried, 'It's a lie! I never writ no note to Sister Moss!'

Grandpa Walker said no more, though he held the signed note in his trembling old hand.

Aunt Mary crossed the road to her pretty cottage and indignantly threw her immaculate white sunbonnet on the neat stand table. She recoiled with horror! There lay the first draft of the note she had laboriously penned to Sister Moss. Memory came with a rush and struck her like a blow. She had written

the note. She had lied — and lied in the house of God. She fell on her knees beside the bed, and for the first time she missed Brother Porter's evening sermon.

The next morning she borrowed the key to the church and, kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for forgiveness. Without, the rain beat on the roof, and the pines thrashed their arms in the chill wind. At last the western sun shone feebly through the dusty windows of the little church, and Aunt Mary felt herself forgiven. She rose with difficulty from her rheumatic old knees and set out across the wet pasture to ask forgiveness of Grandpa Walker, which she obtained in much less time than it had taken her to realize the forgiveness of God.

But Aunt Mary felt that never again could she face the congregation or enter a church which she had defiled with a lie. She would sell her home to a man at Cedar Hill who had long coveted it, and go and live at the county seat, where she could worship in a church never profaned by a lie. All her life she had lived round Dan'els Gap, and she hated and feared all towns. But sacrifice was her portion. She would atone.

When she climbed on the bus for the county seat her heart was dead within her. But on the bus she met old neighbors also on the way to town. They took her to the wonderful park and to a most amazing dinner at a hotel. She had a vague idea that she must go to the courthouse; but she had quite forgotten the name of the man to whom she meant to sell, and, by a special dispensation of Providence, she had forgotten why she wanted to sell.

Arrived home that evening, she described the glories of her visit to Grandpa Walker, whom she met at the post office.

When the man who had coveted Aunt Mary's home questioned her she answered sharply, 'The idee! You know I allers tol' you I'd niver sell my place!'

Now we never speak of 'heeritics' or traitors or notes in Aunt Mary's presence, and Grandpa Walker has resigned as Superintendent of the Bible Class for fear the sight of him might induce a recrudescence of Aunt Mary's memory.

For although we may sincerely call each other names, as in all families, and for the moment resent calumny, we really love each other at Dan'els Gap.

ELEANOR RISLEY

RING TAIL'S REVENGE

IN spite of the crisp November air, and the full moon, and the silent naked forest ahead, Ring Tail the Raccoon was uneasy. Moreover, he was tired, and the bedded comfort of his home in the old maple seemed a long way off. Sometimes, when he was rested and surfeited with field mice, it was fun to plague the hounds—to match his craft against their speed, and his cunning against their scent; to keep them baying their frustration in foolish, revealing wastefulness.

But now, under the soft languor of the moon, he turned wearily and, clutching the rotting top of a stump with his humanized forepaws, drew himself slowly up, and settled there, his bushy tail draped over the barkless bole. Turning his broad flat face southward, cutting forward his widespread catlike ears, he drained the winter night of sound: the soft whish of the wind in a near-by pine; the distant yap of a young fox; the feathered furtive passage of a horned owl; the scampering rustle of a field mouse. All of them he heard, vaguely, not concerned, his delicate auditory membranes searching deeper, pushing further back for reception, penetrating a longer silence. Against the tarnished silvery glow of the moon the two tapering bands of white over his keen bright eyes stood intensely fixed. Only his luxuriant tail, idly draped, belied in its gentle winded motion the concern he felt.

Then he heard it again, and the sound went into him, and he shuddered, drawing up his tail. Rising, he looked steadily across the field, southward, his round eyes wide against the moonlight, his nostrils narrowly dilated. Like a statue in silvery gray he stood, tense, his high broad flank even over the powerful stance of his long hind legs. Into the soft decay of the stump his razor-armed paws bit deeply, destroying with heedless ease the annular record of a dozen long-ago years. The baying came again, stronger, more eager. Already the hounds had found his tracks—tracks he had, in weary security, taken no pains to conceal.

Reaching down, his shadow running out from the rising moon in weird distortion, Ring Tail left the stump, heading northward. Toward the fingering thickness of the forest, conscious of the long climb, he made his way slowly across the clearing. Even the ground, brittle with new cold, carpeted in sparse life-

less verdure, jarred the fatigue in his legs. And a strange fear welled within him—a fear foreign to his remarkable energy and resourcefulness. For the first time in a long and tempestuous life he felt the inroads of age. The necessity of cunning irked, and he ground his sharp strong teeth fiercely.

As Ring Tail reached the alder-bordered edge of the forest the hounds broke into wild, choppy yapping. Already his scent was fresher, easier to follow, undeviating. The realization spurred him on, and he trotted up the barkless trunk of a fallen tree and, turning, trotted back again, springing far to the left, breaking his trail. At an angle he went on, rapidly, forcing his weariness, moving steadily into the grade, eager for home. The moon broke through, fitfully, washing over his quick passage, thinning the forest. The brook where he brought his food for washing came down to him out of the west, noisy in turbulent tirelessness. He paused to look at it, remembering cool shade and soft shadows and silvery silence; seeing, over tired eyes, the lazy leaflike tumble of a bat, hearing the soft beat of its delicate patagium; feeling the resilient moss coming up on his legs, like swampland, forcing him to lie in it, spread out, his short nose deep-buried, his eyes blinking, refusing to stay open.

But now the hounds were in the clearing. And he looked ahead, into the thin cold starlight, to the grade among the gaunt leafless boles of oak and ash and cherry birch; seeing it, feeling his weariness. Gathering himself, he set out along the bank of the stream, worming his way dexterously among the whiplike alder. No longer was he concerned with the dull snapping of twigs or the trackable warmth of his trail.

Not until a ledge loomed in his path did Ring Tail hesitate. Then, in the shadow of an enormous pine, he turned slowly and, resting his broad flank against the trunk, looked back. Not twenty yards away a hound raced through a patch of moonlight, head low, ears flapping like crows' wings. Save for the gurgle of the brook and the yap of the dogs far below, not another sound broke the November silence.

Only for a second Ring Tail studied the needled heights. Then he squared his haunches and, pressing his back firmly to the trunk, waited. Without a sound the hound came on, his short legs churning rapidly, his jowls open over the flapping side-hang of his

tongue. Raising his forepaws defensively, Ring Tail watched, tense, a murderous desire burning in his large dark eyes. Not until ten feet separated them did the hound see his foe. Then, gulping his tongue, swallowing tacky saliva, he yapped once and charged.

Braced, forgetting weariness, Ring Tail struck with a razor-edged forepaw; struck downward, hard, his toes spread out, curved. The blow caught the hound below the left ear, swept forward, laying bare in three gaping furrows the loose flesh along his neck. As the hound's fangs swept in, Ring Tail sidestepped, lashing out with his left, hooking viciously. Already the warm odor of blood lay close to the trunk. It clung to his toes, slimy, like the pooled water over a mud flat. Still on guard, wary, he faced the dazed stumbling of the hound; faced him, confident, his weariness gone.

Blood streaming from his wounds, the dog turned away, slowly, his head low. Like an old man he turned, nursing his pain, struggling to understand.

But Ring Tail was happy. For the first time in his life he had faced his most persistent foe; had stood up to the bared powerful fangs and with deft quick strokes slashed his way to an easy victory. In the shade of the old pine he dropped to all fours, watching the uncertain retreat of the hound, conscious of the pools of moonlight, relaxed.

Suddenly a new sound rose above the yap of the dogs; a sound that went deep, restoring an old fear. Down-curling his claws in the hard-packed pine needles, Ring Tail listened. A man's voice came to him, loudly, the tone of it clear in the cold. Then another, more to the westward, drawing his head around, disturbing. The light of a lantern appeared, too, flickering between the boles of the trees, far down, beyond the hounds.

Quickly Ring Tail started up the ledge, picking his way, following knife-edged black seams, planning escape. Like gripping fingers his paws clutched the pustulated rock, steadying his bulk, drawing upward. From the top

he could see the brook again, tumbling through a circle of moonlight against a ferny wall, breaking into silvered wavy stalactites. Desperate, conscious of long exertion, he started for the water. The rocks near the base of the falls were slippery, slime-coated, wet with spray. But he plunged on to them, stumbling, striving to keep his feet, whipping his tail for balance. Steadily he moved toward the falls, feeling the cold, hearing the tireless bark of the hounds; hearing it even above the plunge of the water.

Closer and closer he went, feeling the spray, squinting against the cold beat of it, forgetting the sag of his tail. Then, suddenly, he was immersed in the roar of the falls. And the moonlight, like a ghostly apparition, shone blurred and indistinct through a vaporous cloud. Struggling to keep his feet, feeling the cold dampness, he made his way under the falls. For a moment the roar of the water frightened him. He felt a tensivity inside, and only with effort kept himself from a mad scramble.

Coming out, unhesitating, he turned sharply and leaped from the wet rocks to the furrowed trunk of a wild cherry. Clutching it, gathering his waning energy, he climbed rapidly. When abreast of the top of the falls he ran out on a convenient limb and leaped to the sagging trunk of a water-gutted pine. Sitting up, tongue-drying his muzzle, he rested.

Below, beyond the scene of his combat, two men with lanterns came into a patch of moonlight. Four hounds strained at their leashes, pulling at the men, nose-pressing the ground. Then he saw another dog, unrestrained, moving slowly, going up to the men. And he saw them drop their lanterns, yanking the dogs aside, hitching them to a tree. For another minute he watched their huddled concentration. Then a strange new thrill ran through him, and he dropped to the ground and, turning northward, forgot the cold and the pain and utter weariness.

CALVIN W. WALKER

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

PROFESSORS PLEASE REPLY

J. H. ROBINSON teaches romance philology — or perhaps it is animal husbandry or the psychology of salesmanship — at Mazda University. In the catalogue and other official publications he has long been *Professor John Henry Robinson*. Now, who shall he be in the classroom? at an informal lecture to a women's club? in the newspaper paragraph reporting his talk? in the salutation of a letter from an acquaintance? on the envelope of the same letter? To his students, his neighbors, his correspondents, — and, for all a stranger can tell, to himself, — he may be *Professor Robinson* in every one of these connections. Indeed, he has been known to remain so in the grave, or at any rate on the lips of his widow as long as she survives him.

At the risk of appearing insufficiently reverent to dignities and hierarchies I am going to say that so far as I am concerned he is plain *Mr. John Henry Robinson*. If he is one of those who really like being addressed in letters as '*Dear Professor Robinson*' — or, horribly, as simple *Professor* in conversation — he had better leave me off the list of his correspondents and interlocutors, for I could about as easily style a clergyman *Reverend*.

Back in an era for which the sophisticated Dartmouth College of these times has learned to blush, a hulking football guard, having for once gone soundly prepared to a class in French conversation and composition and feeling a natural anxiety to prove it, stopped at the desk to say in a hoarse whisper: '*Hey, Prof, gimme a hack at the comp, willya?*' The course, as it happened, was being conducted by a mere *Mister*, — one with the rank of instructor only, — so that the respect voiced, if any, was for a dignity that was not there. In the Harvard University of the same day, *per contra*, one heard the titled great referring to their peers as *Mr. Kittredge*, *Mr. James*, *Mr. Palmer*, *Mr. Royce*. The most widely loved of them all — who, by exception, was spoken and thought of by all students as *Dean Briggs*; some of the freshmen were astonished to discover that '*Dean*' was not a given name — once suggested to me, an undergraduate, that I go to see *Mr. Neilson* about something; and Barrett Wendell, when a scared freshman approaching him for advice punctiliously used his catalogue title, was quite capable of pointing out (in a super-Oxford accent) that he had not the happiness to be either a bootblack or the pianist of a burlesque show.

In general the smaller and younger colleges — and, in some parts of the country, the very secondary schools — have long tended toward the former Dartmouth extreme of professoring any and all teachers for social purposes, *ex officio*; whereas the larger and older universities have tended toward the Harvard extreme of professoring nobody except in rigidly official connections. The Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, long before it achieved (via football) a nation-wide celebrity, developed a wondrous student argot in which a new instructor was a *kid prof* and the non-professorial teachers collectively were the *kid faculty*. But on the opposite fringe of the South the University of Virginia got up an association for '*the encouragement of the use of Mister as applied to all men*,' including especially the professoriate.

If anyone can suggest a wholesome and wholesale way of coping with this sociolinguistic problem, I trust he will confide it to me, for thus far I have been unable to evolve any better compromise than to salute a bona fide practising professor as

'Dear Mr. X.' and then direct the envelope to *Professor X.* as a sop to identification, letting the recipient think me as crude or careless as he may. Sometimes he is frankly revolted by what he calls the inconsistency: though I am not sure that it is more inconsistent to call a man *Mr.* inside an envelope and *Professor* outside than it is to salute him as 'Dear Bill' and superscribe him as William.

The entire social relationship between academic and non-academic folk would obviously benefit by a general freeing from constraint and self-consciousness; but it is difficult to see how this is to be brought about pending a general assent on both sides to the principle that a man's academic rank is not the entire substance of his social identity. We do not (outside the weekly *Time*) refer to a man as Salesman Jones, Realtor Babbitt, Magnate Sloan, or Composer Taylor: why, then, should either his dignity or ours require us to style him Professor Einstein?

THE DRAGNET

BALANCE. On the N. B. C. programme called 'Information, Please' these ears heard that lively critic and nimble master of ceremonies, Mr. Clifton Fadiman, say: 'And now we'll get on with the balance of the programme.' Mr. Franklin P. Adams, present and participating, did not snort, chuckle, or remark: 'I suppose you mean the rest of it.'

KIND OF A. From Los Angeles, California, comes the following contribution: —

In no book or article on usage have I found a passage on the intrusive article in such expressions as 'I want some sort of *a* handle for this box.' One who might say that would probably say 'I want some sort of employment for this boy.' He would feel that *employment* is abstract (alas, alarmingly so in our country), but would not be aware that *handle*, as he used it, is abstract also. . . . The abstractness is perhaps always recognized when the subject is abstract, as 'Goodness is a kind of beauty.' But when the subject is specific the intrusive article is likely to appear, as 'This crystal is a kind of *a* salt.' Shakespeare, I think, avoided the error: 'Marry, sir,' says Maria, 'sometimes he is a kind of puritan.'

The only indispensable use of the incorrect article that I know of is in 'What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?' — H. P. EARLE

My correspondent cites a supporting definition from *Boners*: 'An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.' The idea is that *a* handle is an object that you can take hold of, whereas *handle* after *kind of* should name no object at all, but a collective identity or principle of classification — handledom, so to speak. A *class of* (plural and specific) *students*, as found in one classroom at one time, doubtless contains several *classes of* (singular and abstract) *student*, as the dull, the industrious, the brilliant, the bored.

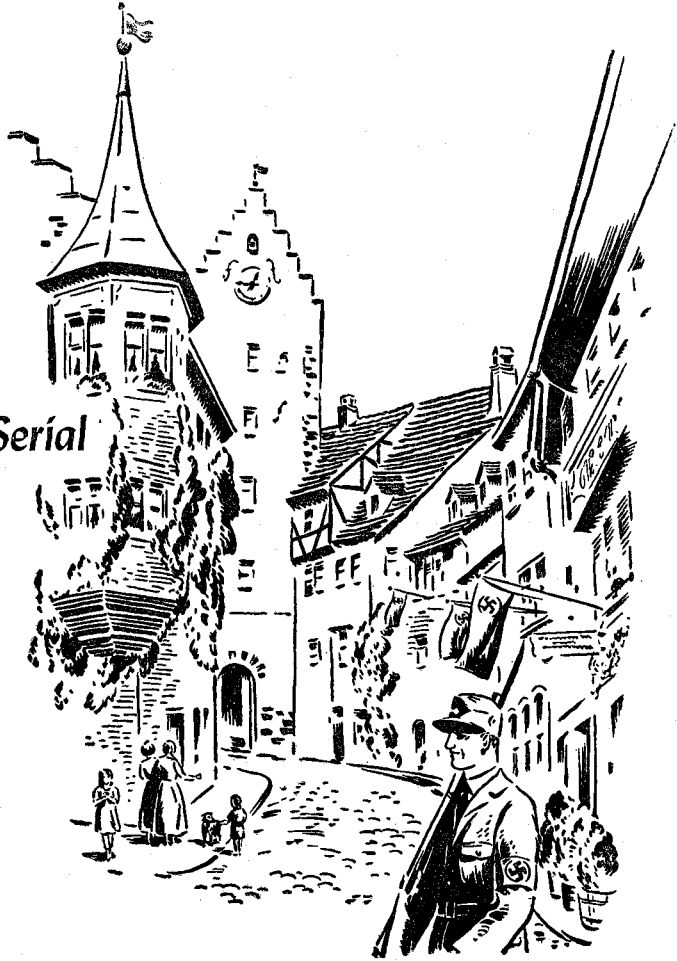
-OUGH. Mr. Earle's annoyed oyster reminds me that our popular lore is particularly rich in tongue-twisters, rhymed rules, informal mnemonic devices, phonetic vagaries illustrated, and so on. (Do schoolboys still circulate sentences of patter that, when spoken rapidly, trip the unwary tongue into pronouncing indecorous and unprintable words?) Perhaps someone can tell me what virtuoso of melody devised the classic-sounding pentameter that illustrates six of our seven pronunciations of -ough: —

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.

And perhaps someone can devise a plausible hexameter that will illustrate all seven.

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial



Reaching for the Stars

BY
Nora Waln

CHAPTERS 27 TO 36

The beginning of REACHING FOR THE STARS

From that day in June 1934 when Nora Waln, with her husband, motored across the Belgian frontier to her new home on the Rhine, she faced the difficult problem of trying to live with and understand the Germany of Hitler. In the four years that followed, she made many friends in the Rhine Valley and in Saxony, in the Black Forest, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and at Dresden. Within the Nazi barriers she found the warm elements of German character — the music, the forest walks, the *Gemütlichkeit* of inns, the happy, healthy children, the family life. Through her husband's work as a musician she was admitted to the inner circle of artists and music lovers. It was all the more disconcerting to her to find the shocking contrast between the deep-hearted tenderness of the German people and the blind cruelty of their nationalistic pride.

Nora Waln was born and brought up in a Quaker household in Pennsylvania. She learned as a child the fearlessness, kindness, and tolerance of the Quakers. She learned also a love for another people and their culture, the Chinese, for her family had for a century traded with the great House of Lin. After her study at Swarthmore, she went to China, where she was admitted as an adopted daughter within the Lin family circle — an intimate experience in the understanding of another people which she has described in her first book, *The House of Exile*. Early in her stay she fell in love with an Englishman in the Chinese Postal Service, and after their marriage she lived on in China until 1932. That year her husband retired from service to devote himself to his life-long hobby, music, and with this purpose he and his wife took up their new life in the Rhine Valley.

While her husband studied music, Nora was drawn irresistibly into the web of German life. Everything that met her eyes in Germany made her aware of the new order, a strict régime of

nationalistic pride and powerful direction: the disciplined customs officials, the formalities of pass cards, the Labor Corps, the Hitler youth, the radio speeches, even the road signs — 'Germans, while you enjoy life in the Fatherland, remember your brothers in the Saar'; 'Hitler — Work and Bread'; 'Thank the *Führer* for 415,673 hours of work.' But it seemed to her that the vigor and healthiness of such achievements were in terrible contrast to the impoverishment of the human spirit. This contrast was almost more than she could bear. She could not shut her eyes to the persecution, the desertion of free speech and of loyalty to kin, the obedience without mercy which clouded the lives of so many German households.

Here were a people who asked to publish her book on life in China, and received it enthusiastically, yet who forbade her to bring into Germany the books which represented to her the best of German and foreign culture. Here were a people torn between despair and defiant faith; afraid of force, but living under a system grown out of and supported by force; longing for peace, yet tolerating violence. So with patient determination she set herself to learn why such things should be. 'Is Germany dead?' she asked herself. 'Or does she lie as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple?' To answer that question this American Quaker has told in poignant human terms the true story of her life in Germany from 1934 to 1936.

These contrasts were to be deepened by the next part of her experience — the winter she spent in Vienna, where she was to find people discussing freely the problems of their imminent national destiny and their changing personal fate, asking, as the people in Germany hardly dared to any more, 'What is life? Why scourges, plagues, recurrent dark ages? And what makes mankind survive every peril, and rise after every fall to reach again for the splendor of the stars?' . . .

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
**THREE GREAT BOOKS
OF THE YEAR**

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

XXVII

MY husband studied music in the Rhineland with a man living there who took a few pupils, not from need, but for the joy of teaching those who love the German harmonies. A day came when this teacher said that he must bid a sad farewell to this pleasure. He had received notice of a ruling: no professor could teach music in the Fatherland any more unless he secured a permit from a Bureau of Enlightenment at Berlin.

He explained that he was an old man too set in the concepts of an earlier generation to comply with a request that he present his credentials at a bureau in Berlin and trace his family tree back to 1800. He belonged to another era — a time when men believed that art knows no barriers of race, color, or creed. He could not apply for the certificate, although his reluctance covered no anxiety lest Jewish blood should be discovered in his veins. His inheritance was that accepted, even heralded as 'Aryan,' Nordic, purely German. But he could not go back on his belief that civilization rests on a foundation built of many different stones, each contributory to the upward soaring of art.

Neither could he flaunt his opinion in the face of youth. Another generation possesses the world. He would offer no resistance to this decree; he would not put it to the test by continuing to teach without a permit. He was tired and old. He said that truth is not easy to find. Youth must find its own way to

truth — stumble blindly, if need be. He liked to teach, but he bade his pupils '*Auf Wiedersehen*' with a melancholy resignation, saying, 'I do not live in this world. I live in memory with men who are gone.'

I was shaken by this incident, and suffered an inner panic from it. I do not know why it disturbed me so much. It may be that one who has lived with Quakers and Chinese unreasonably expects leadership from the aged everywhere, and too surely feels that it is the duty of the old to light the path for youth.

I was disconcerted beyond anything that my words have power to explain each time I encountered shifting sands beneath the feet of the German cultured. The more I came to know of their great music and great literature, the more seriously was I disturbed by such happenings, large and small. These are a people unto whom much light has been given, a people who have been favored again and again by the birth among them of men empowered to hold a candle up to truth.

I was led to a decision I had been trying to avoid. For some time I had been uneasy about having my daughter grow up in Europe. She ought to be in Pennsylvania, where she could have the things which I had been privileged to have. I do not like to be without her, but now I wrote, and had prompt assurance that she would be welcome. We all spent a few weeks in the United

States. Too soon she was settled, and we sailed away, landing at Hamburg and motoring across Germany. Our next sojourn among the Germans was to be at Vienna.

XXVIII

Up from Munich over *Reichsautobahnen* we traveled to Austria. Designed to conform to the landscape, and built by the *Dritte Reich* to endure a thousand years, these handsome roads provide for those in haste an opportunity for speed with safety, and give to the leisured a glorious panorama of views through the magnificent Bavarian Alps. The day was the last of October in 1936.

We passed a river valley where three seasons had met. Summer was by the water, grass green and flowers in bloom. A buzzing *Bombus* flew boisterously into our car; invited out again, the bumblebee showed no concern about the season, but wandered from blossom to blossom in a honey-foraging. Autumn stood above summer on the steep sides of this deep vale, leafed trees and shrubs making a wide band of red and gold. Higher still the snows of winter glistened on conifers; and frigid mountain peaks, their white unmarred, seemed to touch the blue sky.

Leaving the river, our road ascended decisively, rounding rugged ways until we arrived at heights where snow was falling. We were glad then of the wind-shield warmer which we had got in Berlin, on German advice, to keep our vision clear. We came, at Berchtesgaden, to weather suddenly fair.

In his *Holy Roman Empire*, in the section on Frederick Barbarossa, Lord Bryce has written: 'To the southwest of the green plain that girdles in the rock of Salzburg, the gigantic mass of Untersberg frowns over the road which winds up a long defile to the glen and lake of Berchtesgaden. There, far up among its limestone crags, in a spot scarcely accessible to human feet, the peasants of the valley point out to the traveler the

black mouth of a cavern, and tell him that within the red-bearded Emperor lies amid his knights in an enchanted sleep, waiting the hour when ravens shall cease to hover round the peak, and the pear trees blossom in the valley, to descend with his crusaders and bring back to Germany the golden age of peace and strength and unity.'

During the years that I had lived among the Germans I had heard frequent acclaim of Frederick Barbarossa, a red-bearded, blue-eyed knight-errant of their mediæval times. I had listened to celebration of his superb health and sound common sense, his courage in support of justice, his truth and honor, his joy in righteousness. Whether or not history could confirm all these attributes was unimportant to me. For me it was enough that Germans of my day found good the virtues they proclaimed as his.

Because they did, I carried a wreath of laurel to Berchtesgaden. I found mountain peasants who assured me that the English nobleman's report is correct, and led me to the cavern. I put my tribute there, from whence, so simple folk trust, a knight of these virtues shall come forth supported by his crusaders.

In this same glen of Berchtesgaden a man named Adolf Hitler has his house in our time. He was born at Braunau on the River Inn, across the Austrian frontier, but not far off as the crow flies. From the romantic glen of Barbarossa's legendary resting place he now bugles a call of race to Germans in every part of the world.

'Do you think that the *Führer* of your *Dritte Reich* might be your blond knight risen in another guise?' I queried.

The burly Bavarians who had brought me here exchanged quick glances. One of the two spoke. This was the only reply I could get from them: 'Time will give the answer.'

A short way on, we encountered the red and white pole of the German frontier. 'Heil Hitler!' exclaimed the guard; and, when formalities for exit were com-

pleted, 'Heil Hitler! — *Auf Wiedersehen!*'

'*Grüß Gott,*' said the guard on the Austrian side, wearing a uniform much less natty than those we had left. The national colors here were red-white-red, and this was called the land of the Fatherland Front. Evidently it was easier to get past 'Greet God' than to go by 'Heil Hitler' guards. The formalities were quickly done, and my husband was back in the car.

We would find life in Austria, so Rhinelanders had told us, German '*durch Schlamperei gemildert.*' I wondered about this now. Would life here be milder? And would it be through sloppiness that it was mild?

As we drove into the country, Austria appeared poverty-stricken. The first house that we passed needed the roof mended, and its paint was long since washed off, if ever it had any. The road was not as in Germany. It was rough and there were potholes. Those who lived on this side could look over to the fine new boulevard, the smart uniforms, and all the shining polish of the *Dritte Reich*.

But the people we passed carried themselves with a nonchalance, as if well content with their own side of the boundary. We saw them in broken shoes, gray capes worn and drab, looking not in the least crushed by circumstance, but wearing the patina of poverty with a fine air. The scenery here was softer than that of the Bavarian Alps — less grand. *Eine liebliche Landschaft*, a darling landscape, seen in a drizzle of rain which soon set in.

We asked a man we overtook if he would like a lift. He was going to Salzburg. So were we.

'You have come from the Devil's *Reich?*' he asked when settled.

Turning in my seat, I probably stared outlandishly. My husband, who never enters into political discussions in foreign countries, drove steadily on. The guest in our back seat threw up his head and

laughed; then sobered and said, 'A man must laugh while he can. The calamity our brethren across the way suffer is about due to roll over us.'

I reminded him of the agreement made in the past July wherein, according to what I had read in newspapers, the Austrian Government had received full and satisfactory assurance of the German intention strictly to respect Austrian independence. He had n't the least faith in this agreement. He declared that it only provided more cover for sly underground propaganda issued from Berlin, designed to rouse a cry for union from this side of the boundary. This, he stated, had been intensified since the signing of the agreement.

'Do you think that this propaganda will succeed?'

He spoke slowly, sadly, each word clear: 'Self-pity comes so naturally to all of us that the most solid happiness can often be shaken by well-spoken words delivered with no intent for good. And in Austria our happiness is not the most solid. We have many grievances which make us vulnerable. When people are told in sugared words that they have been disfranchised of their world rights by the enemy who defeated them in an unfair war forced upon them, and are invited in the name of right to throw off native leaders who are said to be the pawn of those enemy states and take their forbidden but lawful place beside their kinfolk in a rightabout-face against that wrong — then, no matter how conservative the people thus addressed may be, the appeal will confuse and eventually stir them.'

He objected to National Socialism because the principle of Germans' submitting in blind obedience to the absolute will of one of their number was repugnant to him. 'I would denounce this idea even if I were permitted to be that *Führer*. It is absolutely wrong. The Renaissance was the dawn of the truth that we are individuals. The Nazi theory leads back into the Dark Ages.'

Suddenly he smiled, a charming smile. 'Enough of politics. Here before us is Salzburg, a little town of the Italian Renaissance that ran away north to tell us Germans of the light about to come from sunnier lands.'

Salzburg would be lovely seen at any time, but I am glad I saw this town first in silver rain. Hermann Bahr described the feeling that the place gave to me better than my own words can do when he said, 'Salzburg is nature turned to stone and stone turned to spirit.'

Here one finds beauty, spiritual beauty, with a sense of gayety and humor. Perhaps these stones do hold more than their geological elements, and something more too than the touch of the hands that placed and carved them. Our passenger said that this town of the Renaissance stood as an island of peace while the bitter passions of the Thirty Years' War, starting in Bohemia, surged over German lands; and the culture that survived, kept safe in Salzburg, spread far and wide when that war was over.

He loved Salzburg and treasured the historic memories of its greatness as a centre of art and music. He told how, during the year 1916, people founded the Salzburg Festival community, its members pledged to keep immortal values alive.

Later, in a book called *This Salzburg*, I happened on an extract from the proclamation they issued then: 'Mists surround the world, and there seems to be no end to the cruellest of wars. Nobody knows what the next hour is going to bring. All the same, we dare to express the thought of a Salzburg festival dedicated to peace, art, and joy. We call upon those who believe in the might of art, upon those who believe the works and values of art to be the only stable things in the eternal changes of time, to join us and to help us establish a refuge in the name of Mozart, where art lovers of all countries may unite in festive delight once the dark

clouds of this world catastrophe have passed.'

We put our passenger down at his request by an arch which bears an inscription recording the fact that in 1920 two thirds of Salzburg's population voted to be joined to Germany. The Treaty of St. Germain did not allow it, however. Before the man left he spoke of that. Standing undaunted in the rain, he called it 'one of the mistakes of our time.' In his opinion, if the Austrians and the Germans of Bohemia could have united with the democratic régime in Germany before it went under, perhaps their joint wisdom might have been strong enough to avoid the generation of National Socialism all will have to suffer.

He ended: 'But don't for a wink of the eye think that I am one who puts the blame for the present-day ills on the Versailles and St. Germain treaties. I know that the men who wrote those treaties did the best they could according to the light they possessed. Faith, hope, and idealism were in their treaty making. I'm too intelligent not to realize that fate gave victory to the safer side in 1918. We were all rushed into that war by an unclear set of circumstances. By the time we had fought each other with every means of science for four years, folk everywhere were quite crazy. Had our side won, the treaty making would have been done by General von Ludendorff and his kind. The peace by victory they wanted would have put a definite end to what was left of the Renaissance.'

I watched him and my husband exchange deep glances and shake hands. Then he asked where we were stopping in Salzburg, that he might direct us. When told, his face lit up. 'Give them my warmest greetings,' he said, and was off.

XXIX

We had a nice stay in this town, where Renaissance and her child and grand-

child, Baroque and Rococo, are present at their loveliest. There was music in the home where we were guests. We met charming people. It was pleasant to stroll through streets thinking that Mozart was once here. We attended a service at the Cathedral. We looked at the *Kollegienkirche*, St. Peter's, and the church of the Holy Trinity. I accompanied my hostess when she did household marketing in the Universitätsplatz, and we went on to join our men at Tomaselli's, where they drank coffee and read newspapers.

We saw many houses with courtyards, loggias, and balconies; attractive wrought-iron tradesmen's signs swinging outside doors; several bathing places for horses, the finest the *Pferdeschwemme* where archbishops' steeds had their wash in the generations before motorcars. We passed No. 7 Getreidegasse, where Mozart was born, and from Kapuzinerberg we had a view of the town, plain, and snow-capped Alps just as he did when he wrote his *Magic Flute* from this height.

When we delivered the greeting from the man whom we had picked up along the road, the family of our host agreed among themselves at once: 'That would be our good friend X.' They said he should not go about speaking of the *Dritte Reich* in the way he did, but it was no use trying to stop him. An Austrian seldom took advice, and all over here had the characteristic, very different from other Germans, of personal independence. They resented the Church whenever there was an attempt to extend influence beyond matters purely spiritual, and in politics had strong wills about the right of each to speak his own mind.

'Especially in these Alpine districts round Salzburg we are an independent folk,' remarked a son of the house. 'We have the historic memory that we stood our ground even against Napoleon.'

He was for a union of all Germans.

He was sure that Germans of the fallen Hapsburg Empire could join the *Dritte Reich* yet keep their own characteristics. These people were not ignorant of conditions on the other side of the frontier. They knew full well the harshness of discipline there, and recounted many incidents of brutality. Among these they told of a young friend who had married and gone to live there. She had written home that she did not like it, complaining of many things. Her letter was opened by the authorities and she was taken to a concentration camp. Despite every effort to get her out, she was kept imprisoned many months and gave birth to her child while there. She was never allowed a chair; her bed was a heap of straw.

The second daughter of our host stated that north Germany is by nature Sparta, but Austria is Athens. In her opinion, Austria's going into the *Dritte Reich* would exert a cultural, civilizing influence. Her uncle reminded her that she might be romantically thinking of Austria wrapped in the greatness which was the Hapsburg Empire, and forgetting that Austria could bring into this melting pot of Germans but seven small provinces and the city of Vienna, a mere six million people to add to a volume already sixty-eight million strong.

No one here avoided politics. On the contrary, throughout our stay in Austria we found politics a subject of almost continuous discussion. My hostess gave me three books in which Austrian authors have put forward a view that unity of language and race is not the best principle on which to base political union. They are by a liberal, Rudolf Sieghart; a Catholic, Ignaz Seipel; and a socialist, Karl Renner. She told me to read them because they would help me to a realization of the truth that the national communities of Europe should be merged in a pan-European government, but not to make the mistake of presuming that these views exerted any powerful influence on the present-day

trend among Germans. Union with the Third *Reich* she accepted as inevitable, and very soon to occur.

When I asked if she thought the majority in Austria wanted to join the *Dritte Reich* she would give no judgment. Many of her friends were decidedly against it. Some thought Austria should remain independent and return to truly republican ways, reopening the closed Parliament. Others hoped for a Hapsburg return in which young Otto would be crowned, and a kingdom similar to that in England. Numbers of their children, like two of her own five, longed ardently for a union with Greater Germany and believed that National Socialism here would be different from that across the way.

She had heard it said that the National Socialist movement in Austria had its greatest strength among clerks and shopkeepers, but it happened that not one of the people with whom she dealt favored it. She believed that the peasantry wavered. They had always been loyal to the Hapsburgs, who had treated them well. They did not like the present régime because they did not like the way the priests were taking part in government affairs. Certainly they were being told by Nazi propagandists of the benefits given farmers in the *Dritte Reich*.

But she did not think any of these things really important. The *Führer* of the *Dritte Reich* would bring his native land into the German union. He now had the strength of sixty-eight million with which to win six million. It was only a matter of his finding a way through the international hindrances. Her mind was fixed on something no higher than my own would have been in a similar situation. She was concerned that when it did occur none of her family should be involved in tragedies such as she knew had happened in families in Germany. She wanted them loyal to each other no matter how things should turn.

She had thought much on the subject of nationalism and read many books. Her father and her grandfather had been interested in movements to lead the Germans of the Hapsburg Empire out of this fold of many nationalities into that of greater Germany. She said that talking about it helped to clarify her thought. I liked to listen. These are some of the things I learned: —

The present-day nationalism in Europe began centuries ago in a rising of the masses against the unfairness of the rulers who held them in base subjection. The time when rulers were leaders of their own folk had passed. Chieftains and their relations had become kings and aristocrats. They intermarried widely, traveled, spoke several languages. Maids possessed lands and the people on them as dowry. Power over human beings was autocratic and passed as a chattel of inheritance, frequently going to heirs who had no connection but a property right. Their subjects began to form units of strength, and naturally these groups were made up of persons speaking a common tongue and living near together. Ideas seeped across Europe from one group to another, even swept across in great tides of common feeling, but only in national units could the people gather power to throw off the force that would hold them under.

The Reformation, so cruelly put down in the Hapsburg Empire, was a strong forward flow of this ocean of demand which was everywhere the cry of awakening peoples asking for the right to self-expression. The French Revolution was one of its manifestations. It has taken many turns — even the fanatical denial to others of the liberties gained for self.

The tide for liberties was strong among the Germans. Energetic rulers tried to keep it down. Then came Napoleon's invasions of German lands and his setting up of French rule, including the creation of the Kingdom of Westphalia, with his brother Jerome on the throne.

He held the Rhineland. He crushed Prussia to the earth. His troops were in Austria, in Baden, in Bavaria, in Saxony — they were everywhere. In the surge against French invasion and the fear of French return which continued after they had gone, the passion of the German people became a patriotic nationalism. In this wave of feeling began that sacrifice of individual liberties on the altar of united German strength which has continued generation by generation to the present day.

After Waterloo, England arranged that Prussia, a small state which had given invaluable help in the battle, should hold the Rhinelands secure against the French. This was an attempt to achieve peace on the continent, and thereby safety for England. Until then Prussia had been counted among Germans as insignificant — a rough, backward land of far less importance than Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, or even little Weimar. True, Prussia had been coming up, but not in very cultured ways. The district was ruled by the Hohenzollerns, one of whom had changed his title from Elector of Brandenburg to King of Prussia. They had built up an army prepared for conquests and seized part of Silesia; but Austria — or rather the Hapsburg Empire, of which Austria was part — had dominated German affairs for centuries.

When German nationalism became the heartthrob of German patriots in every German land, Austria could not lead in a national movement. She was the property of the most international family in Europe, a family whose policy it was to discourage nationalism. German patriots looked to this Prussia on which England had showered favor. There they saw opportunity. The state was young, virile, and without the entanglement of any non-German population. Men from all over German lands offered their services to this state.

Many were accepted. Talented administrators, poets, philosophers, ed-

ucators, and plain business men contributed to the building of that Prussia which the anti-liberal Prussian King asked Prince Otto von Bismarck to manage when the liberalism therein became too much for him. Bismarck made different use of the power he found in Prussia than many of its creators had planned. A part of his activity was the expulsion of the German provinces of the Hapsburg Empire from the German Confederation after Prussia had defeated Austria in 1866 at Königgrätz, in Bohemia, in a war he provoked.

When this occurred many German nationalists of the Hapsburg Empire wanted to leave that empire and be joined in the German Confederation. But it was no part of Bismarck's plan to have them in. They were too filled with liberal ideals and too Catholic for him to want them. Besides, they would bring with them the habit of speaking loudly on German affairs. The Frankfurt Convention of a few years earlier, of which Bismarck had refused to allow the Prussian King to take notice, had been led by Austrian German patriots whose ideas on the trend German history should take were quite contrary to his own. Consequently now, after Königgrätz, the Austrian and Bohemian Germans were cleverly advised that they could best serve the German cause by staying in the Hapsburg Empire and keeping that empire predominantly German in its expression on European affairs, a thing they could not do if they left. Not all Austrians were content with this, but it worked.

It worked. The Hapsburg Empire stood with Prussia when Prussia invaded France in 1870. Long after Bismarck was gone this magic continued to work. Prussia, now the docile state of Hohenzollern rule, contrived that it was the Hapsburg Empire that declared an ultimatum in 1914 and thereby started what had long been pending — a European war. Prussia had the rôle of good friend supporting Austria in a

Nibelungen loyalty. Austria bore the brunt of the defeat.

The Germans of the North German Confederation and the Germans of the Hapsburg Empire got different treatment. The Treaty of Versailles did not hinder the union of all the states and duchies of that confederation into a *Reich* sixty-five million strong with wide lands undivided by customs barriers. But thus were the Germans of the Hapsburg Empire dispersed: two hundred and thirty thousand passed under Italian rule to satisfy Italy's desire for a frontier running to the crest of the Alps; those of Bohemia and Moravia were incorporated in a new state called Czechoslovakia; six million were left to form a Republic of Austria — six million of whom more than half belonged to industrial districts permanently bankrupt because the fierce nationalism of new states made a Danube Customs Union with them impossible, and both the Treaty of Versailles and that of St. Germain forbade this Austria an *Anschluss* with the great *Reich*, except by unanimous consent of the League of Nations.

XXX

On the afternoon when these things were said we sat comfortably indoors, rain beating against the windows, both of us knitting. My instructress came to the end of a row, studied the pattern she was following, which was one I had brought her from America, and counted stitches. Then she voiced a sentiment I was to hear often from Austrians: 'You must not think I blame the men who made those treaties for a single thing. After such warfare men are too heartsore and mind-weary for such tasks as they had to undertake.'

She recalled the terms of the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, imposed when her side was winning. She had a vivid imagination regarding what the Treaty of Versailles would have been

had a victorious Kaiser Wilhelm of Prussia and his General von Ludendorff reached Paris as they expected to do.

She told me something which was news to me: it was that throughout the war there had been hanging after hanging in Austria, man after man put to death for treason, suspected of disloyalty to the cause. There had been no united patriotic will to win there. Some men did their duty. Others did not, and went to their death on the scaffold. The Czechs had not been the only Hapsburg deserters. The Hapsburg Empire was breaking up, she assured me, and would have fallen into national states each racially jealous of the other even had the Great War, which accelerated this happening, not occurred.

She went back in memory to her youth. She had been her father's favorite; he had always wanted her near him. Playing in his room when very young, she had often heard talk which made her think that the world was about to shake apart into 'racial sections.' As she grew older she was very conscious of the struggle going on between Germans and non-Germans. In Bohemia they had to contest for place and position with the clever Czechs, whom it was thought the Emperor encouraged too much. In Styria it was with the Slavs, and the danger from them was that they had too many children in comparison with Germans.

And there was the struggle with the Jews. In a belated effort to establish a 'bourgeoisie,' that their Empire might catch up with northern Germany, France, and England in administrative, commercial, and industrial ways, the Hapsburgs had offered a ladder to the Jews. Jews from all over the Empire rushed into Vienna. Glad of this chance, and being no part of any of the troublesome jealous national groups, Jews could be trusted to be absolutely loyal to the Emperor. With tremendous rapidity they joined the Catholic Church in

thousands, and tried in every possible way to make themselves into good Viennese. Consequently the Germans of the Empire, who thought themselves able to do every task better than the Jews, had to compete with them for jobs high and low. Therefore, in Austria, anti-Semitism was against all who by blood were Jew. In this judgment, conversion to Christianity did not make them less Jew.

My hostess said that her father and her grandfather and their friends discussed various theories as to what should be done about the German position in the Empire and in the wider world. Their circle had been liberal, broad-minded, easygoing. They had not stirred themselves to do more than talk. The Hapsburg Empire had its defects, yet it had been able to hitch along for seven hundred years, and the German position in it was strong, probably predominant. In addition to nationalism there were other things of importance to occupy the minds of thinkers.

In Austria there was much pondering about the real meaning of life. Books were written on this, and they had to be read and considered. There were art, music, and seasons of Vienna Society. Also the fortunate had wakened to a sense of responsibility toward the less fortunate, and attention was given to charities and social reforms. There was plenty to do.

My hostess thought that, of all the political views she had heard discussed in her youth, those of only one man had direct bearing on the Austria of the present. This man was Georg Ritter von Schönerer. He had not seemed of any particular importance while he lived, although he had made a great deal of noise. When he died, some years after the Great War was lost, few had taken notice of his passing.

Now he was important because of an Austrian who perhaps had never met him. My friend noticed that in *Mein Kampf* Adolf Hitler mentions von Schö-

nerer. All that she knew of the *Führer* of the *Dritte Reich* made her feel that he puts into practice the theories von Schönerer advocated.

Schönerer's father was one of the men who brought the steam railway to the Hapsburg Empire. In the national uprisings of 1848 he organized the transport of troops by train, in the efficient Prussian manner, and was of aid to his Emperor by getting soldiers quickly to the places of trouble. The royal arms were drawn against Hungarian, Italian, and other insurgents within a few hours of the time the news of rebellion reached Vienna. Railway Director Herr Schönerer was rewarded with a knighthood.

He was a man who did not approve of the way youth in Austria was being brought up; there were too much uncertainty and aimlessness. He admired the self-confident optimism found in Prussia. He decided that the best schools in the world were there, and, being a wealthy man, sent his son Georg to Prussia for both high school and university.

These were years when Prussia was making rapid strides forward in things military, political, and economic. Young Georg returned home in the seventies to suffer for the remainder of his life because his native Austria was not like Prussia. Austrians found him vain, opinionated, hard to live with. His father had acquired a large estate on the Danube. Georg had this and was rich besides. The time was that of parliamentary democracy. He chose to combine a career of country squire with that of politics, and entered Parliament elected by his home constituency. Later he lost this constituency, and then he secured one in Bohemia. He represented Egerland year after year in the Austrian Parliament.

He started in as a democrat agitating for universal suffrage, spoke fiery words in every debate on railway problems, was anti-Semitic with the downrightness

of a *Junker*, and took an active part in movements against the Hapsburg aristocracy, the Church, and the non-German nationalities of the Empire. He secured some following among university students, and became for a while the leader of an alliance of nationalists and social reformers. He was one of the chief promoters of the Programme of Linz, a complicated document coupling demands for universal suffrage with a plan which would give the Germans a majority in the Austrian Parliament every time, and ending with an extensive programme for social legislation. Georg Ritter von Schönerer never became the actual political leader of German nationalism. He had magnetism and could attract, but those who were attracted soon dropped away, put off by his intolerance and his conviction that he knew the right in everything.

Did the Crown defend the claims of non-German nationalities? Down with the Hapsburgs! He spoke of William I of Prussia as 'our holy Emperor' and tried to start a cult of the Hohenzollerns, linking up this campaign with the most violent anti-Semitism. He lost friends. Even the most ardent nationalists in Austria felt that everything hateful was embodied in what the Hohenzollerns had made of Prussia.

He uncovered serious corruption in the building and management of some railroads in which most of the capitalists were Jews, and started a violent campaign that brought him into conflict with the Liberal Party and Jewish-owned newspapers. From then on he never ceased to flay the press and pursue a relentless anti-Semitism. Because some Jews were wicked he would put away all who had Jewish blood. No fate could be too cruel for them. When a universal suffrage admitted Jews to Parliament he turned against parliamentary democracy.

In the nineties he launched a vigorous campaign with the slogan '*Los von Rom*' — 'Away from Rome.' The

Catholic Church protected Jews, even baptized them as Christians. It smiled on non-Germans everywhere. It was the Church of the hated Hapsburgs. Break from this strangle hold! He offered to join the Protestant Church when one hundred thousand Austrians had gone over to Protestantism. He roused no Reformation.

Finally, cold-shouldered out of Vienna, he retired to his country estate. Hearing that he was not well, the father of my hostess had once gone to see him, and found a lonely man, bitter in condemnation of the present as immoral and decadent, vindictive against parliamentary democracies, busy with musings about the ancient Germanic religion.

'Georg Ritter von Schönerer could collect no following in Austria. Adolf Hitler, an Austrian boy, went to Germany and found soil there for this seed. He will soon be lord of life and death in Austria. Thus do ideas, good and evil, live longer than men.'

Like his wife, our host always referred to the *Anschluss* with the *Dritte Reich* as inevitable. These are among the thoughts he voiced: 'We are not a large or rich land, and shall be of no economic advantage to the Nazis. We are not Nordic. This is the crossroads of the Teuton, the Slav, the Magyar, and the Latin. Despite our German nationalism, we Austrians have never been interested in inbreeding. We have married where our hearts led us. Far more than in Germany have we wed with the Jew. For my part, I think that union of Jew and German produces a fine combination of intelligence and feeling. I do not find the Teuton so perfect that he should be kept pure Teuton. He is improved by a dash of the Orient, and something of Latin, Slav, and Magyar.'

'I am not taken in by this propaganda that the leaders of the *Dritte Reich* look on us as brothers. They look down on us as hybrids, and will treat us as inferiors as soon as they have won possession of this land. Their *Führer* is Austrian-born.

I have seen him several times in Munich. I listen to him on the radio every time he broadcasts, and I have read his book most carefully. I think he is more Slav than Teuton. In *Mein Kampf* I can find nothing but contempt for Austria. There is no hate so bitter as that against one's own relatives. I do not think we shall fare well in his hands. We are wanted in the *Dritte Reich* for no other reason than that he who stands master of these crossroads is a stage forward on the way to mastery of Europe.

'Austria will be a Nazi military outpost, and Vienna will become a commercial city, her extraordinary possibilities as mistress of the Danube fully developed. In Bavaria I heard that they have a plan ready drawn up to connect the Danube with the Rhine, and make our Nibelung stream a trade way to the wealth of the Balkans.'

Before the Nazis came to power in Germany our host had been a German nationalist all his life. He had gone over into Bavaria to stay with relatives, that he might spend three months in the *Dritte Reich*. He had come home ready to work either for an independent Austria with a constitution protecting the democracy it established or for a union with the Republic of Czechoslovakia. When I expressed astonishment at the latter idea, he assured me that he was not the only Austrian thinking that way. He had followed his three months' visit to Bavaria by three months in Prague, and had returned from there an ardent admirer of the way the Czechs had made a success of democracy, at which Germans had failed.

'In Austria we have tried out a number of ways politically and economically during the last eighteen years. There is now no escaping union with the *Dritte Reich*. But it is a pity, since union with a German democracy proved impossible to achieve because of the behavior of France and the support that nation had from Italy and England, that we cannot try out something with Czechoslovakia.

Germans, Italians, and French in another part of the Alps have achieved a republic in which they are contented Swiss.'

'*Vati!*' exclaimed his Nazi boy and girl. Two others of his five children sided with him. The anti-Nazis of the family made the Nazis a wager that by 1940 they would agree with their father's opinion.

'Long before 1940 both independent Austria and the Republic of Czechoslovakia will have bent the knee to the *Dritte Reich*,' declared their uncle.

'That is an absurd idea,' said the youngest son, talking to me alone later. I thought so too, then.

XXXI

When we left Salzburg we took with us a neighbor who wanted to go to Vienna. We did not go by the new and more direct road. We went to Linz and followed the swift-flowing Danube through Pöchlarn, Melk, Dürnstein, where Richard the Lion-Hearted was held prisoner long years, by Krems and Tulln. Then we left the river to see Klosterneuburg. Finally we looked on Vienna from the last spur of the Alps, a cliff called Leopoldsborg.

Our Austrian guest proved himself very German in his willingness to inform.

Austria is about the size of Scotland. It is highland, with a narrow share of the fertile plain which lies at the foot of the Alps. Lordship of the land is divided between nobles, the Catholic Church, and peasants. Some families have a lion's share in title to more than one castle and the surrounding acres. The monasteries of Melk, Admont, and Zettl rank among the largest landowners. Between the great estates are the many small holdings.

The country is rich in water power, beautiful scenery, and fine forests. There is some iron ore, lead, copper, magnesite, graphite, occasional deposits

of gold, and lignite, but hardly any coal. More than two million of the population work at agriculture, either tilling their own soil or as laborers on estates. In the Austrian share of the fertile plain, sugar beets are grown. In the sheltered valley of the Danube, fruit thrives. In the Alps the farmers keep cattle, and manage to get bread for themselves, and winter fodder for their cows, from steep and stony soil.

'The agriculturist is probably better off here on the whole than any other group. Our League of Nations loan was largely used to reorganize farming. Herr Dollfuss came from Alpine peasant stock, and before he was Chancellor he served ably in an attempt to make it possible for farmers to live and to produce food for others of our starving population. The breaking up of the old Empire set national barriers across many peasant customs, including that of fattening Alpine cattle on the Hungarian plain below, and the habit of bringing from Yugoslavia new stock for breeding. Despite the fact that they are better off than our industrial group and the people of Vienna, who administered the old Empire, many of our farmers are so poor that salt is a luxury on their tables.'

Textile, paper, leather goods, and confectionery factories; mines and steel mills, power plants and electrical appliance manufactories; sugar making, and a thriving business in winter sports, are the industries. To one traveling in Austria the factories are not very noticeable. The mountains are sprinkled with inns, and many a man finds it possible to earn more from teaching foreigners to ski during a few weeks in winter than from his labor at other things during the remainder of the year.

This is a lovely landscape, dotted with picturesque towns and villages, cream-washed churches, painted houses with wide eaves, occasional factories, castles, and great monasteries. The people passed were mostly dark-eyed and not

very fair in complexion, and, while some were tall, the average was short. They resembled Bavarians more than other Germans. Their clothes, no matter how poor and shabby, had a chic style. All walked with an air.

The material standard of living appeared decidedly below that of the Third *Reich*. I asked about wages. What laborers got in Germany for hard toil had appeared to me microscopic. When I heard what they got here, and what it would buy, the wages men had over there seemed large in comparison.

'Toil is not well enough repaid there either,' said my instructor. 'The great point of advantage is that our Hitler has been able to get a workable economic plan started in Germany. It is a plan in which the employer has no opportunity for great profit-taking. Wages will steadily improve there as markets are achieved and production increased. And it is far better to have won by honest toil a rough shelter and a slice of black bread without butter than to have no chance to work, as is the case with thousands here.'

He longed for the day when Herr Hitler would come home to Austria. He had no faith in any plan by which Austria could stand alone, nor any confidence in the good will of the democratic powers. On his fingers, date by date, he checked off incidents of their conduct to Austria since the defeat, 'all done in the name of loving friendship,' and asked me if, hearing this, I could fail to understand the fanaticism of Adolf Hitler and those who follow him. These dates and incidents were so many, and given so rapidly, that I found it impossible to recall them for record in my diary. I had but a confused memory of an impassioned outburst.

'We Austrians may not look it, but we are a passionate people. There will be blood and thunder here when we join the Third *Reich*: massacre of the Jews; serious rising against the Catholic Church, which is hated by many peas-

ants and others — and not without cause; and old grudges against the Hapsburg aristocracy will be paid. We will need the German army to save us from ourselves.'

I was astonished at his vehemence. He assured me that he knew his homeland, and then abruptly turned the conversation to history. The Germans have called the land we know as Austria by two different names. First, *Ostmark*, or East March; then *Österreich*, or Eastern Realm. Near the close of the eighth century, Charlemagne battered down the Avars, who lay athwart the middle Danube, in a series of campaigns which caused them to vanish from the earth forever, and took into his own treasury the wealth they had sacked from Balkan cities. He created *Ostmark* as a military frontier for the protection of Bavaria.

When Charlemagne's life was over, the Magyars came up from the Hungarian plain and drove the Germans out of *Ostmark*. Magyar and Slav occupied this Alpine district until the tenth century. Then that same Saxon Otto who went to Rome for the crown that made him Holy Roman Emperor set resolutely to the task of regaining what was counted historically German land. In fierce battles he drove the Magyars back. His successors, Otto the Second and Henry the Third, continued this task, pushing the intruders through the wild mountain forests.

As the territory was reconquered it was given into the keeping of nobles, bishops, and abbots, who were pledged to defend it. The landlords brought in serfs, mostly Bavarians. Fields were cleared, seed planted, cattle pastured, churches, monasteries, castles, and villages built.

But the proud spirit of the Magyars did not break. Again and again they stubbornly counterattacked. The peace of German settlers was menaced, and civilization could not advance. Then in the eleventh century, when German

authority had reached a halt at Pöchlarn, on the Danube, the management of *Ostmark* was given to Leopold of Babenberg. Generation by generation, with relentless vigor, the Babenberg Margraves forced the foe down the river and held what they had conquered. They had their castle at Pöchlarn, at Melk, then at Tulln. Finally they stood in command of the last spur of the Alps and overlooked the Hungarian plain. Christening the cliff Leopoldsberg, they built a mighty stronghold.

The rear guard of nobles, abbots, and serfs had advanced closely behind the conquerors. Sword and plough and prayer book had made this a German land. All the way back to Bavaria it was German. Thus was Charlemagne's *Ostmark* reestablished.

Eight hundred feet below the Leopoldsberg the Danube, hurrying to the far-off Black Sea with water from the Alpine snows, swings round the mountain spur at a sharp angle, and the tiny river Wien, running out to join it, completes there a triangular cove. In this strategic place, walled on the north and west by steep wooded hills, bounded on the south by the Wien, and protected from the east by marshes and the mighty Danube, Celts had a settlement nineteen centuries ago which they called Vindomina.

The Romans drove the Celts away, to establish a military camp known as Vindobona. Vindobona grew to be a municipium, and was queen of a line of fortified Roman posts connecting the Danube with the Rhine. Marcus Aurelius died there in 180 A.D.

Time flowed on as steadily as the river. The Romans passed. The Avars had possession. Charlemagne came; then the Magyars. Finally the Babenbergs chose this site, guarded by the Leopoldsberg, as their permanent capital. Drawing revenues from a domain that extended to include Styria and Carniola, and reached to the shores of the Adriatic, they began the building of the beautiful

city we know as Vienna, and the Germans as Wien.

Frederick Barbarossa, when Holy Roman Emperor, raised *Ostmark* to the dignity of a Duchy. He bestowed upon the Duke privileges almost equal to the rights of an independent German prince. Then was the name changed to *Österreich*, or Eastern Realm. The capital of this outpost of German civilization soon had a reputation as a place of pleasant living. The poetry of chivalry developed here earlier than in other German provinces. Walther von der Vogelweide was its shining star. Here the *Nibelungenlied* took its final form. The culture in the little walled city of Wien gave satisfaction to Germans far beyond the borders of the Duchy.

The Babenberg line became extinct. The keeping of their domain passed to Ottocar, King of Bohemia, a wealthy, vigorous Czech of the Přemyslide dynasty. Our informant said he did not think history exactly clear on how this happened, but one account is that spokesmen for the Duchy asked the King of Bohemia for protection when left without a ruler. Ottocar built in Vienna a cathedral to Saint Stephen.

The Duchy was under Ottocar's protection for twenty-six years. The office of Holy Roman Emperor was not hereditary, and it had come to be a position to which eligible princes were elected by vote of a college of seven electors, three of whom were ecclesiastics and four laymen. There was much jealousy about the appointment. No strong prince wanted a strong rival to get the Holy Roman Crown. So it happened that it was given to Rudolf of Hapsburg, a minor nobleman from the Swiss Aargau. Those who elected him did not judge him ambitious. But when elected he immediately coveted strategic Vienna for his capital, and wanted the former Babenberg lands to make up for the fact that he had practically no land of his own. He found opportunity to cause a war against Ottocar, who, as the rich and

mighty King of Bohemia, had many enemies. In the encounter on the Marchfeld before the city of Vienna, Rudolf killed Ottocar.

Dante in his *Divina Commedia* writes of these two as seen in the Valley of Kings in Purgatory: 'He who sits in a higher place and looks as if he had left undone what he should have done, and who moves not his lips to the others' song, was Rudolf the Emperor who could have healed the wounds that are the death to Italy. . . . The other, who seems to be consoling him, ruled over the land where the waters rise which the Moldau carries to the Elbe, and the Elbe to the sea. He bore the name of Ottocar.'

From history it would seem that Rudolf of Hapsburg, when he had power as Holy Roman Emperor, was too busy establishing his own family to give attention to the needs of Italy. The other German princes permitted him to have the Babenberg properties, but forbade his taking possession of the Kingdom of Bohemia. Bohemia belonged to Ottocar's son. The sixty-year-old Rudolf moved his family to Vienna. Before he died he had contrived that every secular electoral German prince, and the son of Ottocar, whom he had slain, were his sons-in-law.

'He must have had a lot of daughters!' I exclaimed.

'He did. All the Hapsburgs were prolific.'

Rudolf laid the foundation of Hapsburg greatness. He started on their long career that famous family whose policy was consistently that of preference for acquirement of land by marriage rather than by battle; who demanded of their subjects revenues, adherence to the Catholic faith, and loyalty to themselves; who left their peoples free to follow their native customs, and stood for centuries as a bulwark against the advance of Magyar, Slav, and Turk into western Europe. From 1278 to 1918, Vienna was their capital.

While the men talked about the Hapsburgs, my fancy took flight to the towers and roofs on the cove below the Leopoldsberg. Long ago my imagination had made this the loveliest city in the world. It was the only city in Europe that I had ever desired to visit. Out of tales told me when I was very young I had built my Vienna. On a November afternoon I stood at the door to the city of my dreams.

XXXII

We lived in Vienna from November 1936 until June 1937. Shortly after our arrival we went to call on Madame S., who had been a star at the opera when Gustav Mahler was Director, and she asked if we had found a place in which to live. I had been looking, but I had not yet been offered one with a good music room.

There were several people in her studio. When we had told them what we planned to pay, they all discussed the possibilities. A young musician went to the telephone. He returned to say that he had made an appointment for me to look at an apartment on the Jacquingasse next morning at ten o'clock.

When I saw the apartment I knew at once that we should be well situated if we had it. It belonged to an attractive woman who had lived there seventeen years. Loving hands had made a home of these rooms. They held happiness as well as good furniture. She had come in as a bride. Her son and daughter had been born here. She told me that her family had long been Catholic, but because they had Jewish blood they would be destroyed if the Nazis came.

Her father-in-law had concluded that the *Dritte Reich* would acquire Austria. He had spoken, and his kin were obedient. They loved Vienna. They were Catholic. Yet they were leaving. Arrangements for their exodus had been made. What could not be taken away

with them was to be quietly sacrificed. Her husband was already in Bucharest; she must follow him. She was sending the fair daughter, who sat beside her, to England for a little while. The boy had already been settled in a boarding school. She could not bear to break up their home. 'We are Viennese, and Vienna is the only place in the world to the Viennese.'

It was not right that we should have this woman's home. Circumstances that should not occur in a civilized society forced her to beg me to take it. She wanted to leave it just as it was, so that they could all come home when the scare was over. We took over her lease and her cook. She left her wedding silver and other treasures of sentiment, which I did not like to use, packed away in a room we did not need.

She thought the moving a folly, for she was certain that the Great Powers would not surrender Austria to the *Dritte Reich*. She believed that the democracies treasure civilization. The world now knew how barbarism held all Germany in thrall. If the Nazis got Austria, it would be but a step to control of Czechoslovakia. Then the whole of Central Europe would be within their easy grasp. That would give them dominance over Europe. The leadership of England and France would be in eclipse. A dark age for European civilization would have begun.

But it could not happen. England and France had clever statesmen. They would not let it happen. Italy would continue to aid in preventing this. Italy had acted promptly when the Nazis murdered Chancellor Dollfuss on July 25, 1934. Italy's dictator was not barbaric. He could be trusted. Thus she spoke her thought.

I had lived too long in China to have the faith she had in the Great Powers. But in Germany I had for the first time come in contact with the Catholic Church. I had been charmed by the beauty of the church services. I was puzz-

zled as to why Catholics did not make a sanctuary within their church for their members whom the Nazis persecuted. Now I had met a Catholic who came of Jewish people, and she seemingly did not expect protection from her church.

I asked her if the Catholic Church in Austria permitted the destruction of its members who had Jewish blood. She said that the Pope was against the Nazis. He recognized them as anti-Christ despite their profession of support from God. But she had no hope of shelter from her church, if there was need for shelter. 'The Nazis might destroy the church if we were hidden away inside,' she said simply, and added, 'None of us would want to cause the church to be destroyed.'

On December 8, when we had lived in her apartment just a month, I happened to see an article in a newspaper stating that Monsignor Waitz, Prince-Bishop of Salzburg, had issued a declaration that nothing had changed since three years before when the Austrian Bishops denounced National Socialism; and that Monsignor Gföllner, Bishop of Linz, had ordered all priests in his diocese to read a declaration from their pulpits repudiating the idea that any change had come in the attitude of the Church toward National Socialism.

The account emphasized the fact that the episcopal manifesto of December 1933 was still the opinion of the Church. It reminded readers that the manifesto strongly condemned the methods which National Socialism was then using to obtain control of Austria, with particular reference to political murder, and uncompromisingly rejected National Socialism, especially condemning four of its main characteristics — racial hatred, anti-Semitism, aggressive nationalism, and tendencies toward the establishment of a religion based on nationalism.

I cut this out and sent it to Bucharest. I thought it might give the refugee a reasonable hope of an early return to Vienna.

XXXIII

At Vienna we found a vast company of German men and women who had fled from other German lands. They had come from Munich, from Dresden, from Düsseldorf, from Hamburg, from Berlin. There was not a state of the old German Confederation which did not have its representative in Wien, the German city on the Danube.

German Jew and German 'Aryan' had brought their talents here. Toscanini, that brilliant advocate of humanity in the arts and in living, was here, as were a galaxy of lesser men and women from all over the world. They were an unpremeditated company celebrating a festival of German music to which no invitations had been sent.

Until the deluge swept them away, tossing more than one into a Nazi concentration camp, they maintained in a German land the *Freiheit* tradition in German music. Vienna was their capital, Salzburg their summering place.

The musicians whom I met at Vienna believed that if civilization is to live the arts must be free, and creation must be encouraged. They listened eagerly to new compositions, or new interpretations of the classics. The *Komistenbund* arranged chamber concerts at which the young had an opportunity to perform before an audience. Oswald Kabasta, first conductor of the Vienna Broadcasting Company, was tireless in his efforts to further musical talent. Although appearing two and three nights a week at the Director's desk at the Opera, Bruno Walter had leisure to rehearse at the piano with singers, and was ever on the search for fresh voices.

The Opera was the centre of musical interest — one might say the centre of Vienna life. Night after night the great building at the end of the Kärntnerstrasse was crowded from the stalls to the highest gallery. The state supported the Opera. Tickets were cheap enough for all but the poorest, and even they

could get gift seats. I shall never forget a hungry man to whom I had given food in our kitchen. I asked him if he would have another cup of coffee. He answered, 'No, thank you very much, but I should like a *Säulenplatz* to hear Knappertsbusch conduct *Elektra*.' In Vienna a *Säulenplatz*, a place behind a pillar from which one could hear but not see, was half price.

A host of performances that lifted opera to the mountain peaks crowd my memory. *Fidelio*, *Don Carlos*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Margarethe*, and *Der Rosenkavalier* are among them. Knappertsbusch, formerly of the Munich Opera, and Bruno Walter, were the regular conductors; but they gave place at the Director's desk to others of the galaxy of star musicians gathered at Vienna. Wilhelm Kienzl's eightieth birthday was celebrated by the performance of his *Don Quixote*. Bernhard Paumgartner's new opera *Rossini in Naples* was staged with Richard Tauber singing the principal part.

There were star voices in these performances, but what endeared them to me was that the play, the opera, was the thing, not a personal shining. From the smallest super to the lead, the players were a company at every performance. They played a fantasy of life set to music for the entertainment of a music-loving, soundly critical, but generous audience. From among those who sang I had my favorites; Jussi Björling, a visitor to Vienna from the Stockholm Opera, and Alexander Kipnis, an exile from Bayreuth.

There were many troubled here. Some had their money and their furniture held in Nazi Germany, forfeit to the *Dritte Reich* — usually for the reason that they had denounced the decree that no one with Jewish blood since 1800 can create or perform music, and that Mendelssohn may not be played, or the poems of Heine sung. Some had relatives and friends in Nazi prisons. Some who were 'Aryan' were tormented by temptation.

They had received invitations to return to the *Dritte Reich*. All was forgiven. They would be welcomed and feted if they would but accept Naziism as truth. Such men had only to sign a paper saying that they would trust politics to their statesmen and confine themselves to making music — then homage and fortune in their homeland were theirs.

In Vienna there were many concerts in halls large and small. During her great musical past the city had prepared an abundance of places where people could sing and play. There was no question here, 'Are you Jew or Gentile? Are you black or white? What is your creed?' Vienna merely asked, 'Are you a musician?'

Musically, the Viennese public was severely critical. What might pass as music in other places was not counted music here. Those who passed the test were taken to the Viennese heart, as happened to Marian Anderson. She was an American, a colored American, singing the German classics. An unknown contralto, she began her first *Liederabend* in the smallest of concert rooms. Before she had finished the first half of her programme a crowd had gathered that crammed the doors, and still they came. She was taken to a larger hall to finish, and, before she had finished, that hall was crowded.

Once taken to the Viennese heart, a musician was secure. A soprano could break on her high note, and none would hiss. When this occurred at the Opera and a visitor remarked, loud enough for those round to hear, 'That would not pass in Milan,' Viennese seated near answered promptly, 'We know that she can sing. She has a cold to-night.' At the end of the opera they applauded and applauded, giving her their whole-hearted homage.

The *Grosser Musikvereinssaal*, a fine hall with marvelous acoustics, in the house of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, was the place of concerts — a place that so pleased Arturo Toscanini

that, excepting the Opera, it was the only place where he conducted. The 'Friends of Music' have a long and close connection with German music. This society was established in 1812, when Beethoven was at the height of his creative power. He was made an honorary member, and held the society in such esteem that he wrote 'Missa Solennis' for the *Musikfreunde*.

Schubert belonged to the Friends of Music, and gave his only public concert in their hall. After his death it was a fellow member, Joseph Herbeck, who discovered the 'Unfinished Symphony.' The original manuscript of this work, and six other Schubert symphonies, were preserved in the society's library. In 1838, when Robert Schumann came to Vienna, he so greatly admired the manuscripts and publications collected by the Friends of Music that he wrote the librarian a letter urgently asking permission to revisit this wonderful collection.

Mendelssohn was to have given a gala performance of his *Elijah* in the society's hall on November 14, 1847, but was prevented by death. Johannes Brahms was conductor of the society for many years, and bequeathed to them his entire collection of music. His example was followed by his friend Johann Strauss. When we were in Vienna, the librarian of the Friends of Music treasured manuscripts and relics of almost all the great German composers from the baroque period up to our own time. They had a library of about 12,000 books on the history of music, and a collection of about a million pieces of published music. This music was not only used for the society's concerts, but also lent to other societies and individuals.

The Friends of Music had their own *Singverein*, an amateur choir of high artistic standard which was started in 1858; also a music school of which Hugo Wolf, Gustav Mahler, Joseph Joachim, Hans Richter, and Arthur Nikisch were pupils. Anton Bruckner was one of the

teachers. The aim of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* from the day of its foundation was to make music on a grand scale. The friends of music, gathered in Vienna from every German land, made every concert while we were there an event.

The Philharmonic Orchestra gave us beautiful music. The 'Musica Viva' and 'Ravag' are not forgotten. There was so much that is memorable that twenty volumes would be needed to tell about it adequately. The concerts that return most often to my mind are the following: 'Missa Solennis,' conducted by Toscanini; a performance of a symphonic poem, 'Penthesilea,' written by Hugo Wolf when he was twenty-three, given by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* under the baton of Kabasta; the Philharmonic, led by Klemperer, first violinist Herr Rosé playing Bruckner's Fifth Symphony; and that triumph of Walter and orchestra with Gustav Mahler's magnificent composition beginning with a funeral march and ending with a joyous rondo.

In Vienna I heard such music as I had never heard before, and can never hope to hear again. This was the music at the German sunset of that day of European civilization which was called at its dawn 'the Renaissance'; was known at its high noon as 'the age of reason'; and moved to its twilight through 'the liberal experiment.' Night had fallen on Germany when we arrived there. We reached Austria while the sun was yet coloring the clouds with brilliant light.

XXXIV

In music, in architecture, and in the spirit of the people living there, Vienna fulfilled my dreams.

Turning into a narrow way in the hope that this was a short cut on a house-keeping errand, I read *Himmelfahrtgasse* 'Gate of Heaven,' on the street sign, and saw amid squalid tenements a most lovely palace. On asking, I learned that it had been built more than two hundred

years ago for Prince Eugene of Savoy, distinguished for assistance given to Vienna against the Turk, and that it now housed the Ministry of Finance. I had a thrill of pleasure in this. It seemed right for a little state bravely struggling with economics to have placed its Ministry of Finance at the Gate of Heaven.

When my domestic affairs were running smoothly, and I had leisure, the first building I sought out was the cathedral that Ottocar the Czech raised at Vienna to Saint Stephen and the glory of God. Built without concern for superficial appearance, the *Stefansdom* is the church of the people of Vienna. It stands at ease in the very centre of the city, in no way withdrawn from the life of the streets, friendly, humane, cheerfully unpretentious.

Kings were crowned at the *Augustinerkirche*, and were usually buried in the *Kapuzinerkirche*; but there were few who between their crowning and their dying ignored Saint Stephen's. Many gave the cathedral rich gifts. Weddings and christenings, aristocratic and proletarian, were held here; festivals were colorfully celebrated, and here people gathered in times of sore distress.

The cathedral has a grand west front, with a magnificent Giant Door and two nice round Heathen Towers; a nave lifted heavenward on soaring arches, and a south tower reaching to the sky with a tall and slender spire; a stubby north tower held down to this good earth by crowning with a substantial cupola; a steeply sloping roof surfaced with bright tiles, highly glazed, laid in a clear herringbone pattern varied over the choir by the emblem of the double-headed eagle; and many smaller pieces in between these outstanding gifts to God. There is no unity of design.

In Mongolia, prayer mounds are built by each passer-by's putting on a stone as his thanksgiving for safety thus far along the road. The *Stefansdom* has been raised in the same way. It is a heap of gifts to God. Each generation has made

its offering in the fashion of the time — Romanesque, Gothic, baroque, and nineteenth century. Each piece is beautiful.

A piercing east wind was blowing in on Vienna when I first visited the *Stefansdom*. In the lee of the south and west walls, cabmen dozed, each man's horse carefully wrapped in his driver's only blanket; and peddlers had a corner where they sold children's toys. As I pushed open the Giant Door a glorious organ pealed out its message in the music of Schubert.

Eighteen huge stone pillars held up the vaulted ceiling, baroque chapels gleamed on either side, and far up the dark avenue a candled altar glowed. When the music was over I walked about with a friendly woman who had stood beside me. Of the cathedral's many treasures she showed me those she liked best — the 'Servants' Madonna,' a lovely figure; a sandstone pulpit carved by Anton Pilgram of Brunn; and the pulpit from which, in 1451, Saint John Capistran preached a warning against the barbarism of the Turk.

On the Jacquingasse we were conveniently situated for the enjoyment of Vienna's architecture. Our front windows looked to the charming villa which the city gave to Richard Strauss some years ago in gratitude for his talent. We could pass the *Karlskirche* every time we went to the *Palast* where our friend Madame S. lived. Twenty minutes' walking took us to the Ring.

We had but to go up our short street, turn right on to the Gürtel by the handsome residence and well-kept garden of a Polish nobleman, past the modest building where Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, Chancellor of Austria, lived and worked, and a little way on we stood before the lacy iron gates of the Belvedere. The Belvedere is the loveliest palace that I have ever seen in any land. It is a real palace, not a fortified castle or an inflated mansion. From dawn until dark the gates are ajar. Anyone who wishes may go in.

Through these gates one enters a small, self-contained world of fantasy. Imposing yet un pompous, the palace is mirrored in a shallow circular lake, its fairy lightness enhanced by the sheen of the water. Seen from every angle, the Belvedere has a dreamlike quality, as if its three central blocks, each with a different roof height, flanked by wings and then by pavilions, had been dusted with alchemy. Yet so perfectly are fantasy and practicality combined that it is apparent at a glance that this would be a comfortable place in which to live. The façade away from the entrance is perhaps the finer side. From here the walled garden slopes to the Rennweg in gentle terraces ornamented with marble steps, baroque statuary, lawns, shrubs, and fountains.

Gray curtains were kept drawn at the windows. The Belvedere was uninhabited except by wild ducks who lived on the lake, rearing there in spring a charming brood. Lucas von Hildebrandt created the palace and designed its garden for Prince Eugene, who had his winter palace at the 'Gate of Heaven.' At his death it was bought by the Hapsburgs. The last of them to live here was Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo started the war of 1914.

The Belvedere has its own secret world. From this exquisite place the shining hills seem so close that one could almost reach out and touch them. Yet they are beyond the cross of gold on the *Karlskirche*, the Gothic spire of Saint Stephen's, and the roofs of Vienna half hidden in the treetops. From the uppermost terrace one can glimpse on the left the park and palace of the Schwarzenbergs, and on the right the lovely Salesian Nunnery. Finished in 1720, the Belvedere is part of the joyousness which spread over Vienna when, after standing for nearly two centuries as a bulwark against the Turk, the city was relieved by the impassioned assistance of Sobieski, King of Poland, aided

by brilliant leaders from Germany and Savoy.

In Vienna, for the first time in my life, it was things built by human hands that gave me steadiness. Always before, when harassed, I had clung to nature. Perhaps it was because there is such satisfaction with life on earth expressed in Vienna's buildings. Also, it is impossible to be in this place and miss realization of how much that is lovely has been put up in thanksgiving for survival through eras of terrible suffering.

Like others here, I was bound to Germany by close ties. We felt impelled to listen to the radio. And the Nazis in power over there issued a continuous spate of decrees, putting out one by one the few remaining candles of freedom.

One edict declared the Hitler Youth, formerly a Nazi party organization, to be henceforth a state institution. No boy in Germany, or in any of the lands over which the *Dritte Reich* might extend, would be able any longer to escape. No parent could protect a child. All would be ruthlessly drilled on the Nazi Primer.

Austrians reminded me, in case the fact had escaped my notice in reading European history, that the Spahis and the Janissaries of the Turks were Christian children taken as tribute. Through long years the Turk demanded, and by menace secured, tribute of children from Christian lands. Trained in a passionate loyalty to the Turk, reinforced by a blind and fanatical adherence to Islam, they were the most formidable force the Turk possessed. After passing through their Turkish education, these sons of Christians remembered nothing but what they had been taught in the Turkish drill. Spahis and Janissaries retaken by their own parents had no will but the fanatical desire to return to their Turkish masters.

Another Nazi edict proclaimed as German law during this winter was the following: 'A German citizen who, purposely or unscrupulously from motives

of gross self-interest or other motives, removes or leaves property abroad, thereby causing gross injury to the German economic system, will be punished by death. His property will be confiscated. The criminal is also punishable if the crime is perpetrated abroad. The competent Court for the offense will be the People's Court. The law hereby promulgated comes into force immediately.'

A friend was listening at the radio beside me and exclaimed, 'By such measures do the Nazis acquire control of more and yet more money with which to substantiate their power! When all property is brought home and registered they can seize it at their leisure. The People's Court is a Nazi creation which has no connection with the people except for use to punish them.'

On such days it gave me comfort to walk by the *Karlskirche*. The serene green dome, the twin belfry towers, and the strong Trojan pillars, spoke to me reassuringly out of time. Built as a votive offering for Vienna's survival through the Black Plague, this church was designed by Fischer von Erlach and is a triumph of mind over matter. To pass when troubled was to hear a chorus of angel voices sing a glorious hymn: 'Have faith. Have faith whatever befall. It is but a plague. It will pass. It is but a plague.'

In Vienna many voices spoke from the past. What was now the *Hohe Markt*, or High Market, was once the Roman *Prætorium*. Saint Peter's, standing splendidly in a little *Platz* off the Graben, although brilliantly dressed in baroque with an oval-shaped dome, was there in plainer garb long ago. The sturdy, sombre, ugly, yet strangely lovable *Minoritenkirche* reminded me each time I happened by that Viennese are not so foolish or so gay as the casual observer might suppose, and made me feel that Austria has in her stout heart strength to endure, even through a Nazi conquest.

The poor here lived in squalor more picturesque than sanitary. Their homes were crowded round every available courtyard, filled alleys and lanes, and pressed in tightly between beautiful churches and tall palaces. They had no air in their low-ceilinged rooms. They lived in a fusty smell of *Gulasch* and stale smoke, slept in a feather bed covered by a thick feather quilt if possible, and kept their windows sealed up from October until May.

Yet, despite the miserable housing of her populace, Vienna was saved from the areas of utter misery found in some cities by a habit observed throughout her history. The rich and the poor lived side by side; and the city had innumerable green squares, tree-laned avenues, and wooded parks used by everyone. The *Wienerwald* was kept a place of groves, orchards, and vineyards close enough to Vienna for excursions there on Sundays and feast days; and where the plain stretched away to the east, on the other side of the city, there was the *Prater*, a preserve of many acres with the Danube flowing by.

Since the war, the Social Democrats of Vienna had shown other Viennese what could be done about squalor. Two blocks of workmen's flats in which families lived cleanly stood as models, even though riddled by bullets in an hour of civic strife, which I heard regretted on every side.

Light and airy schoolrooms, and fine swimming baths for the general public's use, were proof that the Austrians did not need to be taught twentieth-century building by their German cousins.

In the nineteenth century the Viennese made the Ringstrasse in one great gesture of creation. It is a triple line of roadways laned by wide-branched lindens, forming a horseshoe arc from the Danube Canal to the Danube Canal. The Ring occupies the place where the city's last wall stood. 'The need for encircling walls is now over and we can live!' So it proclaims. Along the two sides of this

triumphal way are buildings in Grecian, Renaissance, and Gothic styles adapted to nineteenth-century use; fine hotels; coffeehouses with upholstered seats from which the occupants can look out through the plate-glass windows; some residences; and a general air of spaciousness given by frequent parks and gardens with trees, lilacs, roses, flowerbeds, statuary, and fountains.

The Opera House, in French-Renaissance style; the Burg theatre, a place where one could hear the purest High German in Europe used in the acting of great dramas; the white marble Parliament; the University; the enormous Town Hall, set well back in its own park; a church with spires of fretwork stone erected by Kaiser Franz Josef in gratitude for escape from assassination; the twin museums of art and history, facing each other across a stretch of lawn where Maria Theresa, a great queen hugely commemorated in stone, sits surrounded by small images of her admirals and generals; and a wing of the Hofburg, Imperial Castle of the Hapsburgs — all these are on the Ring.

The Hofburg was the winter and summer residence of the Hapsburgs until they built the Schönbrunn in a great park far out of town. It is a rambling building, enlarged again and again through seven hundred years. The nineteenth-century wing, an extension to reach the Ring, is surrounded by a *Heldenplatz*, or Heroes' Place, where a colorful ceremony of changing the guard takes place each morning. Bronze eagles with spread pinions are outlined against the sky from every cornice. Its many parts include a lovely library and a Spanish Riding School. The riding school is a baroque hall where specially bred caprioling horses of purest white, with small heads, arched necks, nimble feet, and flowing tails, performed daily feats of infinite daintiness and grace.

Scattered throughout Vienna are the palaces of archdukes and princes, for whom artists built homes of beauty in

eras of peace; and at every turn an arresting arch, a sculptured door, or yet another beautiful church — perhaps such a one as the *Michaelerkirche*, with its charming eighteenth-century front, or *Maria am Gestade*, holding up a lantern of great loveliness.

In Vienna, stern German feeling seemed everywhere softened by southern influences, and enriched by the warmth of the Slav. The sky was ever near. From nearly every street one got glimpses of the friendly hills. The city has a few Gothic spires, but not many. There is sublime beauty in the Gothic aspiration to reach heaven, but those who crane upward too ardently are prone to crush flowers beneath their heedless feet. A place with too many Gothic spires and Gothic people can be bigoted, inhumane, hysterical. I found the Viennese and other Austrians tolerant and liberal in architecture and in daily living.

XXXV

Those who lived here had their dire problems. Vienna was the abandoned capital of a broken empire, the home of more than two million people suddenly cut off from former revenues, and not yet adjusted economically to the circumstances of the present. None denied that too frequently, since 1918, native strength had been wasted in foolish civic strife.

From November until spring I saw a cruel wind drive in from the east, and poverty stalk these beautiful streets. Beggars held out beseeching hands as in the streets of Peking. One could not walk twenty yards along the Ringstrasse without being asked for alms.

'The beggars are a Guild. Don't give to them. They really are quite well off,' some people said, but I had to give to all lest I miss one in need. I can't bear to be fed when another is hungry. I noticed that the Viennese who had money gave and gave.

Beggars rang our house doorbell.

Shaky, white-faced old men, hump-backed children, desperate women stood there. 'Don't give so steadily. They make a track to your door,' I was advised. But I had to give food, clothing, and once a warmer blanket for a woman to wrap her baby in. We had to keep quarts of milk, and a pot of coffee ready on the stove, for those who were too starved to begin with solid food. Others gave in the same way.

One who had cautioned me against giving too much came one day to say: 'I'm sorry I told you not to give so much. Last night I said no to a woman. This morning we found her dead of cold and starvation on our doorstep.'

The Catholic church across the street from us, just above Richard Strauss's house, gave charity every morning. It was impossible not to see the long, tragic queue that stood there waiting. On the way to town, down the Jacquingasse, at the last street before the Rennweg, there was a house at which the poor were given soup at noon. They brought their own basins, usually old cocoa tins, and when they had been served they sat on the curb, or on the steps of neighboring houses, to eat. They warmed their hands round the tins that held their steaming food.

Just off the Gürtel, behind the South Station, there was a place called *Obdachlosenasyll*, where four thousand men and women were given shelter every night. Those who stayed there had tickets. They had to undergo a medical examination once a week to guard against infecting the place with anything contagious, or spreading lice. I heard that there were several of these places in Vienna. They gave supper and breakfast. The sleepers had to leave at seven o'clock. During the day they sat on city benches, or got shelter where they could.

There were many places that gave free hot dinners at midday. The best were those of the *Elizabethtisch*. These were given by society women in memory of the Empress Elizabeth, who had in the

nineteenth century tried to get help given to the poor. The cooking here was excellent. And there was the *Joseftisch*, a society not so wealthy, which also gave hot dinners in various parts of the city. The English and American Quakers gave relief from a bureau that has been helping ever since the defeat.

Thrust down into the fraternity of distress were many of the old aristocracy, and thousands of intellectual proletarians — people with faces wrinkled before their time, knees slightly bent, thin hands that trembled.

Long ago a wise woman in Philadelphia pointed out to me that the number of women soliciting for a livelihood is a barometer, not of a city's morals, but of its economic situation. On the Kärntnerstrasse one could count more in half an hour than I have ever seen in any other city in a like time. They were nearly all young. They had made themselves as lovely as they could.

Vienna had an excellent system of social services, but the city's means were not equal to the need. Before the Great War a good start had been made to help the aged, the sick, and the unemployed. Since the war, the Social Democrats of the city had made intelligent progress toward a solution of poverty; but unfortunately much that they had started had been ruined in a stupid political quarrel. Chancellor Dollfuss, unwisely listening to the advice of Mussolini, on whom he depended for support of an independent Austria, had let the Social Democrats be destroyed; and their work on economic problems, well begun, had been left unfinished.

Numerous private charities supplemented the state services. I did not meet a single Viennese who was caloused to poverty. It was the habit of those who were not well off themselves to share what they had with the poorer.

It was surprising how many charities were run by Jewish women, frequently entirely on their own money. I know

three who gave every cent they had to small institutions, and toiled there from morning until night, often doing the most menial tasks after their charges were put to sleep. Orphanages especially belonged to them; one could get a needy child in without any question as to its blood. Neither the Jews nor the Gentiles I encountered in Vienna favored their own. It seemed to me that people there were neither Jew nor Gentile. They were Viennese.

Only occasionally did snowfall soften the bitterness of the winter. But these were not a whining poor. It seemed that nothing but the hand of death could extinguish their hope and cheer. Hunger did not silence their quick-witted humor, nor did the lack of a coat end their appreciation of the ridiculous.

Vienna had many political visitors. Among those who came were Count Ciano of Italy, several representatives from Herr Hitler, and Admiral Horthy of Hungary. Light-heartedly, with gay remarks, the poor who could arrange a decent appearance deserted their bread lines to work for the state whenever cheerers were needed to give each visitor a good welcome. For this service they got five shillings a day.

Since knowing these people, Mozart, always my favorite composer, speaks to me as never before. They opened for me new vistas of understanding; things that formerly escaped me in his music I now hear. Poverty has haunted Vienna through the centuries. Mozart lived here when this city was the capital of the greatest empire in Europe. He was recognized as of sufficient importance for the Court to take notice of him. He lived in dire material distress.

Kapellmeister of the *Stefansdom*, he ate the bitter bread of poverty. He died in December weather, and was buried in a pauper's grave, his coffin lost among the coffins of the poor. Yet he could enrich the world as few men have done.

Because I met the gallant poor of Vienna I can almost hear Mozart say,

'Things have got nearly beyond bearing. I'll now retire into my own soul for a while and make some nice music for a comfort.' He could put off the call of death until he had penciled the last note of a glorious Requiem, and, that done, take a gentle leave of life.

XXXVI

We lived under a dictatorship. They did not use the handsome Parliament on the Ring, a building in Greek style put up in the nineteenth century when parliamentary government was in fashion. This was explained in the following way.

'We have had to abandon parliamentary government because, instead of trying to make it work, we stupidly used every democratic device to sabotage it. It proved too high an intellectual concept for us, as it did for the Germans. We have fallen back to the most primitive form of government. That is government by mandate. We have loaded all our responsibilities on to the shoulders of one man. We call him Dictator. It would be more accurate to call him Burden-Bearer. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Many of us are. Given time, I think we shall get parliamentary government reestablished. But just at present, with Naziism in Austria supported by the might of the *Dritte Reich*, it seems a good thing to have Parliament closed. A democracy is the form of government most open to seizure by those who have no use for liberty except as a license.'

On February 14 the Chancellor, Herr von Schuschnigg, speaking at a meeting of officials of the Patriotic Front, expressed a firm and confident intention to continue the policy of Austrian independence, with a gradual trend towards a monarchist restoration.

After describing the slow but steady progress in Austria's economic and financial position, the Chancellor turned to foreign affairs. He did not stress the Berlin-Rome Axis, which loomed so

large in those days in the words of Italian and German statesmen, but put great emphasis on Italian friendship for Austria and on the unconditional support which Austria, as the standard bearer of an ancient German civilization, could confidently expect from Italy. He declared that no Communist danger existed in Austria, showing thereby that he did not intend to join the anti-Bolshevik front.

The Rome Protocol, and the Italo-Austro-Hungarian collaboration founded on it, the Chancellor indicated, remained the essential basis of the Austrians' foreign policy. While laying all possible emphasis on the unrestricted sovereignty of their state, he added, they felt themselves the most genuine kind of Germans, and the agreement of July 1936 with Germany thus filled them with satisfaction. Austrians had no differences with Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia. They attached special importance to the cultivation of friendly relations with the Western Powers, England and France. The growing appreciation of, and interest for, Austrian problems which showed itself in England gave them especial pleasure.

On February 22 Baron von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, arrived in Vienna. He was met at the station by Herr von Schuschnigg and Dr. Guido Schmidt, the Austrian Assistant Foreign Minister. Dr. Schmidt entertained him at lunch at the Grand Hotel, and that evening the Chancellor gave a banquet for him at the Belvedere Palace, which was opened and decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion. Members of the present government, and several hundred of the old nobility, were asked to attend, and did.

Baron von Neurath was the first German Foreign Minister to visit Austria since the Nazis came into power. It was felt by many people we knew that Herr von Schuschnigg's recent speech had set a polite but firm limit to whatever Baron von Neurath wished to achieve there

politically. They thought that the visit might be limited to cultural collaboration between the two German states.

I found von Schuschnigg's régime extremely tolerant in contrast with what I had experienced with dictatorship in Germany. The Austrian Nazis turned out in force to welcome Baron von Neurath, cheering him jubilantly. The police, in deference to the day's distinguished visitor, had strict orders to bear with all their activity. The Nazis marched round the town with chorus cries of 'Heil Hitler,' and 'One nation, one Reich.' They sang *Deutschland über Alles*, and the Nazi Storm Troopers' song. They were mostly young men and girls. Other young men and girls collected and marched through the streets shouting 'Heil Schuschnigg' and singing Austrian national songs. The efficient Viennese police kept the two groups apart.

The Fatherland Front was the only political party officially recognized in Austria, but at no time did I encounter, or even hear of, any drastic efforts made by von Schuschnigg's government to crush Nazis, Socialists, Communists, or anyone so long as he or she did no serious harm to another. I expressed surprise at this. A friend answered me that there was nothing strange in such tolerance, as the Fatherland Front should eventually spread out its wings to include all Austrians. It meant loyalty to Austria. Under loyalty to Austria there should be room for healthy diversity of political opinion. She assured me that, although a member of the government at the time the Social Democrats were slaughtered, von Schuschnigg had been appalled by this happening. She said he was intelligent, and every intelligent Austrian knew this act had a serious effect on Austrian morale, aside from the pity of it. Managing to have it happen was the shrewdest thing that could have been done by Austria's enemies. She despised Mussolini.

People in Vienna talked openly on every

subject under the sun. Before I reached Germany, Nazi decrees for 'the protection of state and people' had started the custom of elaborate preparation before discussion of anything political. In Vienna I never saw plasticine put in a keyhole, or a telephone detached. Servants came and went, and voices were not lowered against their hearing. No one ever rose when the last course had been served to put sofa pillows along the crack of a door. I never heard a warning whispered behind a hand, 'Careful! Speak through a flower.'

A German who was on home leave from China came to visit us at Vienna. In a restaurant the first time someone started commenting on the government, criticizing Chancellor von Schuschnigg for trying to negotiate with the Nazis, he sat there shaking like a leaf.

His explanation was, 'My cousin has gone to a concentration camp for less than that.'

Our Viennese friends quickly assured him that there was no need for apprehension here. They said, 'We have a concentration camp, although we are ashamed to have it. It is a disgrace to have gone back on the old established system of arrest and trial. But as a temporary measure this seems necessary. Still, it is n't a measure taken to paralyze conversation. Nobody is put in except a person who throws bombs, sets fires, or behaves in some dangerously unsocial way in the furtherance of some political philosophy.'

They further explained that there were no floggings. No sadisms were practised. It was merely detention in a place safely separated from the rest of society. The detained was not worked as a government slave. He or she could have books to read and paper to write on. There was nothing to hinder the concentration camp inmate from producing another *Pilgrim's Progress*, or following the example of William Penn in composing *Some Fruits of Solitude* while in prison.

Hermann was beaming on them before

they had done. 'That is the sort of concentration camp Austrians would have.' Then he sobered. 'My cousin made his unwise remark in London and was reported from there.'

'You are safe in Vienna,' they told him. 'We retain our freedom here. We criticize our government and the *Dritte Reich* whenever we feel like it.'

He did not think this a safe policy. They retorted that safety is not a thing of first importance. I asked him how Germans were in China.

'Cautious. Mighty cautious,' he answered.

He explained that Naziism was rampant among the Germans out there. A man could n't hold a job if he was n't a Nazi. His wife had to be Nazi. The children had to be Nazi. 'You know how it is in small communities. Out East now, every time a person yawns some busybody reports it to Berlin, and it goes on the *Gestapo* docket.' He thought that the reporters got something for their zeal, or perhaps had their reward in feeling patriotic. He told us that Herr A. had lost his job. *Ja*, they dismissed him from the school. The little ones must not be taught by a pacifist.

'I got a warning about three months ago for going to R.'s. I went there to play my violin as I always have. *Gott im Himmel*, where are we being led? Because I'm by chance born an "Aryan," and his grandmother was a Jewess, I'm not to go there any more. I'm not to play Beethoven with him. If I don't heed this warning, a better German than I am is to get my job.' In the sentimental German way he was nearly in tears. 'R. and I went out to China the first time on the same steamer. We were on home leave when the war started. We fought for the Fatherland in the same battalion. We survived. We went East again. We suffered that awful time when men who had been our friends would not shake a German hand. Germans could not ride or play tennis at the clubs with other nationals. R. and I had our music.

We could play Beethoven together then. Now I must give up my friend or I lose my job.'

'Will you give up your friend?'

'I can't live if I lose my job.'

The faces of our Viennese friends registered scorn. Beneath their gayety is a hard core. Hermann went on speaking, expressing his amazement that there was any place in the world where Germans still dared to speak their minds on politics.

'We are Austrians here,' Fritz reminded him.

'You are Austrian, but you are also German. You ought to be watching your tongues. . . .'

One by one they drifted off. They did not go rudely or abruptly. Each had an excuse. Each said farewell. But soon there were no Viennese at the table. We were left alone with our German.

The economic situation pressed on my thought. An Austrian banker whom we came to know well felt that, while union with a large tariff-free area was sadly needed, any material gain that might be achieved by *Anschluss* with the Third Reich would be bought at too high a spiritual price. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' was his firm opinion.

He showed me with graphs and tables just what Austria was doing for herself economically. His drawings displayed a diminishing line of poverty, and the plans for the future sounded promising. They included a steady stimulation of the tourist trade, furtherance abroad of Austrian styles in dress, the promotion of arts-and-crafts goods for foreign sale, and innumerable things detailed through a sheaf of pages. Nazism he defined as emotionalized materialism, and hoped Austria would be spared Nazi conquest.

He said that the Nazi leaders of Germany had advised Austria to man and arm four corps. Germany, possessed of plenty of guns, but short in meat and butter, would provide the necessary aircraft and artillery in return for livestock and dairy products. Von Schuschnigg

had refused to accept this offer with the answer that a peacetime army of that many men would mean an expenditure beyond the state's resources.

'Germany does not pay for things with money. Giving her our meat and butter in exchange for guns would not help our economic situation; but since then Germany has offered to allow German tourists to come here again; to pay film dues, patent fees, and authors' royalties long overdue; and to give us coal, coke, and other things we need in exchange for what they want. So a trade agreement which should be advantageous to both sides has been signed. Broad hints from German quarters of political conditions accompanied the opening of negotiations, but our Austrian officials have conducted the business on a strictly business basis.'

During this year the German press and radio made much of the fact that Austria was a German state, close kin to the states of the *Reich*. Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austrian Assistant Foreign Minister, flew back and forth to Germany. He attended conferences at Berlin, and was invited to Berchtesgaden. He was lent General Göring's private aeroplane. After one of Dr. Schmidt's trips abroad it was broadcast that these meetings were 'leading the entire German nation to new heights.' Another time it was reported that the leaders of the *Dritte Reich* 'found much still to be done in the psychological and moral sphere of our friendship.' We were told that one of the reasons for this remark was that Herr von Schuschnigg absolutely refused to commit Austria to any anti-Semitic plan.

'The Nazis say that anti-Semitism is historic among Germans. So is walking on all fours,' I was told.

Many people I met distrusted Dr. Schmidt, and censored the Chancellor for having him in his government. Many more were suspicious of the hospitable German Ambassador, Herr von Papen, who gave such nice musical parties.

By April it was known that, since

Baron von Neurath came to Vienna and found that all remonstrances fell on stony ground, pressure was being used in Rome to prompt Italian admonition. Soon the customary reaffirmation of Italy's vital interest in Austria's independence was absent from the *Duce's* official communiqué. Very soon Italy joined the Nazi campaign against Czechoslovakia, and, further, Austria was strongly advised to stand politically aloof from the 'Versailles State.' The Austrian Chancellor would not join this campaign. Instead he began, mildly, to cultivate Austrian relations with Prague.

Apprehensive Viennese continuously talked things over. Many said that they really had no cause for complaint. Nazi bomb throwing had stopped since von Schuschnigg came to office. Evidently he had the secret of arranging civic peace.

The people of Vienna spoke a language German yet not German. Viennese is German with the stiff endings broken off, the verbs put in where they fall easiest, harsh sounds softened, and the whole seasoned with a generous sprinkling of Romance words and phrases. It is used by everyone who belongs to Vienna, from dustman to archduke. All have melodious voices, and give expression a lilt and a swing, a drag and a drawl. Quick-witted, melancholy, gay, suddenly droll, the speech of the Viennese is a *lingua franca* as delicious as their coffee.

They talked of the possibilities of a Hapsburg return, and many longed for the color and ceremony this would bring. But Naziism was the subject most often on their tongues. Thought of it continuously bothered those I knew.

It was round a table in a park, when

the lilacs were in bloom. Mina had said, 'If we must go down under an inrush of the Northern hordes I for one will always be glad that we had as our last Chancellor a man of honor and principle. I am glad von Schuschnigg does not barter away our civilization piecemeal. Gentlemen are out of mode in world politics, but I am glad we have a gentleman as Chancellor; and it seems fitting that he should have musical talent and education far beyond that of the usual amateur.'

Stephanie did not think it right to be lazing in a pleasant sunset. She felt that a determined crusade should be organized against Naziism. 'It is a disease of the mind, a plague that will spread over Europe unless stopped,' she said.

'Our Chancellor has inherited no easy job. He is doing better than any one of us might do in his place,' Mina insisted.

'Bravely said,' declared Fritz. 'Our own wounds have to be healed before we can cure the world of Naziism. His mild policy is the medicine we need.'

Then gradually, as happened with nearly every discussion to which I listened at Vienna, talk veered round to that ever-current question, 'What is life? Why scourges, plagues, recurrent dark ages? And what makes mankind survive every peril, and rise after every fall to reach again for the splendor of the stars?'

Each time the Viennese answer was, '*Man weiss nicht* — no one knows.'

One could overhear this pondering as to why men are on earth in the bread-line queues, in the cafés, during intervals at the opera, in one's own pantry, and in the salons of friends.

Always there was the same conclusion: '*Man weiss nicht*.'

(To be concluded)

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THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

Protect Babies before Birth



SYPHILIS in newborn babies, frequently called congenital syphilis, is preventable in most cases. Read what Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service says:

"The first thing to do completely, in my opinion, is to *wipe out congenital syphilis*. That is one job that doesn't need to take a generation . . .

"We know absolutely that with good treatment, begun in time, there is only one chance in eleven that the syphilitic mother will not bear a healthy child . . .

"We know that early treatment before birth is vastly more effective than any treatment after the child is born."

A blood test will indicate whether or not an expectant mother has syphilis. If the test is positive, she can take advantage of the almost certain protection for her child which medical science provides.

Every mother-to-be wants her baby to grow to sturdy manhood or womanhood—yet in the United States, authorities estimate, sixty thousand babies are born each year infected with syphilis. Frequently this disease may seriously affect the sight and hearing, or weaken the heart and other organs.

At times congenital syphilis in a child, unsuspected by either parent, may give no outward sign of its presence before maturity, when evidence of the disease

may appear. Yet, if a blood test were made part of the examination and prenatal care given expectant mothers by physicians or clinics, congenital syphilis would be a rarity in our country.

The fight to stamp out syphilis gains power and effectiveness every day. Public opinion actively supports intelligent measures for the prevention, treatment and control of venereal diseases. Citizen groups, notably women's clubs, are becoming aroused to the fact that syphilis, scourge though it may be, is not unconquerable.

Most communities maintain clinics to care for those who are unable to pay for treatment. Local health departments or medical societies are prepared to refer those in need of treatment to qualified physicians.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its booklet "The Great Imitator" which contains information that you should have about syphilis. Address Booklet Department 239-T.



The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National and State Anti-Syphilis Committees, is sponsoring the third National Social Hygiene Day, February 1st, 1939. On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with health officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis—particularly congenital syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th St., New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.



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The Cure for Low Incomes

A STEADY FLOW of new capital into private business since 1900 was accompanied by production gains that tripled the per capita income of the country. This represented the greatest improvement in living standards ever accomplished by any people in so short a time. But despite such economic progress, the incomes of millions of families are still insufficient to provide them with a suitable standard of living.

The cure for low incomes is to increase the total national income, so that there will be more to divide. This can be accomplished only through an increase in the volume of the country's total production. The more we produce, the more there is for everyone to share.

The national income in

our most prosperous year to date amounted to only \$665 per capita. This should make it obvious that mere redistribution of our present national income is not the answer to the problem. A Government economist has estimated that production 55% in excess of 1929 levels would be necessary to raise the incomes of all American workers to a minimum of \$200 a month.

We need a level of production substantially higher than anything yet achieved. Production processes must be improved, and new products created. This means that new capital must be invested.

The free flow of capital into private business and elimination of restrictions on production are the conditions necessary for further income progress.

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it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a
better understanding of the facts about private business.*

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The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

If you belong to that large group of people to whom a questionnaire offers an irresistible challenge we believe you will find stimulating adventure in this list of questions on subjects pertaining to the steel industry.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Steel Quiz will be found opposite page 289.

1. One of the six terms listed below applies to an element frequently used in making steel:

- (a) *Singhalese* (b) *manganese* (c) *Manchukuo*
(d) *obese* (e) *dextrose* (f) *mongoose*

2. The first iron works in Virginia was founded in 1619 by the Virginia Company and in 1621 one of the following was appointed to take charge of it:

- (a) *William Ewart Gladstone* (b) *Ben Jonson*
(c) *Adam Smith* (d) *John Berkeley*
(e) *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (f) *Samuel Pepys*
(g) *Lord Darnley* (h) *Christopher Marlowe*

3. The new bridge which is being constructed by Bethlehem Steel Company across the Connecticut River in western Massachusetts is named for:

- (a) *Noah Webster* (b) *Robert Gould Shaw*
(c) *Jonathan Edwards* (d) *Calvin Coolidge*
(e) *Henry James* (f) *Cotton Mather*
(g) *Elihu Yale* (h) *Eleazer Wheelock*

4. Colorado is the major source of supply for one of the following alloys used in steel-making:

- (a) *nickel* (b) *copper* (c) *aluminum*
(d) *silicon* (e) *molybdenum*

5. Most of the nails produced in America are made of steel. They are customarily manufactured by one of the following processes:

- (a) *By hand-cutting from bar stock.*

- (b) *By drop forging.*

- (c) *By machine-cutting and heading from coils of wire.*

6. In the aggregate, the largest users of fence made of woven steel wire are:

- (a) *zoos* (b) *penal institutions*
(c) *lawns of residences* (d) *farms and ranches*
(e) *industrial plants* (f) *public parks*

7. Hematite is a:

- (a) *Substance without which the blood does not coagulate.*
(b) *Form of iron ore.*
(c) *Half of any given object.*
(d) *Trade name of an electric hemstitching machine.*

8. If you were prospecting for iron ore, the chances are that you would carry one of these instruments in your pocket:

- (a) *thermometer* (b) *compass* (c) *stethoscope*
(d) *rheostat* (e) *electrograph* (f) *barometer*

9. One of the following names is that of a man who was intimately associated with the development of blooming mills for reducing ingots to blooms:

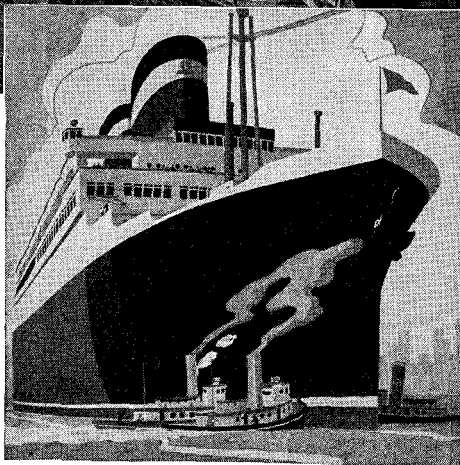
- (a) *George Westinghouse* (b) *Alfred Nobel*
(c) *George Fritz* (d) *John Jacob Astor*

10. What large steel company supplied the fabricated steel and erected all but one of the following structures:

- (a) *New York Central Building, New York City.*
(b) *Ambassador Bridge, Detroit.*
(c) *Taj Mahal, Agra, India.*
(d) *Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.*
(e) *Refinery for La Direccion General de los Yacimientos Petroliferos Fiscales de la Republica Argentina.*

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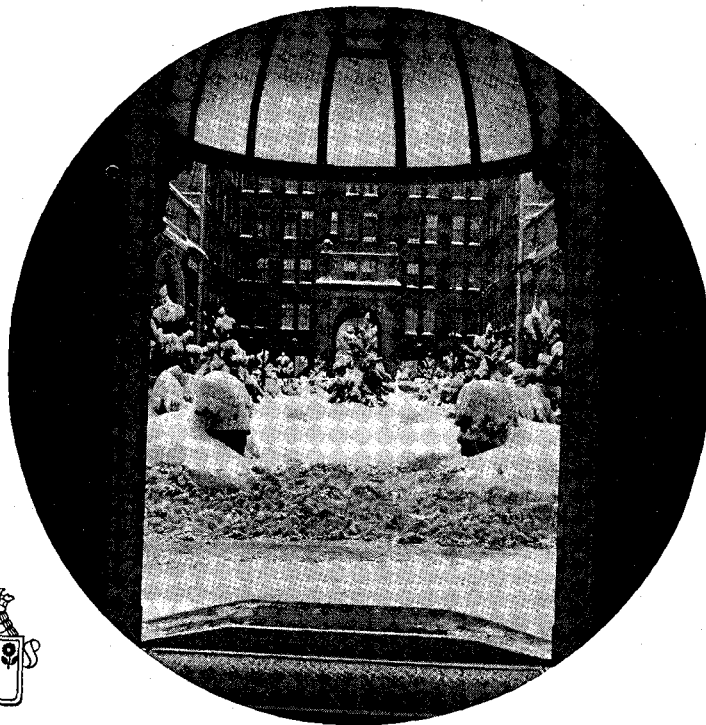
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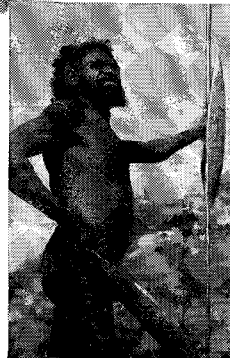
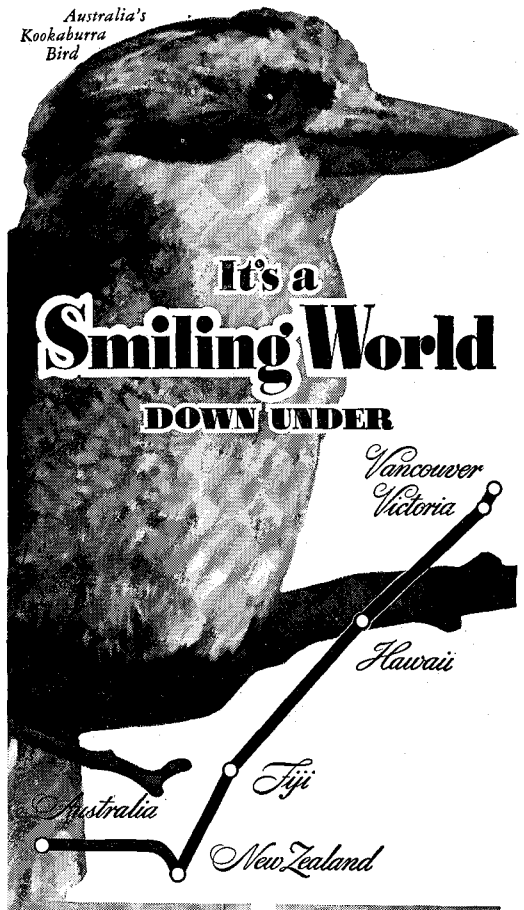


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(See opposite page 284)

1. (b) Manganese. When manganese is used as an alloy in steel, it increases the strength of the steel in its natural or "as rolled" condition and improves the combination of strength and ductility after heat treatment.
2. (d) John Berkeley.
3. (d) Calvin Coolidge. Located near Northampton, the bridge is named in honor of that city's most famous citizen.
4. (e) Molybdenum.
5. (c) By machine-cutting and heading from coils of wire.
6. (d) Farms and ranches.
7. (b) Form of iron ore.
8. (b) Compass. The compass is affected by the presence of iron ore in the ground.
9. (c) George Fritz. He conceived the first blooming mill for rolling ingots down to blooms, the hydraulic manipulator for turning over and moving the ingots and the mechanical driving of rollers in the mill tables.
10. Bethlehem Steel Company.

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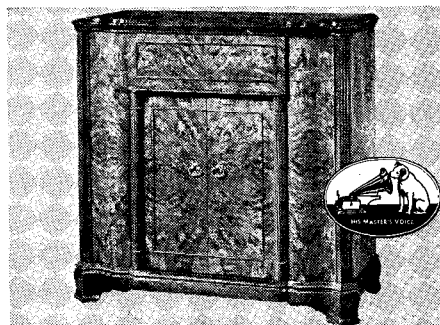
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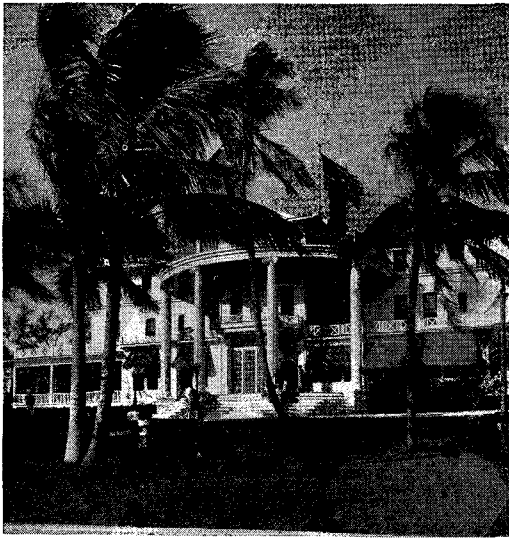


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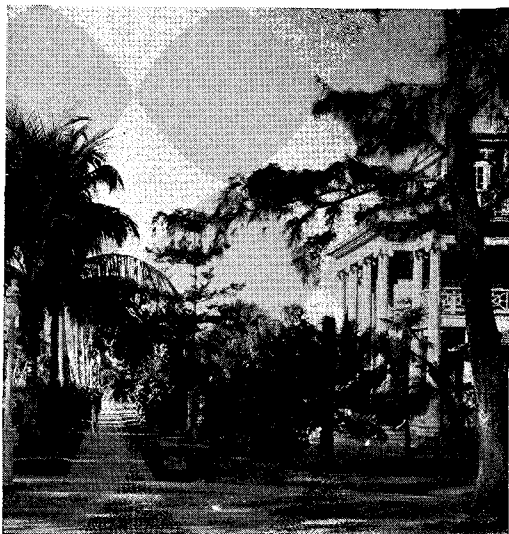
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